

CHAPMAN'S DRAMATIC WORKS.



THE COMEDIES AND TRAGEDIES OF GEORGE CHAPMAN NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST



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VOLUME THE THIRD.





Memoir of

GEORGE CHAPMAN

IN the long roll of illuftrious names that have made the poetical literature of the reigns of Elizabeth and her two fucceffors for ever memorable, the name of GEORGE CHAPMAN ftands as one of the foremoft. Keats has compared the firft reading of his Homer to a new planet difcovering itfelf to the gaze of a watcher of the fkies; and it is the recorded opinion of Charles Lamb that of all the dramatifts of that great age, Chapman approached the neareft to Shakefpeare.

He refembles Shakefpeare also in the very meagre and fcanty details we poffefs concerning his life, which is one of the great blanks in the hiftory of Englifh literature. Even the diligent refearches of ftudents and antiquaries in our own time have yielded no fatisfactory refults. The very date and place of his birth are involved in uncertainty. There is a portrait of him prefixed to his Homer, which bears the legend "Georgius

Chapmanus Homeri Metaphraftes Æt. LVII. M. DC. XVI." This would feem to indicate 1559 as the year of his birth; and as the portrait was iffued under Chapman's own eyes, the infcription is in all probability accurate, though Wood (1) fixes the date two years earlier, *i.e.* in 1557.

The fame writer hazards the conjecture that he may have belonged to the family of Chapmans of Stone-Caftle, in Kent; but there exifts triple teftimony pointing rather to the conclufion that Hertfordfhire may have the honour of claiming him among her worthies, and that he was born near Hitchin in that county. That he lived there for a confiderable time is, at leaft, beyond all poffible queftion. William Browne, in his Paftorals, has the following paffage:—

Then in a ftraine beyond an Oaten Quill
Mr. Chapman. The learned Shepheard of faire *Hitching* hill
Sung the heroicke deeds of *Greece* and *Troy*. (2)

What is ftill more decifive, Chapman himfelf alludes to this place in a poem entitled "Euthymiæ Raptus, or the Teares of Peace,"(3) where

1 *Athenæ Oxonienfes.*

2 Britannia's Pastorals, *The Second Booke.* Lond. 1616, fol. 36.

3 Lond., 4to, 1609.

he introduces himſelf in a reverie, when the ſhade of Homer appears, and in anſwer to the Poet's inquiry:—

> I am (ſayd hee) that ſpirit *Elyſian*
> That (in thy natiue ayre; and on the hill
> Next *Hitchins* left hand) did thy boſome fill,
> With ſuch a flood of ſoule; that thou wert faine
> (With exclamations of her Rapture then)
> To vent it, to the Echoes of the vale;
> When (meditating of me) a ſweet gale
> Brought me vpon thee; and thou didſt inherit
> My true ſenſe (for the time then) in my ſpirit;
> And I, inuiſiblie, went prompting thee,
> To thoſe fayre Greenes, where thou didſt engliſh me.

The Hitchin Regiſters only commence with the year 1562, ſo we are unable to arrive at any facts relative to Chapman's parentage. There are, however, ſeveral entries relating to the families of John and Thomas Chapman, who were poſſibly the poet's brothers. In 1593, Aug. 5, was baptized George the ſon of John Chapman; and from Eaſter, 1603, to Eaſter, 1605, the ſame John Chapman was one of the churchwardens, and has ſigned the Pariſh Regiſters in a bold and ſcholarly hand. In a "Survey of the King's Timber and Woods in Hertfordſhire and Eſſex in 1608,"(4) and under the "Mañer de Hutchin" (Hitchin), is "Upon the Copyhold of Thomas

4 MSS. (Add.) Brit. Mus., No. 16, 273.

Chapman, in Longe Clofe 27 Saplings £.4. In Beerton clofes 260 Elmes £.18, Fire wood £.35." This Thomas Chapman was probably a man of refpectability and fubftance, for there is extant [Harleian MSS., No. 781, p. 28] a petition of his to Prince Charles in 1619, for the bailiwick of Hitchin, which he formerly held under the Exchequer Seal, but of which the Earl of Salifbury had deprived him. On Nov. 30 of the fame year the claim was referred to the Commiffioners of the Revenue of the Prince of Wales. The relationfhip, however, to the poet, is mere conjecture, as there is no pofitive proof of any facts connected with his family.(5) Mr. Hooper carefully examined the various heraldic vifitations of Hertfordfhire and Chauncy's Hiftory of that county, but was unable to difcover any traces of him. It appears, however, that the Chapman family at one time held the Manor of Mardocks, a fmall manor on the Afh, between Ware-Side and Ifneye, in the parifh of Stanftead Abbots. Sir Henry Chauncy fays it derives its name from one Mardocks, to whom it formerly belonged. It paffed by marriage from that family to the Chapmans, who held it from about the

5 See the Introduction to Chapman's Odyffey, by Richard Hooper, M.A. Lond., J. Ruffell Smith, 1857.

year 1420 to 1580, when Edward Chapman fold it.(6)

We proceed to give a brief defcription of the locality which probably gave birth to George Chapman, and which was, in any cafe, his conftant and favourite place of refidence. The Town of Hitchin, which gives name to the Hundred in which it is fituated, lies in the northern part of the county, at the diftance of thirty-four miles from London, on the road leading from thence through Hatfield, by Shefford, to Bedford. It occupies a low fituation, and is furrounded on all fides, except the north, by rifing grounds, which, towards the fouth-weft, in the neighbourhood of Offley, have a confiderable degree of elevation, and command an extenfive profpect of this diftrict. South of the Town fprings a fmall rivulet called the Hiz, or Hicche, which from hence takes a northwardly courfe into Bedfordfhire.(7)

That Chapman was educated at one or both of the univerfities, is certain. He fpent fome time at Oxford, and it is fuppofed, completed his ftudies at Cambridge. "In 1574, or thereabouts," fays Wood, "he being well grounded in fchool-learning, was fent to the univerfity, but

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6 Cussans' *Hiftory of Hertfordfhire*, p. 143.

7 Clutterbuck's *Hertfordfhire*, III. 12.

whether firſt to this of Oxon., or that of Cambridge, is to me unknown: Sure I am that he ſpent ſome time in Oxon., where he was obſerved to be moſt excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic or philoſophy, and therefore I preſume that that was the reaſon why he took no degree here." Warton corroborates this ſtatement in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, where he ſays that Chapman "paſſed two years at Trinity College, Oxford, with a contempt of philoſophy, but in cloſe attention to the Greek and Roman claſſics."

From the time of his leaving the Univerſity to his firſt appearance as an author in(8) 1594, we are left entirely in the dark as to his proceedings. For reaſons that will appear in the ſequel, it ſeems not improbable that he travelled for ſome time in France and Germany, and perhaps alſo in Italy.

At what preciſe period he ſettled himſelf in London, among the circle of the wits and poets, cannot be determined. But it was at the

8 The earlieſt extant publication that bears his name is entitled:

"*Σκια νυκτὸς*. The Shadow of Night: Containing Two Poetical Hymnes Deuiſed by *G. C. Gent.* At London: Printed by *R. F.* for *William Ponſonby*, 1594."

extreme end of the ſixteenth century, and Chapman was rapidly approaching his fortieth year, when he began to apply himſelf ſteadily as a writer for the ſtage, which then offered the only certain means of ſubſiſtence to men of genius, who had choſen literature as a profeſſion. Some entries in Henſlowe's Diary would lead us to the concluſion that the earlieſt plays of Chapman though acted, remained in manuſcript; and the high eulogium which Meres beſtows on him both as a comic and tragic writer so early as 1598, ſeems to corroborate this idea.

It was in that very year that his earlieſt extant play, the comedy of *The Blinde Begger of Alexandria*, was publiſhed, though it had been produced on the ſtage ſome two years previouſly.

Of this comedy we have already, in our Notes and Illuſtrations expreſſed some opinion: the conſtruction of the plot is weak and puerile, and the characters, if we except the central one, are feebly drawn and ſuſtained. Worthleſs as a dramatic performance, it is, however, redeemed by a few of thoſe fine outburſts of poetry, which are ſo conſpicuous and frequent in Chapman's later and better work. Here are two or three touches that are quite Shakeſperian :—

Though my years would have me old I am not,
But have the gentle jerk of youth in me,
As freſh as he that hath a maiden's chin.

Delicious love
Hath been the fig I eat before this wine,
Which kills the taſte of theſe delicious cates.

Head-tires enchaſed in order like the ſtars,
With perfect great and fine-cut precious ſtones,
One hath bright Ariadne's crown in it,
Even in the figure it preſents in heaven,
Another hath the fingers of Diana,
And Berenice's ever-burning hair,
Another hath the bright Andromeda
With both her ſilver wriſts bound to a rock
And Perſeus that did looſe her and ſave her life
All ſet in number and in perfect form
Even like the aſteriſms fixt in heaven
And even as you may ſee in moonſhine nights,
The moon and ſtars reflecting on their ſtreams.

An Humerous Dayes Myrth, publiſhed in 1599, is a nearer approach to life and nature. The characters have more reality and the incidents more probability, but except in Dowſecer's apoſtrophe to Cicero, the play is ſingularly devoid of poetical paſſages.

For the next ſix years we may ſuppoſe our author to have been too buſily employed with his Homer and other works to write anything for the ſtage.

The return of Chapman to his dramatic walk in 1605 was ſingularly inauſpicious for him.

Since the publication of his second play, Elizabeth had died, and been succeeded by James I., whose susceptibilities on behalf of the Scottish portion of his subjects, Chapman was unfortunate enough to offend. In this year he produced in conjunction with Ben Jonson and Marston the comedy of *Eastward Hoe.* Certain reflections which this play contained upon the Scots nation appear to have irritated the new monarch, and the three authors were consigned to temporary durance in the Fleet Prison, where they narrowly escaped having their ears and noses slit. The King's rage, however, soon mollified; he seems to have been an admirer of Chapman's talents, and Chapman was a *protégé* of Henry Prince of Wales. At any rate the three poets did not remain long in prison; but were speedily released.

Jonson disclaimed to Drummond having anything to do with the offensive passage, but asserted that "Chapman and Marston had written it amongst them," having, however, had a share in the play, from a high sense of honour, he *voluntarily* accompanied his friends to prison.

Chapman's next play *All Fools* (1605) showed a remarkable step-in-advance. The appropriateness of its title consists in the deception which each character of the piece practises on the rest, until every one, in his turn has been gulled.

This comedy may, on the whole, be pronounced an excellent one. The characters in general are well fustained; the dialogue is fpirited; and the incidents interefting and agreeable: added to which, the verfification is rich and mufical, and many paffages of confiderable poetical merit are fcattered over it. The talents of Chapman nowhere appear to fo great advantage. (9)

The Prologue and Epilogue to this play (written in blank verfe) fhew that in thofe days, perfons of quality and thofe that thought themfelves judges of wit, inftead of fitting in boxes as now in ufe, fat on the ftage.

The Gentleman Ufher followed in 1606. The character of Baffalio, whofe folly and half-witted jokes run through the whole, is amufing. He gives the name to the play. It is in this tragi-comedy, too, that a fanciful ceremony of marriage is performed by two lovers, whofe relatives deny a more legal celebration. The lady's reafons, perhaps, are not of the foundeft kind; but the vows of each have a great deal of tendernefs and beauty. In the fpeech of Strozza to Cynanche, Chapman redeems himfelf by his eloquent eulogy of a good wife from the difgrace of having written *The Widow's Tears.* (10)

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9 See Retrofpective Review (1822), v. 315, 316.
10 Retrofpective Review, *ubi supra*, pp. 330, 331.

In the same year (1606) appeared the Comedy of *Monsieur D'Olive*, which Hazlitt has praised in the highest terms. The glowing eulogy of Tobacco which it contains (11) would probably have offended the royal author of the *Counterblast*, had he seen it, even more than the objectionable passage against the Scots in *Eastward Hoe*.

Leaving the Comedies for the present, we now approach the consideration of a group of four historical Tragedies, which are among the finest and most characteristic of Chapman's works. They cover an interesting and eventful period of French history, the transactions of which had passed within the author's living memory—the same period as that comprised in the epic poem of Voltaire.

This series consists of *Bussy D'Ambois*, *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, and *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*.

Bussy D'Ambois first appeared in 1607, but was afterwards materially altered and enlarged, though the amended text was not published till some years after the author's death. The sequel to this tragedy, *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, did not see the light till 1613; but in order to

11 *Vide postea*, p. 216.

present thefe four plays in their proper fequence, we have departed in this one inftance from the chronological arrangement otherwife uniformly adhered to.

The plots of thefe four plays are mainly derived from Thuanus, Jean de Serres and Mezeray; but the filling up is entirely Chapman's own. Refpecting *Buffy D'Ambois* opinions are very conflicting. Some critics have thought it the beft, and others perhaps the worft of Chapman's Plays. We fhall reproduce the dicta of various writers concerning it with entire impartiality, and then leave the reader to decide for himfelf. Of thefe Dryden leads the way; though to hear Dryden rebuking dramatic bombaft forcibly reminds one of Satan reproving fin.

"I have fometimes wondered," he fays, "in the reading, what was become of thofe glaring colours which amazed me in *Buffy D'Ambois* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I fuppofed a fallen ftar, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold, dull mafs, which glittered no longer than it was fhooting; a dwarfifh thought, dreffed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, loofenefs of expreffion, and grofs hyperbole; the fenfe of one line expanded prodigioufly into ten; and, to fum up all, incorrect Englifh, and a hideous mingle of falfe poetry and true nonfenfe; or, at beft, a fcantling of wit, which lay gafping for life, and groaning beneath a

heap of rubbiſh. A famous modern poet uſed to ſacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's manes; and I have indignation enough to burn a D'Ambois annually to the memory of Jonſon." (12)

To which his editor, Sir Walter Scott, adds in a note.

"If Dryden could have exhauſted every copy of this bombaſt performance in one holocauſt, the public would have been no great loſers."

"I know not," ſays old Gerard Langbaine, "how Mr. Dryden come to be ſo poſſeſt with indignation againſt this play, as to reſolve to burn one annually to the memory of Ben Jonſon: but I know very well that there are ſome who allow it a juſt commendation." (13)

Towards the cloſe of the ſeventeenth century, a very queſtionable figure in literature, Mr. Tom. D'Urfey, beſt known as an indefatigable writer of lewd ſongs, thought fit to revive and reviſe this play, and thoroughly ſucceeded in eliminating all its beauties, or burying them under rubbiſh-heaps of his own addition. This ingenious individual wrote as follows in his Dedication to the Earl of Carliſle:—

"About ſixteen years ſince, when firſt my good or ill ſtars ordained me a knight errant in this fairyland of poetry, I ſaw the Buſſy D'Ambois of Mr. Chapman acted by Mr. Hart, which in ſpite of the obſolete Phraſes and

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(12) Dryden's Epiſtle Dedicatory to the Spaniſh Fryar, 1682.

(13) An Account of the Engliſh Dramatick Poets, by Gerard Langbaine, Oxford, 1691, p. 58.

intolerable Fuſtian, with which a great part of it was cramm'd, had ſome extraordinary beauties, which ſenſibly charmed me; which being improved by the graceful action of that eternally renowned and beſt of actors, ſo attracted not only me, but the town in general, that they were obliged to paſs by and excuſe the groſs errors in the writing, and allow it amongſt the rank of the topping tragedies of that time.

"For a long time it lay buried in Mr. Hart's grave, who indeed only could do that noble character Juſtice, till not willing to have it quite loſt I preſumed to reviſe it, and writ the plot new, mending the character of *Tamira*, whom Mr. Chapman had drawn quite otherwiſe, he making her lewd, only for the ſake of lewdneſs," (14) &c

Hazlitt, in the few pages devoted to the conſideration of Chapman's Plays, in his *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth,* says:—

"His *Buſſy D'Ambois*, though not without intereſt or ſome fancy, is rather a collection of apophthegms or pointed ſayings in the form of a dialogue, than a poem or tragedy. In his verſes the oracles have not ceaſed. Every other line is an axiom in morals—a libel on mankind, if truth is a libel. He is too ſtately for a wit, in his ſerious writings—too formal for a poet. *Buſſy d' Ambois* is founded on a French plot and French manners. The character, from which it derives its name, is arrogant and oſtentatious to an unheard-of degree, but full of nobleneſs

(14) *Buſſy D'Ambois, or the Huſband's Revenge, a Tragedy. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal. Newly Reviſed by Mr D'Urfey.* London, Printed for R. Bently in Covent Garden, &c. 1691, pp 50.

and lofty ſpirit. His pride and unmeaſured pretenſions alone take away from his real merit; and by the quarrels and intrigues in which they involve him, bring about the cataſtrophe, which has conſiderable grandeur and impoſing effect in the manner of Seneca. Our author aims at the higheſt things in poetry, and tries in vain, wanting imagination and paſſion, to fill up the epic moulds of tragedy with ſenſe and reaſon alone—so that he often runs into bombaſt and turgidity—is extravagant and pedantic at one and the ſame time. From the nature of the plot, which turns upon a love-intrigue, much of the philoſophy of this piece relates to the character of the ſex. Old Chapman profeſſes to have found the clue to it, and winds his uncouth way through all the labyrinth of love. The cloſe intrigues of court policy, the ſubtle workings of the human ſoul, move before him like a ſea dark, deep, and glittering with wrinkles for the ſmile of beauty."

The lateſt and moſt appreciative critic of our author's plays writes as follows:—

"*Buſſy D'Ambois*, the earlieſt tragedy on the liſt of Chapman's plays, has uſually been conſidered the beſt, and, on the whole, perhaps deſervedly ſo. It is an exhibition and a deſcription of the exploits of the hero whoſe name it bears, weaved together with very little art, and, as a whole, with no great effect. The ſudden riſe, the extraordinary character, the bold bravadoings, the duel, the intrigue, and the death of this ſwaggering perſon, form the ſubject of the play; and though there is no general plot by which they are connected together, yet ſome of the ſcenes, taken ſeparately, are the works of no vulgar hand." (15)

The Revenge of Buſſy D'Ambois is chiefly

(15) *Retroſpective Review*, iv. 338.

remarkable for the weighty fayings and eloquent fpeeches of Clermont D'Ambois, the hero, enforced by learned illuftration and by poetical imagery of the higheft order. Such paffages are more frequent perhaps in this play than in any other of Chapman's. The original is of fuch extraordinary rarity that the writer in the Retrofpective Review had been unable to fee a copy.

The two plays entitled *The Confpiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron* appeared together in 1608, and were reprinted during the author's lifetime, with fome emendations and revifions, in 1625. Speaking generally we have found the earlier edition the more correct of the two, but a careful collation of both has enabled us to correct a few errors in it. A writer in the Edinburgh Review confiders thefe two plays the moft characteriftic inftance of Chapman's manner, and the latter of them, the fineft tragic compofition he has left. (16) "They are noble poems," fays Mr. Collier, "full of fine thoughts, and rich in diverfity and ftrength of expreffion. As pieces intended for the ftage, they perhaps want action and variety."(17) Upon the firft of thefe two pieces Shelley has ftamped the hall-mark of the higheft

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(16) April 1841 § Art. "Beaumont and Fletcher, and their Contemporaries," p. 227.

(17) Hiftory of Dramatic Poetry, III. 258.

modern approbation by taking four lines towards the close of the third act of *Byron's Conspiracy* as the motto to his *Revolt of Islam*.

Respecting the representation of these two tragedies a curious anecdote has been preserved, which Mr. Collier thus relates:—

George Chapman had written two plays upon the conspiracy and execution of the Duke of Biron, containing, in the shape in which they were originally produced on the stage, such matter that M. Beaumont, the representative of the King of France in London, thought it necessary to remonstrate against the repetition, and the performance of it was prohibited. As soon, however, as the court had quitted London, the King's players persisted in acting it; in consequence of which three of the parties were arrested (their names are not given); but the author made his escape. "Looking through the two printed editions," adds Mr. Collier, "we are at a loss to discover anything, beyond the historical incidents, which could have given offence;(18) but the truth certainly is, that all the objectionable portions were omitted in the press: there can be no doubt, on the authority of the despatch from the French Ambassador to his court, that one of the dramas originally contained a scene in which the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil were introduced, the former, after having abused her, giving the latter a box on the ear." (19)

(18) Certainly, as far as the printed text goes, Henry IV. could have had no reason to feel otherwise than flattered by the kingly and heroic portraiture of his character and the wise utterances attributed to him.

(19) Collier's Life of Shakespeare, pp. 176—177. See also Von Raumer's History of the 16th and 17th Centuries (translated by the

These plays are alſo remarkable as introducing our own Queen Elizabeth upon the ſcene.

Chapman's next two pieces were comedies. *May Day* appeared in 1611; and *The Widow's Tears* in 1612.

"The latter," ſays the writer in the Retroſpective Review, "is a comedy founded upon the traditional faithleſſneſs of the Widow of Epheſus. It contains two actions, both of which are intended to diſplay the ſmall dependence to be placed upon the endurable nature of a wife's affection for her deceaſed lord. The ſubject is treated in a diſguſting manner, though with conſiderable dramatic power, inaſmuch as the moſt unworthy motives are aſſigned for the eaſineſs with which both the widows in the play replace their loſs."—*Ret. Rev.*, vol. v., p. 322.

"Chapman," ſays Schlegel (*Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*,) "has handled the well-known ſtory of the Epheſian matron, under the title of *The Widow's Tears*, not without comic talent."

In the beginning of the year 1613, the nuptials of the Princeſs Elizabeth with the Palſgrave called forth the voice of public rejoicing, and the ſocieties of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Tem-

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Earl of Elleſmere), II. 219, where the following extract is given from the French Ambaſſador's deſpatch :—

"April 5, 1605. I cauſed certain players to be forbid from acting the Hiſtory of the Duke of Biron: when, however, they ſaw that the whole court had left town, they perſiſted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the ſtage the Queen of France and Mademoiſelle Verneuil. The former, having firſt accoſted the latter with very hard words, gave her a box on the ear. At my ſuit three of them were arreſted; but the principal perſon, the author, eſcaped."

ple refolved to fhew their loyalty, their munificence, and their magnificence by exhibiting a moft fplendid mafque on the occafion at Whitehall. It appears from Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*, that the expenfe incurred by the focieties on this occafion amounted to the then enormous fum of £1,086 : 8 : 11. Chapman was employed for the poetry, and Inigo Jones for the machinery.

Mr. Payne Collier has a copy of Chapman's Mafque, corrected by the poet in his own hand; but the errors are few, and not very important.

Refpecting the merits of this little piece, it is fufficient to quote the implied praife of Ben Jonfon, who told Drummond, in his pregnant way, that "next himfelf, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Mafk."

The long catalogue of Chapman's voluminous publications makes it fufficiently clear that for many years after this he was occupied with claffical tranflations (with the completion of his Homer, with his Hefiod, Juvenal, Mufæus, Petrarch) and other works. He had for fome years paft felt himfelf

"Markt with Age for Aimes of greater weight"

than to make nothing but merriment for idle playgoers. For eighteen years nearly after the publication of his Mafque, no new dramatic piece of his appeared, until the publication of his *Cæfar*

and Pompey (written it would appear a long time previoufly), which was the only play of his never produced on the ftage. This tragedy appeared in 1631, (20) and was the laft work of Chapman publifhed in his lifetime. The ftory may be found in Lucan, with whofe genius that of Chapman was fomewhat akin, and whofe *Pharfalia* had recently been familiarifed to English readers by the verfions of Sir Arthur Gorges and Thomas May.

"In different plays," fays the writer in the *Retrofpective Review* (21), "it has fometimes happened, that he has never once hit on the happy vein, but raved on, from prologue to epilogue, without a fingle moment of true infpiration. We may fafely affert this of the *Cæfar and Pompey*."

It did not appear fo to Charles Lamb, who, in his *Specimens*, has extracted fome fifty lines from this play, which the beautiful *fimile* of the bees alone fhould have refcued from fo fweeping a condemnation. But the lofty contemplations and ferene philofophy of Cato, in his noble preference of death to difhonour and flavery, run like a vein of gold through the whole, very different

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(20) The play under the fame title, publifhed in 1607, and often confounded with this, is an entirely different work by another hand.

(21) IV. 380—381.

from the tame and frigid performance that Addi-fon produced a century later.

"At length," fays Wood, "this moft eminent and reverend poet having lived feventy feven (22) years in this vain and tranfitory world, made his laft exit in the parifh of S. Giles's in the Fields near London, on the twelfth day of May, in fixteen hundred and thirty four, and was buried in the yard on the fouth fide of the church of S. Giles. Soon after was a monument erected over his grave, built after the way of the old Romans by the care and charge of his moft beloved friend Inigo Jones before mentioned whereon is this engraven, Georgius Chapmannus, poeta Homericus, Philofophus verus etfi Chriftianus poeta plufquam celebris, &c." (23)

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22 We fhould read feventy-five, if, as feems probable, Wood has antedated Chapman's birth by two years.

23 Inigo Jones's monument to Chapman is ftill ftanding, the infcription (which had been effaced by time and was fome years fince imperfectly, at leaft as regards the date, recut) does not tally with that given by Wood, but runs thus: —

GEORGIUS CHAPMAN

POETA

MDCXX (sic)

IGNATIUS JONES

ARCHITECTUS REGIUS

OB HONOREM

BONARUM LITERARUM

FAMILIARI

SUO HOC MON

D.S.P.I.C.

Habington in his *Caftara* (1635), alluding to the poet's burial *outfide* the church, laments

There had been an intimate friendship between Chapman and the celebrated restorer of Grecian palaces. The poet had not only alluded to him in his Masque as "our Kingdomes most Artfull and Ingenious Architect," but to Inigo he inscribes his translation of Musæus. In truth, Chapman, though he appears to have lived and died in comparative poverty and obscurity, seems from first to last, to have always been surrounded by worthy and influential friends. Among these — besides Inigo Jones — stand out conspicuous Carr, Earl of Somerset (to whom the brave old poet adhered in disgrace as well as prosperity), Henry Prince of Wales, by whose premature death Chapman probably suffered considerably in his fortunes, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Lord Bacon, and the Earl of Middlesex. He was probably acquainted with Shakespeare, of whom he was five years the senior and whom he survived for nearly

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"that *Chapman's* reverend ashes must
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,
Cause carefull heyres the wealthy onely have;
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave:
Yet doe I not despaire, some one may be
So seriously devout to Poesie
As to translate his reliques, and find roome
In the warme Church, to build him up a tombe."

Castara [by William Habington] *Second Edition, Corrected and Augmented.* Lond. 1635, p. 59.

twenty years. With his other chief dramatic contemporaries—with Jonſon, Marſton, Webſter, and Shirley—we have ample evidence that he was on the friendlieſt terms. Webſter in his Addreſs to the Reader prefixed to his *White Devil*, ſpeaks admiringly of "that full and heightened ſtyle of Maſter Chapman;" Shirley, as we ſhall ſee, was content on two occaſions to enter the liſts "under cover of the greater Ajax;" and rare Ben Jonſon not only took him into dramatic partnerſhip and exchanged encomiaſtic verſes with him, but on one occaſion voluntarily ſhared his impriſonment, and told Drummond, of Hawthornden, that he loved Chapman.

Whether he was a huſband, or a father—of anything but the offſpring of his brain—we are unable to diſcover. There are two portraits of him, one in his fifty-ſeventh year, prefixed to his Iliad and Odyſſey in 1612, and a much better one by William Paſs, on the engraved title to his Hymns of Homer, publiſhed ſome years later. (24) The latter is very ſpirited and called forth Coleridge's admiration. It repreſents Chapman as an elderly man, with a bald forehead and very full beard

(24) By comparing this little undated volume with other books by the ſame printer, Mr. Singer arrived at the concluſion that it muſt have been publiſhed after 1624.

and whiſkers. Wood's deſcription tallies with this:

"He was a perſon of moſt reverend aſpect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet."

"The truth is," ſays Warton, "he does not ſeem to have mingled in the diſſipations and indiſcretions which then marked his profeſſion."

"Chapman," ſays Oldys, "was much reſorted to latterly by young perſons of parts as a poetical chronicle; but was very choice who he admitted to him, and preſerved in his own perſon the dignity of Poetry, which he compared to a flower of the ſun, that diſdains to open its leaves to the eye of a ſmoking taper."

In 1639 two plays appeared, written by Chapman in conjunction with Shirley, *The Ball, a Comedie*, and *The Tragedie of Chabot, Admirall of France.*

"*The Ball* was licenſed November 16, 1632, and printed in 1639, as the joint production of Chapman and Shirley .... In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book is the following entry: '18 Nov. 1632. In the play of *The Ball*, written by Sherley, and acted by the Queen's players, there were divers perſonated ſo naturally, both of lords and others of the court, that I took it ill, and would have forbidden the play, but that Biſton promiſte many things which I found faulte withall ſhould be left out, and that he would not ſuffer it to be done by the poett any more, who deſerves to be puniſht; and the firſt that offends in this kind, of poets or players, ſhall be ſure of publique puniſhment.' The title-page of the printed copy, in which the more obnoxious perſonalities were doubtleſs omitted, attributes a part of this play to Chapman's pen: it will be remarked, however, that in the preceeding entry Sir Henry makes no

mention of that author. Judging from internal evidence, I ſhould ſay, that THE BALL was almoſt entirely the compoſition of Shirley; but Mr. Gifford aſſigns the largeſt portion of it to his coadjutor." (25)

"In the fine and eloquent tragedy of Chabot," ſays a writer in the Quarterly Review, "the obſcurity of Chapman's manner, the hardneſs of which his contemporaries called his 'full and heightened ſtyle,' is greatly increaſed by the incorrectneſs of the preſs. . . . . . It is very difficult to aſſign any part of it to Shirley; even the comic ſcenes are more in Chapman's cloſe and pregnant manner than in the light and airy ſtyle of Shirley." (26)

"Nearly the whole of this tragedy," ſays Mr. Dyce, "is evidently from Chapman's pen; and though containing ſome ſcenes of conſiderable merit, it cannot be ranked among his fineſt compoſitions for the theatre. While the preſent age may have over-rated his tranſlations of the Iliad, the Odyſſey, and the Homeric Hymns, it certainly has not done juſtice to the original and deep thoughted plays of Chapman." (27)

"Chapman," ſays Gifford, "ſeems to have written ſo large a portion of it, that I thought it ſcarcely admiſſible in a collection of Shirley's Works."

In 1654, twenty years after his death, two poſthumous tragedies of Chapman appeared, entitled *Revenge for Honour* and *Alphonſus Emperor of Germany*. Some obſervations on the latter by a recent German critic are too valuable not to be included in this place:—

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(25) DYCE's *Account of Shirley*, xix.

(26) *Qy. Rev.*, Vol. XLIX. p. 29.

(27) *Account of Shirley and his Writings*, xxxii.

"The plot of this tragedy is founded on the competition of Alphonsus of Castile and Richard of Cornwall for the Imperial crown in the thirteenth century. According to the poet, Alphonsus occupies the throne and holds the government of Germany till, in return for his barbarous tyranny and his numerous crimes, he is as barbarously murdered, and Richard installed as his successor. This certainly is not in accordance with the well-known historical facts, for king Alphonsus never was in Germany, nor did he commit the crimes imputed to him. In every other respect, however, Chapman displays a wonderfully accurate knowledge of the political organization of the German Empire, and his play is full of details which vividly pourtray the public and domestic life of Germany. Of course the German manners and customs which he describes are not those of the thirteenth century, but those of his own time. Chapman perfectly knows all the electors with their privileges and duties; he tells his readers how a German boy is made 'wehrhafftig,' *i. e.* in what manner he receives the permission to bear arms; he describes the execution of the Jews, common in Germany, with as much distinctness as if he had witnessed it; he characterises the Rhine with epithets which likewise look as if proceeding from personal knowledge; he is conversant with German dances, German wines, and German proverbs.

"Chapman's knowledge of German manners is equalled by his knowledge of the German language. He has introduced a character who professes not to understand English, but throughout the whole play speaks German. This is princess Hedewick, daughter to the Duke of Saxony, who is courted by the prince of Wales and becomes his wife.

"The English speeches of the other characters of the piece are also plentifully interspersed with German expressions and phrases, such as: *wehrhafftig*; *a plumper Sowr*;

what, bistu more than a damn'd murderer; *hüpsch bowr malkins*; *schincken*; *spiel fresh up and lass uns kommer dantzen*; *leffel morgen*; *'Sgelt bowr*; *Sam Got*; *travants.* To this must be added, that, in order to give his play a local colouring, Chapman has introduced the German proper names not in their English, but in their original forms, for instance, *Dutchland*; *Pomerland*; *Saxon* and *Bohem* alternately with Saxony and Bohemia; *Brunschweig, Rhein, Churfursts*, &c. For the same reason he has adopted the form *bowr* instead of 'boor,' which comes as near as can be to the German '*bawr*;' the usual form 'boor' only occurs once in the play, and in the list of the *dramatis personæ*, which latter very likely did not proceed from the author's own pen.

"The question now presents itself from what sources Chapman derived this extensive and remarkably correct knowledge of the political state, the manners, and language of Germany. In his Epistle to the Reader prefixed to his Iliad Chapman speaks of French and Italian translations of Homer in a manner which shows him to have been conversant with both these tongues; no mention however, is or could be made of German, as into this language Homer was not introduced until nearly two centuries later. The passage, therefore, is not conclusive as to the extent of the poet's linguistic attainments. Chapman may have read Ascham's *Report and Discourse of the Affaires and State of Germany* (1570), the *Estate of the Germaine Empire with the Description of Germanie* (1595), and the English translation of the *Golden Bull* (1619); he may have been beholden for some information about Germany to Tom Coryat's Crudities (1611), and Fynes Morysons Travels (1617); he may even have had access to some more ponderous Latin works, which it is scarcely worth while to investigate. Yet all

these books, although they would have acquainted him with the political ſtate of Germany, were little calculated to impart to him that wonderful knowledge of its domeſtic life and language, a knowledge which could hardly be gathered from any books at all.

"There is ample room between his leaving the univerſity without a degree, in 1576—1578, and his firſt acknowledged publication in 1594, even for a lengthened ſtay in Germany. But however ſtrongly the truth and colouring, of his deſcriptions ſeem to plead for ſuch a hypotheſis, it will ſcarcely find favour while a leſs bold way of explanation offers itſelf. Chapman, we know, moved in the ſphere of the court and probably was even attached to it in ſome official capacity. He was honoured with the patronage of Prince Henry (died Nov. 1612), to whom he dedicated his Iliad. By this circumſtance we are led to the belief that he aſſociated with the German retinue of the Palſgrave, who arrived in London in October 1612. He wrote one of the Maſks for the Palſgrave's marriage which, as uſual, is replete with mythology and allegory, but does not contain the ſlighteſt alluſion to Germany. The Palſgrave ſeems to have taken great intereſt in theatrical amuſements, for after Prince Henry's death he forthwith took his ſervants into his own retinue, whilſt Lady Elizabeth had—at leaſt in name—a company of her own. It is very natural that both the German immigrants in London and thoſe Engliſh actors who had viſited Germany ſhould have endeavoured to offer their homage to the Palſgrave and to obtain his favour. I do not ſee, why Chapman may not have joined the courtiers in doing the honours to their German gueſts; nay, I even incline to the belief that ſome years later he became acquainted with Rodolphe Weckherlin, the German poet, who, as before mentioned, held a poſt in the German chancery and ſubſequently

acted as secretary to several distinguished noblemen in London.

"I own that these are mere guesses, the more unsatisfactory as, even if such an intercourse be taken for granted, it would hardly be a sufficient explanation for so intimate a knowledge of German. We must go one step farther and conclude that in the composition of this tragedy Chapman was assisted by a German literary friend or one of the English comedians who had stayed and performed in Germany. That he was no stranger to the general custom of contemporary authors of joining in literary partnership, is shown by his comedy *Eastward Hoe*, which he wrote conjointly with Ben Jonson and Marston (1605). This supposition would go far to clear away all difficulties and even to account for the Germanisms. No reader of the play, I trust, will object, that the German speeches and allusions might be due to some posthumous hack, who after the author's death remodelled his work and again brought it on the stage; for these German elements are so inseparably blended with the plot and character of the tragedy that they must necessarily be considered of simultaneous growth with the piece itself. Besides, the play is written throughout in Chapman's well-known manner, and no critic has doubted its authenticity. We are there, foredriven to the alternative, either of supposing Chapman to have been in Germany or of allowing him a German partner.

"In our opinion," continues this ingenious critic, "the tragedy of *Alphonsus* was one of the latest works of its author, and in all probability was not written before 1622. if not later. It could not possibly have been written before 1620, if, as I strongly suspect, the poet owed part of his acquaintance with German politics to the English translation of the *Golden Bull* which appeared in 1619,

the ſame year in which Ferdinand aſcended the throne. We thus arrive at the ſame concluſion which the anonymous writer in the Retroſpective Review has drawn from internal evidence."

"In the two plays," he ſays, "printed after the author's death, *Revenge for Honour*, and *Alphonſus, Emperor of Germany*, there is conſiderable intricacy of plan, but entirely diveſted of the poetry with which the other plays are adorned. It ſeems as if theſe plays had been written in the old age of the author, when the fire of his imagination had cooled and left him calm and collected for the arrangement of the buſineſs and incidents of the drama." "From the *Alphonſus, Emperor of Germany*, he continues ſomething good might be gleaned, had we room for it; as, for inſtance, the feigned madneſs of the Emperor, and the ſtruggle between Edward and his aunt Iſabella, which ſhould be the firſt put to death, "ſtraining courteſy at a bitter feaſt," as the villanous Alphonſus calls it. But, on the whole, the play is a bloody and clumſy production, and, as we before obſerved of it and the *Revenge far Honour*, entirely diveſted of the deſcriptive and didactic poetry which ſo often graces moſt of the others."

There ſeems to be one more internal argument, overlooked hitherto, which juſtifies us in aſſigning a later date to this tragedy. It is a well-known fact, that learned poets, among whom Chapman muſt no doubt be reckoned, in their riper age are apt to adopt ſome orthographical, metrical, or ſyntactic peculiarities, by which they imagine to improve the language. A manneriſm of this kind is diſcernible in the tragedy of *Alphonſus*, where the archaic diſſolution of the final *ion* and of ſimilar terminations in the end (ſometimes even in the body) of the line is intentionally and almoſt religiouſly obſerved. This diſſolu-

tion certainly occurs alſo in the poet's earlier plays, for inſtance in *Buſſy d'Ambois* and in *Monſieur d'Olive* as well as in Shakeſpeare and moſt of his contemporaries, but only exceptionally and not as a ſtudied revival. It may be added, that the frequent diſplay of claſſical learning alſo ſeems more indicative of an old than a younger poet. (28)

The tragedy of *Revenge for Honour* is not nearly ſo barren of poetical paſſages as the writer in the *Retroſpective Review* would ſeem to inſinuate: in the fourth and fifth acts eſpecially, there are ſome ſweet and noble lines. Laſt in order of publication, this poſthumous play, as far as intereſt of plot and variety of character are concerned, ranks firſt in order of merit of all Chapman's dramatic compoſitions. The wiſdom and affectionate nature of Almanzor, diverted from their proper course by the crafty innuendoes of Mura, the generous, fervid nature of Abilqualit, the faithful counſels of Tarifa, the base ingratitude and cunning intrigues of Abrahen, againſt his elder brother, the yielding ſoftneſs of Caropia, and the good-humoured *bonhomie* of Selinthus, with his uncontrollable *penchant* for the fair ſex, are all well depicted. The evolution of the plot is ſo adroitly managed in this play, that the fifth act

(28) *George Chapman's Tragedy of Alphonſus, Emperor of Germany, edited with an Introduction and Notes by Karl Elze. Leipzig*: 1867. *p.* 24 *ſqq.*

brings the reader an unexpected ſurpriſe, in a *denoûment* he never would have gueſſed at.

We conclude with a few general notices of Chapman's dramatic genius. The following is from the* Retroſpective Review, already more than once quoted :

"After Shakeſpeare, George Chapman may be conſidered the firſt, in point of time, of the great fathers of the Engliſh drama, who flouriſhed in the latter years of Queen Elizabeth and the reigns of the firſt James and his ſucceſſor Charles.

"Chapman, like all his contemporaries before the literary diviſion of labour had taken place, indifferently applied himſelf to the compoſition of both tragedy and comedy; but he differs from them in this reſpect, that he very ſeldom mixes them up in the ſame play—a peculiarity which renders the ſeparate conſideration of his comedies and tragedies much leſs difficult, and much more complete, than it could otherwiſe have been.

"Chapman was an olderman, and wrote at a ſomewhat earlier period than the dramatiſts (except Shakeſpeare) with whom he is uſually claſſed. Thus, like Marlowe, he fell into the vices of an unformed ſtage. The firſt ſtep from the puerilities and ſtupid abſurdities of the old myſteries and moralities, was an elevation of tone and ſentiment, rather than a nearer approach to the repreſentation of nature. The moſt obvious mode of avoiding the cold and dull was to become bold and impaſſioned; and, inſtead of childiſh ſimplicity, to ſubſtitute loud and thundering declamation. . . . When Chapman's taſte was formed, the drama had not yet undergone purification. The faults of his compoſitions are vital—they are dramas, and yet cannot be juſtly called dramatic—their language and thoughts

are commonly turgid and inflated to the higheſt degree, and it is but very rare that the groſs hyperboles with which they abound, ſink into juſt and natural conceptions. When we have added, that from one end of his plays to the other, we do not recollect one touch of pathos, nor a ſingle powerful appeal to any one natural paſſion, we think we have ſettled his claims to be conſidered a great tragedian. Nevertheleſs in all theſe plays does the genius of the man break forth in frequent inſtances of redeeming excellence; and, though we cannot be brought to eſteem him a great dramatiſt, yet his talents were of no ordinary kind.

"We have ſaid, that the plays of Chapman are undramatic, and they are ſo for this reaſon, that our author ſeems quite incapable of throwing himſelf into the character of another. He is quite unable to imagine to himſelf the ſtate of feeling and courſe of thought, which, according to the different natures of men, they muſt neceſſarily undergo in any critical ſituation. In the whole of his tragedies, there is but one character which has any claim to be conſidered as a diſtinct and developed form, and that was probably the character of Chapman himſelf. It is when he pourtrays a man who boaſts himſelf above all circumſtances, who feels ſo intenſely his own powers and qualities, that he vainly imagines himſelf indeſtructible; one who by his unbounded confidence in himſelf ſucceeds in attempts which no other man durſt undertake and which the imprudence of the attempt itſelf mainly contributes to effect. This is the character of Buſſy D'Ambois, of the Duke Byron, and indeed of all his leading perſons where they have a character at all. If this was the character of the poet himſelf, we may ſay, he is very good in Chapman, but he certainly fails in his endeavours to perſonate any other. In the glowing language, the paſſionate demea-

nour, the uncontrollable energies, of this hyperbolical perſon, he is ſo much at home, expreſſes himſelf with ſo much fluency and vigour, that we cannot help thinking that it was the only temperament he had ever actually experienced.

"This then is all the dramatic merit—ſuch as it is—which Chapman is entitled to claim. When the characters have ſo little variety, and are ſo faintly marked, much intereſt could ſcarcely be expected in the ſcenes themſelves, and, generally ſpeaking, they poſſeſs but a very ſmall portion. A deficiency certainly not compenſated for by the artificial conſtruction of the plot, which is commonly of the moſt naked and unintereſting deſcription.

"What is it then which makes the tragedies of Chapman valuable? The author was a poet, had a vivid imagination, an impaſſioned and energetic ſtyle; and in the midſt of fuſtian and hyperbole, it is not uncommon for us to find the moſt ſpirited ſketches of manners, the loftieſt images of grandeur, and the boldeſt ſtrokes of magnanimity. Yet far more than all this, the tragedies, or at leaſt, three or four of them, are precious for an elevated ſtrain of didactic obſervation, very ſimilar to the wiſe and noble ſpeculations in which Shakeſpeare himſelf ſo conſtantly indulges. In no author have we richer contemplations upon the nature of man and the world, where the ſhrewdneſs of the remark is ennobled and enforced by the ſplendour of imagery and the earneſtneſs of paſſion." (29)

Next let us adduce Charles Lamb's eſtimate of Chapman's dramatic genius :—

"The ſelections* which I have made from this poet are

(29) *Ret. Rev.* iv. 333—337.

(30) From *Cæſar and Pompey*, *Buſſy D'Ambois*, and *Byron's Conſpiracy* and *Tragedy*.

ſufficient to give an idea of that "full and heightened ſtyle" which Webſter makes characteriſtic of Chapman Of all the Engliſh Play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches neareſt to Shakeſpeare in the deſcriptive and didactic, in paſſages which are leſs purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himſelf, as Shakeſpeare could ſhift at pleaſure, to inform and animate other exiſtences, but in himſelf he had an eye to perceive and a ſoul to embrace all forms. I have often thought that the vulgar miſconception of Shakeſpeare, as of a wild irregular genius, 'in whom great faults are compenſated by great beauties,' would be really true, applied to Chapman." (31)

"Chapman," ſays Hazlitt, "where he lays aſide the gravity of the philoſopher and poet, diſcovers an unexpected comic vein, diſtinguiſhed by equal truth of nature and livcly good humour. *All Fools* and *The Widow's Tears* are comedies of great merit. The firſt is borrowed a good deal from Terence, and the character of Valerio, an accompliſhed rake, who paſſes with his father for a perſon of the greateſt economy and ruſticity of manners, is an excellent idea, executed with ſpirit." (32)

The enſuing eſtimate of Chapman as a dramatiſt is from the Edinburgh Review. (33)

"In his comedies he purſued the track in which others, his juniors in age, had become pioneers for him. His *Gentleman Uſher* and *Monſieur D'Olive* may be referred to Jonſon's ſchool; although there is more of

(31) Charles Lamb: *Specimens of Engliſh Dramatic Poets.* (Lond., 1868.)

(32) *Lectures on the Dramatic Poetry of the Age of Elizabeth.*

(33) *ubi suprà*, p. 226.

Fletcher's temper in *All Fools*, the beſt of all his plays; —a piece in which the ſituations are deviſed with an infinity of comic and hiſtrionic effect. But we here ſpeak chiefly of his tragedies, in which it is not eaſy to ſay whether he owes more to Marlowe or to Seneca. The dramatic thirſt for blood which had begun again to reign, called for ſomething to ſatiate it: and Chapman's own taſte no way diſinclined him to feed the appetite. There are no plays of the age more ſanguinary than his *Buſſy d'Ambois* and his *Revenge for Honour.* But he manages his ſcenes of ſlaughter in a way very different from that in which Webſter and Middleton manage ſcenes not very diſſimilar in their leading outlines. Inſtead of the quaintly poetic air of romance which they throw around their groups of guilt and terror—inſtead of the headlong haſte with which they thruſt their characters on the ſtage, and ſnatch them off again, and the impetuoſity with which they inſpire all that is done and felt and ſaid—Chapman wraps up every one of his figures in his own epic mantle, and bids them walk the ſtage with ſtern and ſlow compoſure. He does not imitate the claſſical drama, in removing acts of death out of ſight; but he gives us in the ſame play the viſible horrors of the modern ſtage, and the narrative declamation which in the ancient there had been a reaſon for introducing, but for which here there was no fitting place. The moſt characteriſtic inſtance of his manner, is the *Conſpiracy of Byron*, out of which he makes two plays. The latter of theſe is the fineſt tragic compoſition he has left; and might better have deſerved reprinting than the *Buſſy d'Ambois.* But both plays are tedious and oratorical to exceſs: they are almoſt unreadable, and as acting pieces muſt have been altogether intolerable. The energetic portraiture of Byron's character in the

latter play, efpecially in the fcenes after his condemnation is overlaid with fo many touches, that the outline is completely difguifed; and in the preceding play, to fay nothing of other peculiarities, a royal fpeech and an ambaffador's anfwer are embodied, and repeated at full length in the dialogue. In thefe plays, Chapman is effentially undramatic; fo much fo, indeed, that one is difpofed to wonder how the fame man who wrote them could alfo have written comedies fo greatly better; and but for the comedies, or perhaps even in fpite of them, we fhould be difpofed to fet him down as one of thofe many men of real genius, who were forced by the prevalent tafte of the day into a path of literature for which they were lefs qualified than for any other."

Mr Hallam writes thus of Chapman's Plays in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*: (34)

"Chapman, who affifted Ben Jonfon and fome others in comedy, deferves but limited praife for his *Buffy D'Ambois.* The ftyle in this, and in all his tragedies, is extravagantly hyperbolical; he is not very dramatic, nor has any power of exciting emotion except in thofe who fympathife with a tumid pride and felf-confidence. Yet he has more thinking than many of the old dramatifts; and the praife of one of his critics, though ftrongly worded, is not without foundation, that we 'feldom find richer contemplations on the nature of man and the world.' His tragi-comedies, *All Fools* and *The Gentleman Ufher* are perhaps fuperior to his tragedies."

A word of our own by way of conclufion, firft

(34) Lond. 1854, vol. III., p. 124.

as to the chief beauties of Chapman's Plays, upon which we are moſt fain to dwell, and laſt as to the principle here adopted in editing them.

Like his own Clermont D'Ambois Chapman was an accompliſhed ſcholar, and a man of rare and varied learning. Abundant proof of this is afforded not only by his voluminous tranſlations from the Greek and Latin Poets; but by the rich and felicitous illuſtration from the writers of antiquity with which all his plays are ſtudded. This is often of a very recondite character. He is as much at home with Hippocrates and Pherecydes as with Pettie's *Palace of Pleaſure*, or with the works of his contemporary Spenſer.

From the plays of Chapman might be formed a perfect code of axioms and aphoriſms for the conduct of life. Theſe richly-jewelled diamonded lines, in their blaze of light and beauty, would alone warrant the reſcue of his dramatic writings from their long oblivion. It is not too much to ſay that paſſages are to be conſtantly found where loftineſs of thought is accompanied by an expreſſion ſo perfectly rhythmical and ſonorous as to vie with almoſt anything of the kind in Shakeſpeare. And in his long employment with Homer he had ſo well learnt the value and maſtered the uſe of the ſimile, that whenever we

come upon a ſimile in his plays, we may make ſure we are come to a fine paſſage. The ſimile in his hands, as in the hands of every true poet, is always harmonious and ſcientifically exact. Take two or three inſtances by way of illuſtration :—

Treaſon hath bliſter'd heels, diſhoneſt things
Have bitter rivers though delicious ſprings.

What eagles are we ſtill
In matters that belong to other men,
What beetles in our own !

---

great affairs will not be forged
But upon anvils that are lined with wool.

Theſe are only three examples out of three hundred that might be adduced. It is noticeable too that Chapman had his favourite images and illuſtrations, ſuch as the Cyclops, the twins of Hippocrates, the camels praying to Jove for horns, &c., which recur ſeveral times in different plays.

In regard to the text, we have followed the original word by word, and letter by letter, with religious exactneſs, except in the caſe of a miſplaced or inverted letter, or ſome obvious clerical ſlip which it would have been abſurd to per-

petuate. The punctuation of the original and even, as far as possible, the character of the type have been preserved. Our principle then has been the *facsimile* principle, a perfectly intelligible and reasonable one, if carried out with undeviating uniformity. There is much to be said in its behalf, especially when, as in the present instance, we have every reason to believe that the author supervised, in many cases, the publication of the original text.

With the exception of *Bussy D'Ambois* and *The Conspiracy* and *Tragedy of the Duke of Byron*, there is only one edition of each of Chapman's plays. In the three cases alluded to we have carefully collated the different editions, have adopted generally the later revised text, and given the earlier readings, when of any importance, in foot-note form. Conjectural emendations, not authorized by the original copies, (35) we have altogether eschewed. A few notes and illustrations gathered from various sources, and partly original, have been added to each volume.

We trust the reader will regard this completed labour as an acceptable contribution to English literature.

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(35) In the *Masque of the Middle Temple*, where a list of *Errata* is printed, we have silently corrected the *Errata*.

Commendatory Verſes.

To my highly vallued Mr. George Chapman, *Father of our Engliſh* Poets.

I knovv thee not (good *George*) but by thy *Pen*,
For which I ranke thee vvith the rareſt men.
And in that *Ranke* I put thee in the *Front*;
Eſpecially of *Poets* of account.
Who art the *Treaſſurer* of that Company;
But in thy hand too little *Coyne* doth lye:
For, of all *Artes* that novv in *London* are
Poets gett leaſt in vttring of their *Ware*.
But thou haſt in thy *Head*, and *Hart*, and *Hand*,
Treaſures of *Arte* that *Treaſure* can command.
Ah, vvould they could; then ſhould thy *Wealth*, and *Witt*
Bee equall; and, a lofty *Fortune* fitt.

But *George*, thou vvert accurst, and so vvas I
To bee of that most blessed *Company:*
For, if they most are blest, that most are Crost,
Then *Poets* (I am sure) are blessed most.
Yet wee with *Rime* and *Reason* trimme the
Times,
Though they giue little reason for our *Rimes*.
The reason is (els *error* blinds my Witts)
They reason want to do what *Honor* fitts.
But let them do as please them, wee must do
What Phœbus (Sire of Arte) *moues Nature to.*

JO: DAVIES, of Hereford.

To George Chapman.

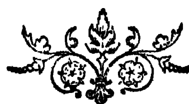
George, it is thy Genius innated
Thou pick'st not flowers from anothers field,
Stolne *Similies* or *Sentences* translated,
Nor seekest, but what thine owne soile doth
yield:
Let barren wits go borrow what to write,
'Tis bred and borne with thee what thou inditest,
And our Comedians thou out-strippest quite,

The Scourge of Folly (Lond. 1611).

And all the Hearers more then all delighteſt,
With vnaffected Stile and ſweeteſt Straine,
Thy in-ambitious Pen keeps on her pace,
And commeth near'ſt the ancient Commicke vaine,
Thou haſt beguilde vs all of that ſweet grace:
And were *Thalia* to be ſold and bought,
No *Chapman* but thy ſelfe were to be ſought.

Thomas Freeman, *Gent.**

RVBBE AND A great Caſt: Epigrams: Lond. 1614.



THE BLINDE begger of Alexandria, most pleasantly discoursing his variable humours in disguised shapes full of conceite and pleasure.

As it hath beene sundry times *publickly acted in London.* by the right honorable the Earle *of Nottingham, Lord High Ad-* mirall his seruantes.

By George Chapman: Gentleman.

Imprinted at London for William Jones, dwelling at the signe of the *Gun, neere Holburne Conduict.*

1598.

Enter Queen *Aegiale*, *Ianthe* 

her maid two counselers.

Aegiale.

LEaue me a while my Lordes and waite for me,
At the blacke fountayne, by *Osiris* groue,
Ile walke alone to holy *Irus* caue,
Talking a little while with him and then returne.

Exeunt omnes. Manet Aegiale.

Ianthe begone.
Now *Irus* Let thy mindes eternall eye,
Extend the vertue of it past the Sunne.
Ah my *Cleanthes* where art thou become,
But since I saued thy guiltlesse life from death,
And turnd it onely into banishment,
Forgiue me loue, mee pittie comfort mee.

Enter Irus *the Begger with* Pego.

Pego. Maister.
Irus. Pego.
Pego. Wipe your eyes and you had them.
Irus. Why *Pego.*
Pego. The Queene is here to see your blindnes.
Irus. Her Maiestie is welcome; Heauens preserue,
And send her highnes an immortall rayne.
Ægi. Thankes reuerent *Irus* for thy gentle prayer,
Dismisse thy man a while and I will lead thee,
For I haue waightie secretes to impart.
Pego. Would I were blind that she might lead mee. *Exit.*
Ægi. *Irus* thy skill to tell the driftes of fate,
Our fortunes and thinges hid from sensuall eyes,

Hath ſent mee to thee for aduertiſment.
Where Duke *Cleanthes* liues, that was exilde,
This kingdome for attempting mee with loue,
And offering ſtayne to *Ægipts* royall bed.

Irus. I hope your maieſtie will pardon mee,
If Conſcience make me vtter what I thinke,
Of that hye loue affayres 'twixt him and you.

Ægi. I will ſweete *Irus* being well aſſurd,
That whatſoeuer thy ſharpe wiſdomes ſees,
In my ſad frailtie thou willt haue regard,
To my eſtate and name and keepe it cloſe.

Irus. Of that your highnes may be well aſſurde,
Then I am bound madam to tell you this,
That you your ſelfe did ſeeke *Cleanthes* loue,
And to aſpire it, made away his Dutches,
Which he well knowing and affecting her,
Deare as his life, denyed to ſatiſſie,
That kindeneſſe offered twixt your ſelfe and him,
Therefore did you in rage informe the Duke,
He ſought your loue, and ſo he baniſht him.

Ægi. To true it is graue *Irus* thou haſt tould,
But for my loues ſake which not Gods can rule,
Strike me no more of that wound yet too greene,
But onely tell me where *Cleanthes* is,
That I may follow him in ſome diſguiſe,
And make him recompence for all his wrong.

Irus. *Cleanthes* is about this Cittie off,
With whom your maieſtie ſhall meete ere long:
And ſpeake with him, if you will vſe ſuch meanes,
As you may vſe for his diſcouery.

Ægi. What ſhall I vſe then what is in my power,
I will not vſe for his diſcouery,
Ile bind the winges of loue vnto myne armes,
And like a Eagle prying for her pray,
Will ouerlooke the earthes round face for him,
Were this ſufficient.
Or I will Moorelike learne to ſwimme and diue,
Into the bottome of the Sea for him,

Leaſt beeing the ſonne of *Aegypt*, and now ſet,
Thetis in rage with loue would raviſh him.
Were this ſufficient.
Irus. But Maddám this muſt be the liklieſt meane
To ſeeke him out, and haue him at your will
Let his true picture through your land be ſent.
Oppoſing great rewardes to him that findes him,
And threaten death to them that ſuccour him,
So Ile aſſure your grace ſhall meete with him eare long.
Aegi. Happie and bleſt be *Irus* for his ſkill
He sweetely plantes in my contentious mind,
For which moſt reuerent and religious man,
I giue this Iewell to thee richly worth.
A kentall or an hundreth waight of gold,
Beſtow it as thou liſt on ſome good worke,
For well I know thou nothing dooſt reſerue,
Of all thy riches men beſtow on thee,
But wouldſt thou leaue this place and poore mans life,
The count of *Aegipt* ſhould imbrace thy feete,
And *Toples* honors be beſtowed on thee,
Irus. I thanke your highnes for thus rayſing mee,
But in this barrenneſſe I am moſt renound.
For wiſdome and the ſight of heauenly thinges,
Shines not ſo cleare as eathlye vanities.
Aegi. Moſt rich is *Irus* in his pouertie
Oh that to finde his ſkill my crowne were loſt.
None but poore *Irus* can of riches boaſt,
Now my *Cleanthes* I will ſtraight aduance
Thy louely pictures on each monument
About the Cittie and within the land.
Propoſing twiſe fiue thouſand Crownes to him,
That findes him to be tendered by my handes,
And a kind kiſſe at my imperiall lipes,
To him that ſuccours him, Ile threaten death,
But he that doth not threaten him ſhall die,
For who is worthy, life will ſee him want.

To all his pictures when they be disperst
Will I continuall pilgrimages make,
As to the saintes and Idols I adore,
Where I will offer sighes, and vowes, and teares.
And sacrifice a hecatombe of beast,
On seuerall alters built where they are plast,
By them shal *Isis* stature gently stand,
And Ile pretend my Iealous rites to her
But my *Cleanthes* shall the object bee,
And I will kneele and pray to none but he. *Exit.*

Irus. See Earth and Heaven, where her *Cleanthes* is.
I am *Cleanthes* and blind *Irus* too,
And more than these, as you shall soone perceaue,
Yet but a shepheardes sonne at *Memphis* borne,
And I will tell you how I got that name,
My Father was a fortune teller and from him I learnt his art,
And knowing to grow great, was to grow riche,
Such mony as I got by palmestrie,
I put to vse and by that meanes became
To take the shape of *Leon*. by which name,
I am well knowne a wealthie Vsurer,
And more then this I am two noble men,
Count Hermes is another of my names,
And Duke *Cleanthes* whom the Queene so loues,
For till the time that I may claime the crowne,
I meane to spend my tyme in sportes of loue,
Which in the sequell you shal playnely see,
And Ioy I hope in this my pollicie.

Enter Pego, Elimine, Samaphis, *and* Martia *with there men* Menippus, Pollidor, *and* Druso.

Pego. Oh maister heere comes the three wenches now strike it deade, for a fortune.

Irus. These are the nymphes of *Alexandria.*
So called because there beauties are so rare.
With two of them at once am I in loue
Deepely and Equally the third of them,
My silly brother heere asmuch affectes,

Whom I haue made the Burgomaiſter of this rich towne,
With the great wealth, I haue beſtowed on him,
All three are maides kept paſſing warilye,
Yet lately beeing at their Fathers houſe, as I was *Leon* the rich vſerer
I fell in loue with them, and there my brother too,
This fitly chaunceth that they haue liberty,
To viſit me alone: now will I tell their fortunes ſo,
As may make way to both their loues at once,
The one as I am *Leon* the rich vſerer,
The other as I am the mad brayne *Count*,
And do the beſt too, for my brothers loue,

Pe. Thanks good maiſter brother, but what are they that
Talke with them ſo long are they wooers trow,
I do not like it, would they would come neare.

Irus. O thoſe are three ſeruantes that attend on them,
Let them alone, let them talke a while.

Eli. Tell vs *Menippus*, *Druſo*, and *Polydor*,
Why all our parentes gaue you three ſuch charge,
To waite on vs and ouer ſee vs ſtill,
What do they feare, thinke you that we would do.

Meni. [illegible] feare is leaſt you ſhould accompanie,
Such as loue [illegible] talke, and dalliance,

Eli. Why what is wanton talke.

Meni. To tell you that were to offend ourſelues,
And thoſe that haue forbidden you ſhould heare it.

Sa. Why, what is dalliance ſayes my ſeruant then,

Dru. You muſt not know becauſe you muſt not dally.

Sa. How ſay you by that, well, do you keepe it from vs, as much as you can, weele deſire it neuerleſſe I can tell ye,

Mar. Lord, what ſtraite keepers of poore maides are you,
You are ſo chaſt you are the worſe agayne.

Eli. Pray you good ſeruantes will you do vs the ſeruice,
To leaue vs alone a while.

Meni. We are commaunded not to be from you,
And therefore to leave you alone,
Were to wrong the truſt your parentes put in vs.

Ma. I cry you mercy ſir, yet do not ſtand all on the Truſt our parentes puts in you, but put vs in a litell to I pray.

Sa. Truſt vs good ſeruantes by our ſelues awhile.

Dru. Lets my maſtrs and you ſay the woord,
Theyle but to *Irus* for to know theire fortunes,
And hees a holy man all *Egypt* knowes.

Meni. Stay not to long, then miſtris and content,

Eli. Thats my good ſeruant we will ſtraight returne.

Po. And you miſtris.

Mar. And I truſtie ſeruant.

Po. Faith then Ile venter my charge among the reſt. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. A mightie venture you ſhall be cronicled in *Abrahams* aſſes, Catalog of cockſcombes for your reſolution.

Eli. Now the great foole take them all who could haue,
Pickt out three ſuch liueleſſe puppies,
Neuer to venter on their miſtriſſes.

Sa. One may ſee by them it is not meete choiſe men ſhould haue offices.

Mar. A prettie morrall work it in the ſamplar of your hart,

Eli. But are we by our ſelues.

Mar. I thinke ſo vnleſſe you haue alone in your belly.

Eli. Not I God knowes I neuer came where they grew yet,
Since we are alone lets talke a little merrily,
Mee thinkes I long to know what wanton talke and dalliance is.

Sa. Ile lay my life tis that my mother vſes when ſhe and others do beginne to talke and that ſhe ſayes to me mayde, Get ye hence fall to your needle: what a mayd and Idle.

Ma. A mayd and Idle why maydes muſt be Idle but not another thing.

Sa. then do not name it, for I feare 'tis naught. For yeſterday I hard *Menippus* as he was talking with my mothers maide and I ſtoode harkning at the chamber doore, ſayde that, with that woord a mayd was got with childe.

Eli. How, with the very woord.

Sa. I meane with that the woord ſeemes to expreſſe.

Mar. Nay, if you be ſo fine you will not name it now,
We are all alone, you are much too nice.

Eli. Why, let her chuſe, let vs two name it.

Mar. Do then *Elimine.*

Eli. Nay doe you *Martia.*

Mar. Why, woman I dare.

Eli. Do then I warrant thee.

Mar. Ile warrant my ſelfe, if I liſt, but come let it alone,
Let vs to *Irus* for our fortunes.

Eli. God ſaue graue *Irus.*

Irus. Welcome, beautious Nymphes.

Sa. How know you *Irus* we are beautifull and cannot ſee.

Irus. *Homer* was blinde yet could he beſt diſcerne,
The ſhapes of euerything and ſo may I,

Eli. Indeede wee heare your ſkill can beautifie,
Beautie it ſelfe, and teach dames how to decke,
Their heades and bodies fitteſt to their formes,
To their complexions and their countenances.

Ir. So can I beauteous Nimphes, and make all eyes,
Sparkle with loue fire from your excellence.

Eli. How thinke you we are tyred to tempte mens lookes,
Beeing thus Nimphlike is it not too ſtrange,

Irus. It is the better ſo it doth become.
But that I may diſcloſe to you your fortunes,

Tell me firſt *Pego* their true faces formes.

Pe. Mary ſir this that ſpeakes to you has a face thinne like vnto water grewell, but yet it would do your hart good if you could ſee it.

Irus. I know and ſee it better then thy ſelfe,
The blaze whereof doth turne me to a fyre.
Burning mine Intrailes with a ſtrong deſire.

Eli. Why turnſt thou from vs *Irus* tell my fortune.

Irus. I wonder at the glorie it preſentes,
To my ſoules health that ſees vppon your heade,
A corronet, and at your gratious feete,
Nobles and princes in their higheſt ſtate,
Which ſtate ſhal crowne your fortune eare you die,
And eare the hart of Heaven, the glorious ſunne,
Shall quench his roſiat fires within the weſt.
You ſhall a huſband haue noble and rich.

Sa. Happie *Elmine*, oh that I myght too.

El. Thankes for this newes good *Irus*, but diſcloſe,
The meanes to this, if it be poſſible.

Irus. When you come home aſcend your Fathers tower
If you ſee a man come walking by,
And looking vp to you, deſcend,
And Iſſue, for you ſhall haue leaue,
And if he woe, you chuſe him from the world.
Though he ſeeme humorous and want an eye,
Wearing a veluet patch vpon the ſame,
Chuſe him your huſband, and be bleſt in him,

Eli. Ile doe as thou aduiſeſt gentle *Irus*,
And prouing this Ile loue thee whilſt I live.

Sa. My fortune now ſweete *Irus*.

Irus. What face hath this Nimph, *Pego*.

Pego. Mary ſir a face made in forme like the ace of hartes.

Irus. And well compard for ſhe commaundes all hartes,
Equall in beautie with that other Nimph,
And equally ſhe burnes my hart with loue,

Sa. Say, ſay ſweete *Irus* what my fortune is,
Thou turnſt from me, as when thou dideſt admire
The happie fortune of *Elimine.*

Irus. So might I well, admiring yours no leſſe.
Then when the light cround monarch of the heauens
Shal quench his fire within the Oceans breſt
Riſe you and to your fathers garden hie,
There in an arbour doe a banquet ſet,
And if there come a man that of himſelfe,
Sits downe and bids you welcome to your feaſt,
Accept him for he is the richeſt man,
That *Alexandria* or *Ægypt* hath,
And ſoone poſſeſſing him with all his wealth,
In little tyme you ſhall be rid of him,
Making your ſeconde choyſe mongſt mightie kinges.

Sa. Bleſt be thy lippes ſweete *Irus*, and that light,
That guides thy boſome with ſuch deepe fore ſight,
Sleepe ſhall not make a cloſet for theſe eyes,
All this ſucceeding night for haſt to riſe.

Ma. My fortune now ſweete *Irus*, but I ſayth,
I haue ſome wrong to be the laſt of all,
For I am olde as they, and big enough,
To beare as great a fortune as the beſt of them.

Irus. What face hath this Nimph *Pego.*

Pego. Oh maiſter what face hath ſhe not, if I ſhould beg a face I would haue her face.

Irus. But is it round, and hath it neare a blemmiſh,
A mouth to wide a looke too impudent.

Pego. Oh mayſter tis without all theſe, and without al crie.

Irus. Round faces and thinne ſkinde are hapieeſt ſtill.
And vnto you, fayre Nimph.
Shall fortune be exceeding gratious too
When the next morning therefore you ſhal riſe,
Put in your boſome roſemary time and rue.
And preſently ſtand at your fathers doore,
He that ſhall come offering kindeneſſe there,

And craue for fauour thofe fame holfome hearbes,
beftowe them on him, and if meeting him,
He keepe the nuptiall Rofemary and time,
And tread the bitter rue beneath his feete,
Chufe him your hufband and be bleft in him.
Ma. I wil fweet *Jrus* nothing greeues me now,
But that *Elimine* this nyght fhall haue,
Her happie hufband, and I ftay till morning.
Eli. Nought greeves me *Irus* but that we are maides.
Kept fhort of all thinges and have nought to giue thee,
But take our loues and in the wifhed proofe,
Of thefe high fortunes thou foretelleft vs.
Nothing we haue fhall bee to deare for thee.
Sa. we that are fifters *Irus* by our vow,
Will be of one felfe blood and thankefull minde,
To adore fo cleare a fight in one fo blinde. *exeunt.*
Irus. farewell moft beautious Nimphes your loues to mee.
Shall more then gold or any treafure bee,
Now to my wardroppe for my veluet gowne, now doth the fport beginne,
Come gird this piftole clofely to my fide,
By which I make men feare my humor ftill,
And haue flayne two or three as twere my mood
When I haue done it moft aduifedly
To rid them as they were my heauie foes,
Now am I knowne to be the mad braine *Count*,
Whose humours twife, fiue fummers I have held,
And fayde at firft I came from ftately *Rome*,
Calling myfelfe *Count Hermes* and affuming
The humour of a wild and franticke man,
Carelesse of what I fay or what I doe,
And fo fuch faultes as I of purpofe doe,
Is buried in my humor and this gowne I weare,
In rayne or snowe or in the hotteft fommer,
And neuer goe nor ride without a gowne,
which humor does not fit my frencie wel,
But hides my perfons forme from beeing knowne,

When I *Cleanthes* am to be diſcried,

Enter Pego *like a Burgomaiſter.*

Pego. How now maiſter brother.

Ir. Oh ſir you are very well ſuted. Now M. Burgomaiſter. I pray you remember to ſeaze on all *Aleantiſthenes* his goods
His landes and cattels to my propper vſe,
As I am *Leon* the rich vſurer.
The ſunne is downe and all is forfeited.

Pego. It shal be doone my noble *Count.*

Ir. And withal ſir I pray you forget not your loue,
To morrow morning at her fathers doore.

Pego. Ah my good *Count* I cannot that forget,
For ſtill to keepe my memorie in order,
As I am Burgomaiſter, ſo loue is my recorder.

Exeunt.

Enter Elimine *aboue on the walls.*

Now ſee a morning in an euening riſe.
The morning of my loue and of my ioy,
I will not ſay of beautie, that were pride,
Within this tower I would I had a torch,
To light like hero my leander heather,
Who shall be my leander let me ſee,
Reherſe my fortune.
When you ſee one clad in a veluet gowne
And a blacke patch vpon his eye,
A patch, patch that I am, why that may be a patch of cloth,
Of Buckrome, or a fuſtian cloth, ſay with a veluet patch,
Vpon his eye & ſo my thoughts may patch vp loue the better
See where he comes, the *Count*, what girle a counteſſe,

Enter Count.

See, see, he lookes as *Irus* ſaid he ſhould
Go not away my loue, Ile meete thee ſtraight.

Count. Oh I thanke you I am much beholding to you,
I ſawe her in the tower and now ſhe is come downe,
Lucke to this patch and to this veluet gowne.

Enter Elimine *and* Bragadino *A Spaniard following her.*

Count. How now ſhall I be troubled with this rude ſpaniard now,

Bra. One worde ſweet nimph.

Count. How now ſirra what are you,

Br. I am ſigneor *Braggadino* the Martiall ſpaniardo the aide of *Ægypt* in her preſent wars, but Iesu what art thou that haſt the guts of thy braines gript with ſuch famine of knowledge not to know me.

Count. How now ſir Ile trie the proofe of your guts with my piſtoll if you be ſo ſaucie ſir.

Brag. Oh I know him well it is the rude *Count,* the vnciuill *Count,* the vnſtayed *Count,* the bloody *Count,* the *Count* of all *Countes,* better I were to hazard the diſſolution of my braue ſoule agaynſt an hoſt of giantes then with this looſe *Count,* otherwiſe I could tickle the *Count,* I fayth, my noble *Count,* I doe deſcend to the crauing of pardon, loue blinded me I knewe thee not.

Count. Oh ſir you are but bonaventure not right ſpanish I perceave but doe you heare ſir are you in loue.

Brag. Surely the ſodayne glaunce of this lady Nymph hath ſuppled my ſpaniſh diſpoſition with loue that neuer before drempt of a womans concauitie.

Count. A womams concauitie, ſblood whats that,

Brag. Her hollow diſpoſiton which you ſee ſweete nature will ſupplye or otherwiſe ſtop vp in her with ſolid or firme fayth.

Co. Giue me thy hand we ar louers both, ſhall we haue her both

Bra. No good ſweete *Count* pardon me.

Count Why then thus it ſhal be weele ſtrike vp a

drumme, set vp a tent, call people together, put crownes a peece lets rifle for her.

Brag. Nor that my honeſt *Count.*

Count. Why then thus it ſhal be, weele wooe her both and him ſhe likes beſt ſhall lead her home thorow ſtreetes holding her by both her handes, with his face towardes her, the other ſhall follow with his backe towards her biting of his thumbes, how ſayeſt thou by this.

Brag. It is ridiculous, but I am pleaſd for vpon my life I do know this the ſhame will light on the neck of the *Count.*

Count. Well to it lets heare thee.

Brag. Sweete Nimph, a ſpaniard is compard to the great elixar or golden medicine.

Count. What doſt thou come vpon her with medicines doſt thou think ſhe is ſore.

Bra. Nay by thy sweete fauour do not interrupt mee.

Count. Well ſir goe forward.

Brag. I ſay a ſpaniard is like the Philosophers ſtone.

Count. And I ſay an other mans ſtone may bee as good as a Philoſophers at all tymes.

Brag. By thy ſweete fauour.

Count. Well ſir goe on.

Brag. Sweeth nimph I loue few wordes you know my intent my humor is in ſophiſtical & plaine I am ſpaniard a borne, my byrth ſpeakes for my nature, my nature for your grace, and ſhould you ſee a whole Battaile ranged by my ſkil you would commit your whole ſelfe to my affection, and ſo ſweet nimph I kiſſe your hand.

Co. To ſee a whole battaile ha ha ha what a ieſt is that, thou ſhalt ſe a whole battaile come forth preſently of me ſa ſa ſa.

Bra. Put up thy piſtol tis a most dangerous humor in thee.

Cou. Oh is that all why ſee tis vp agayne, now

thou ſhalt ſee Ile come to her in thy humor, ſweete lady I loue ſweete wordes, but ſweete deedes are the noble ſowndes of a noble ſpaniard, noble by countrie, noble by valour, noble by byrth, my very foote is nobler then the head of another man, vppon my life I loue, and vpon my loue I liue, and ſo ſweete Nimph I kiſſe your hand, why loe heere we are both, I am in this hand, and hee is in that handy dandy prickly prandy, which hand will you haue.

Eli. This hand my Lord if I may haue my choyce.

Cou. Come ſpaniard to your pennance bite your thumbes.

Brag. Oh baſe woman.

Co. Sblood no baſe woman but bite your thumbes quickly.

Brag. Honor commaundes I muſt do it.

Count. Come on ſweete lady giue me your handes if you are mine, I am yours, if you take me now at the worſt I am the more beholding to you, if I bee not good enough, Ile mend what would you more.

Eli. It is enough my Lord and I am youres.
Since I wel know my fortune is to haue you
Now muſt I leaue the pleaſant maiden chaſe,
In hunting ſauage beasts with *Iſis* nimphes,
And take me to a life which I God knowes,
Do know no more then how to ſcale the heauens.

Count. Well Ile teach you feare not you, what ſignior not bite your thumbes,

Bra. Pardon me ſir, pardon me.

Count. By Gods blood I will not pardon you therefore bite your thumbes.

Bra. By thy ſweete let me ſpeake one worde with thee, I do not like this humor in thee in piſtoling men in this ſort, it is a moſt dangerous and ſtigmaticall humor, for by thy fauour tis the moſt fineſt thing of the world for a man to haue a moſt gentlemanlike carriage of himſelfe, for otherwiſe I doe hold thee. for the moſt tall reſolute and accompliſht gentleman on the face of the earth, harke yee weele meete at *Corrucus* and weele haue a pipe of Tobacco adew adew.

Co. Do you heare ſir, put your thumbes in your mouth with out any more adoe, by the heauens Ile ſhoote thee through the mouth.

Bra. It is baſe and ridiculous.

Count. Well thou ſhalt not do it, lend me thy thumbes Ile bite them for thee.

Brag. Pardon mee.

Count. Swounes and you had I would haue made ſuch a wofull parting betwixt your fingers and your thumbe that your ſpaniſh fiſtes ſhould neuer meete again, in this world wil you do it ſir.

Bra. I will, I will preſto and I wil follow thee.

Cou. Why ſo oh that we had a noyſe of muſitions to play to this anticke as we goe, come on ſweete lady giue me your handes weele to Church and be married ſtraight, beare with my haſt now, Ile be ſlow enough another tyme I warrant you, come ſpaniola queſto, queſto, ſpaniola queſto.

Exeunt.

Enter Ægiale, Herald, Euribates, Clearchus *with a picture.*

Ægi. Aduance that picture on this fatall ſpring,
And Herald ſpeake vttering the kinges edict.

He. *Ptolomie* the moſt ſacred king of *Ægypt* firſt of that name, deſiring peace and amitie with his neighbour princes hath cauſed this picture of *Cleanthes* to be ſet vp in all places, propoſing great rewardes to him that findes him, and threatning death to him thar ſucours him.

Ægi. Which Gods forbid, and put it in his minde.
Not ſo to ſtomacke his vniuſt exile.
That he conuert the furie of his arme,
Agaynſt foſaken *Ægypt* taking part,
With thoſe foure neighbour kinges. that threaten him,
And haue beſeiged his moſt Imperiall towne.

Clear. Now may it pleaſe your higneſſe to leaue your diſcontented paſſions, and take this mornings pride to hunt the Bore.

Ianthe. We haue attended on our grace thus farre,

Out of the Cittie beeing glad to heare,
Your highneſſe had abandoned diſcontent.
And now will bend yourſelfe to meriment,
Ægi. So will I louely *Ianthe* come then.
Let vs goe call foorth ſacred *Iſis* Nimphes,
To helpe vs keepe the game in ceaſeſſe vew,
That to the buſie brightneſſe of his eyes
We may ſo interuent his ſhiftes to ſcape
That giddie with his turning he may fall,
Slayne with our beauties more then ſwordes or dartes.

Exit with a ſownd of Horns.

Enter Leon *with his ſworde.*

Leon. Now am I *Leon* The rich vſurer,
And here according to the kinges commaund
And mine owne promiſe I haue brought my ſwoord
And fix it by the ſtatue, ſhe ſet vp.
By this am I knowne to be *Cleanthes,*
Whoſe ſodayne ſight I now will take vpon mee.
And cauſe the nobles to purſue my ſhadowe,
As for my ſubſtance they ſhall neuer finde,
Till I my ſelfe, do bring my ſelfe to light.
Cleanthes, Cleanthes, ſtop *Cleanthes,* ſee *Cleanthes,*
Purſue *Cleanthes,* follow *Cleanthes.*

Enter three Lordes *with ſwordes drawne.*

1. *Lo.* where is *Cleanthes, Leon* ſaweſt thou him.
Le. I why ſhould I els haue thus cried out on him,
I ſaw him euen now heere did he fix his ſworde
And not for daſtard feare or cowardize,
For know all *Ægypt* ringes of his renowne.
But fearing for his noble ſeruice done,
To be rewarded with ingratitude, he fled
From hence fearing to be purſued,
2. *Lord.* Come on my Lordes, then lets follow him
And purſue him to the death.

Exeunt.

Leon. O do not hurt him gentle Citizens,
See how they flye from him whom they purſue.
I am *Cleanthes,* and whileſt I am heare,

In vayne they follow for to finde him out,
But here comes my loue Bright *Psamathis*,
Whom I loue Equally with fayre *Elimine*,
See here ſhe comes as I apoynted her.

Enter Samathis *and her maydes with a banquet.*

Iaquine. But I fayth miſtris is this for a woer.

Sa. Not for a woer onely my *Jaquine*,
But a quicke ſpeeder girle for this is he,
That all my fortune runnes vpon I tell thee,

Ia. O daintie miſtris ſend for ſome more banquet.

Sa. No my fine wench this and my ſelfe is well.
And let him not ſit downe like the oxe and the aſſe,
But giue God thanks for we are worthie of it though we faite.

Ia. Miſtris tis true.
And that he may be good,
I coniure him by theſe three things a croſſe,
Now let him come he ſhal be good I warrant ye.

Leon. Nay do not flye me gentle *Samathis.*

Sa. Pardon me ſir for if I ſee a man,
I ſhall so bluſh ſtill that I warrant you,
I could make white wine claret with my lookes.

Le. But do not bluſh and flie an old mans ſight.

Sa. From whom if not from old men ſhould I flie

Le. From young men rather that can ſwift purſue,
And then it is ſome credit to out goe them,
Yet though my yeeres would haue me old I am not,
But haue the gentle Ierke of youth in mee,
As freſh as he that hath a maidens chinne.
Thus can I bend the ſtiffnes of my limbes,
Thus can I turne and leape and hoyſe my gate,
Thus can I lift my loue as light as ayre,
Now ſay my *Samathis* am I old or young.

Sa. I would haue my love neyther old nor young
But in the middle Iuſt betweene them both.

Le. Fit am I then for matchleſſe *Samathis.*
And will be bould to ſit. For batchlers
Muſt not ſhamefaſt when they meet with maids,
Sweete loue now let me intreate you ſit,

And welcome you to your owne banquet heere,
Sa. Euen thus did *Irus* ſay that he ſhould ſay,
Then by your leaue ſir I will ſit with you,
Le. Welcome as gold into my treſurie,
And now will I drinke vnto my loue,
With the ſame mind that drinking firſt began to one another.
Sa. And what was that I pray ſir.
Le. Ile tell my loue the firſt kind cauſe of it.
And why 'tis vſd as kindneſſe ſtill amongſt vs,
If it be vſd a right tis to this end,
When I doe ſay I drinke this loue to you,
I meane I drinke this to your proper good,
As if I ſayde what health this wine doth work in mee,
Shal be imploied for you at your commande & to your proper vſe
And this was firſt thentent of drinking to you.
Sa. Tis very prettie is it not *Jaquine.*
Iaquine. Oh excellent Miſtris hees a daintie man.
Leon. Now to your vſe ſweete loue I drinke this wine,
And with a merrie hart that makes long life,
Ouer the cup Ile ſing for my loues ſake.

Health, fortune, mirth, and wine,
To thee my loue deuine.
I drinke to my darling,
Song. *Giue me thy hand ſweeting.*
With cuppe full euer plyed,
And hartes full neuer dryed.
Mine owne, mine owne deareſt ſweeting,
Oh oh myne owne deareſt ſweeting.

What frollicke loue mirth makes the banquet ſweete.
Sa. I loue it ſir aſwell as you loue me.
Leon. That is aſwell as I do loue my ſelfe,
I will not Ioy my treaſure but in thee,
And in thy lookes Ile count it euery hower,
And thy white armes ſhalbe as bandes to me,
Wherein are mightie Lordſhippes forfeited,

And all the dames of *Alexandria*,
For their attire ſhall take there light from thee,
Sa. Well ſir I drinke to you & pray you thinke
You are as welcome to me as this wine,
Le. Thankes gentle *Samathis*, but delitious loue,
Hath beene the figge I eate before this wine,
Which kills the taſte of theſe delitious cates,
Will you beſtowe that banquet loue on me,
Sa. Nay gentle *Leon* talke no more of loue
If you loue God or a good countenance,
For I shal quite be out of countenance then,
Le. Loue deckes the countenance, speriteth the eye,
And tunes the ſoule in ſweeteſt harmony,
Loue then ſweete *Samathis*.
Sama. What ſhall I doe *Iaquine*.
Iaquine. Fayth Miſtris take him.
Sa. Oh but he hath a great noſe.
Ia. Tis no matter for his noſe, for he is rich.
Sa. *Leon* I loue and ſince tis foorth farewell.
Le. Then triumph *Leon* richer in thy loue.
Then all the heapes of treaſure I poſſeſſe,
Neuer was happie *Leon* rich before,
Nor euer was I couetous till now,
That I ſee gold so fined in thy haire.
Sa. Impart it to my Parentes gentle *Leon*,
And till we meete agayne at home farewell.

Exeunt.

Le. Soone will I talke with them and follow thee,
So now is my deſire accompliſhed.
Now was there euer man ſo fortunate.
To haue his loue so ſorted to his wiſh,
The ioyes of many I in one enioy.
Now do I meane to woe them croſſely both,
The one as I am *Leon* the rich vſurer
The other as I am the mad brayne *Count*.
Which if it take effect, and rightly proue,
Twill be a ſporte for any emperours loue.

Exit.

Enter Ptolomie, Aegiale, Doricles, Aſpatia, Ianthe, Euphroſine, Clearchus, Euribates, *with ſound.*

Pto. Prince of *Arcadia* louely *Doricles*,
Be not diſcouraged that my daughter heere,
Like a well fortified and loftie tower,
Is ſo repulſiue and vnapt to yeelde,
The royall ſiege of your heroycke partes,
In her acheevement will be more renound,
And with the greater merite is imployde.
The bewtious queene my wife her mother here
Was so well mand and yet had neuer man,
So mayne a rocke of chaſt and cold diſdayne.

Aegi. My Lord what meane ye, go Aſpaſia,
Send for ſome Ladeis to goe play with you,
At cheſſe, at Billiardes, and at other game,
Ianthe attend her.
You take a courſe my Lord to make her coy,
To vrge ſo much the loue of *Doricles*,
And frame a vertue of her wanton hate,
We muſt perſwade her that he loues her not,
But that his ſeruices and vowes of loue,
Are but the gentle complimentes of court,
So would ſhee thinke that if ſhe would have loud,
Shee might haue wonne him. And with that conceite
Of hardneſſe to be wonne, his merites grace
Will ſhine more clearely, in her turning eyes,
Thinges hard to win with eaſe makes loue incited,
And favours wonne with eaſe are hardly quited,
Then make as If you loud her not my Lord.

Do. Love that has built his temple on my browes
Out of his Battlementes into my hart,
And ſeeing me to burne in my deſire,
Will be I hope appeaſed at the laſt.

Aegi. Be ruld by me yet, and I warrant you,
She quickly ſhall beleeve you loue her not,

Do. What ſhall I doe Madam.

Aegi. Looke not on her ſo much.

Do. I cannot chuſe my neck ſtandes neuer right,
Till it be turnd aſſide and I behold her.

Aegi. Now truſt me ſuch a wrie neckt loue was neuer ſene,
But come with me my Lord and Ile inſtruct you bettet.
Pto. So maddam I leaue you now from our loue ſportes,
To *Antiſtenes* and his great ſute with *Leon*,
Enter Antiſtenes Leon *and* Burgomaiſter.

See the *Burgomaiſter Antiſtenes* and *Leon.* comes togeather ſtay maiſter *Burgomaiſter* What reaſon made you vſe youı office on the Lord *Antiſtenes* ſeazing on al his moueables, and goodes at the ſute of *Leon.*

Pe. I will tell your grace the reason of it or any thinge els for I know you are a wiſe prince, and apt to learne.

Pto. I thanke you for your good opinion ſir, but the reaſon of your office done vpon this noble man and his landes.

Pe. The reaſon why I haue put in office or execu tion, my authoritie vpon this nobleman conſiſteth in in three principall poyntes or members, Which indeede are three goodly matters.

Ptolo. I pray you lets heare them.

Pe. The firſt is the credit of this honeſt man becauſe he is rich.

Pto. Why is he honeſt becauſe he is rich.

Pe. Oh I learne that in any caſe, the next is the forfaite of his aſſurance and the laſt I will not trouble your grace with all.

An. But this it is whereof I moſt complaine vnto your grace,
That hauing occaſion in your graces ſeruice,
To borow mony of this *Leon* heere,
For which I morgagd al my landes and goods
He onely did agree that paying him foure
thouſand pound at the day I ſhould receiue my statute
ſafely, in which now not onely falſely he denies
But that he hath receiued one penny due,

Which this my friend can wittnes I repayde,
Vpon the ſtone of *Irus* the blinde man,
Foure thouſand pound in Iewels and in golde,
And therefore craue I iuſtice in this caſe,

Le. Voutchſafe, dread ſoueraigne an vnpartiall care.
To that I haue to ſay for my replye,
He pleades the payment of foure thouſand pounde,
Vpon the ſtone before blinde *Irus* caue,
To which I anſwere and do ſweare by heauen,
He ſpake with me at the foreſayde place,
And promiſt payment of foure thouſand pound,
If I would let him haue his statutes in,
And take other aſſurance for another thouſand,
Some three monthes to come or thereaboutes.
Which I refuſing he repayde me none,
But parted in a rage and card not for me.

Gen. Oh monſtrous who euer hard the like.
My Lord I will be ſworne he payde him,
On poor *Irus* ſtone foure thouſand pound,
Which I did helpe to tender and haſt thou
A helliſh conſcience and ſuch a braſen forhead,
To denye it agaynſt my wittneſſe,
And his noble woorde.

Le. Sir agaynſt your witneſſe and his noble worde,
I plead myne owne and one as good as his,
That then was preſent at our whole conference.

An. My Lord there was not any but our ſelues,
But who was it that thou affirmſt was there,

Le. *Count Hermus* good my Lord a man
Well knowne though he be humorous to be honorable,

Pto. And will he ſaie it.

Le. He will, my gratious Lord I am well aſſurd,
And him will I ſend hether preſently,
Intreating your gratious fauour if the impediment,
Of a late ſickeneſſe cauſe me not returne,
For I am paſſing ill.

Pto. Well ſend him hether and it ſhall ſuffice.

Le. I will my gratious Lord and ſtand
To any cenſure paſſing willingly,
Your highneſſe ſhall ſet downe or commaund,
Worſhipfull maiſter *Burgomaiſter* your officer,
To see performd betwixt vs. *Exit.*

Pe. We Thanke you hartely, alas poore ſoule,
How ſicke he is.
Truly I cannot chuſe but pittie him,
In that he loues your gratious officers,

Enter Coont.

Pto. Oh I thanke you ſir.

Count. King by your leaue, and yet I neede not aſke leaue, Becauſe I am ſent for if not, Ile begone agayne. without leaue, ſay am I ſent for yea or no,

Pto. You are to witneſſe twixt *Antiſtenes* and welthy *Leon.*

Count. I know the matter and I come from that old miſer *Leon*, who is ſodainely fallen ſicke of a knaues euill, Which of you are troubled with that diſeaſe maiſters.

Pto. Wel ſay what you know of the matter, betwixt them.

Count. Then thus I say. my Lord, *Antiſtenes* came, to the stone of the blinde foole *Irus*, that day when foure thouſand pounds were to be payde, Where he made proffer of ſo much mony if *Leon* would returne the morgage of his lands, and take aſſurance for another thouſand to be paide I trow ſome three monthes to come or there about, which *Leon* like an olde churle as hee was moſt vncourteouſly refuſed: my Lord *Antiſtenes* as he might very well departed in a rage but if it had beene to me I would haue piſtoled him I fayth.

An. But you are wonderouſly deceiued, my Lord. And was not by when he and we did talke.

Count. Swounes then I ſay you are deceiued my Lord,
For I was by now by my honor and by all the gods.

Eu. Then you ſtoode cloſe my Lord vnſeene to any,

Count. Why I ſtood cloſe to you and ſeene of all, and if You thinke I am too mad a fellow to witnes ſuch a waightie peece of worke the holy begger ſhall performe as much,
For he was by at our whole conference.

Pto. But ſay *Count Hermes* was the begger by.

Count. I ſay he was and he ſhall ſay he was.

Euri. But he is now they ſay lockt in his caue,
Faſting and praying talking with the Gods,
And hath an Iron doore twixt him and you,
How will you then come at him,

Count. Ile fetch him from his caue in ſpight of all his Gods and Iron dores, or beate him blinde when as I doe catch him next, farwell my Lordes you haue done with mee, Ile ſend the begger preſently for I am now ryding to *Corrucus*. *Exit.*

Pto. I know not what to thinke in theſe affaires
I cannot well condemne you my Lord,
And your ſufficient witneſſe beeing a gentleman,
Nor yet the other two, both men of credit,
Though in his kinde this *Count* be humorous,
But ſtay we ſhall here ſtraight what *Irus* wil depoſe.

Enter Irus.

Irus. Oh who diſturbes me in my holy prayers,
Oh that the king were by that he might heere,
What thundring there is at my farther doore,
Oh how the good of *Ægipt* is disturbd in my deuotion.

Pto. I am here *Irus* and it was *Count Hermes*
That was ſo rude to Interrupt thy prayers,
But I ſuppoſe the end of thy repayre,
Beeing so waightie could not haue diſpleaſd,
For on thy witneſſe doth depend the liuing
Of Lord *Antiſtenes*, who doth affirme,
That three dayes paſt he tendered at thy ſtone,
Foure thouſand poundes to *Leon*, and deſired
His morgage quited which he promiſing

On such aſſurance, more as he propoſed,
Receiued at that tyme his foure thouſand pounds.

Irus. I then was in the hearing of them both.
But hard noe penny tendred, onely propoſed
By Lord *Antiſtenes*, if he would bring him in,
His morgage and take aſſurance for another thouſand
Some three monthes to come or there aboutes,
Which *Leon* moſt vncourteouſly refuſed,
My Lord was angrye and I hard no more,
And thus muſt I craue pardon of your grace. *Exit.*

Pto. Farewell graue *Irus.*

An. Gods are become oppreſſors of the right.

Euge. Never had right ſo violent a wrong.
For let the thunder ſtrike me into hell.
If what I haue reported be not true,

Pto. This holy man no doubt ſpeakes what he hard
And I am ſory for *Antiſtenes.*
But Ile releeue your lowe eſtate my Lord,
And for your ſeruice done me gwerdon you,
Maiſter *Burgomaiſter*, let the Lord have libertie,
And I will anſwere *Leon* what is due. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elimine, Martia, Samathis.

Eli. Soft Miſtris *Burgomaiſter*, pray you ſtay, your hart is greater then your parſon farre or your ſtate eyther, doe we not know ye trow, what woman you are but a *Burgomaiſters* wife,
And he no wiſer then his neighbours neyther,
Giue me the place acording to my calling.

Mar. What ſkill for places, do we not all call ſiſters,

Eli. Noe by my fayth I am a counteſſe now,
I ſhould haue one to goe before me bare,
And ſay ſtand by there to the beſt of them,
And one to come behinde and beare my trayne,
Becauſe my handes muſt not be put vnto it.
My huſband is a Lord, and paſt a Lord,

Sa. And paſt a Lord what is that paſt I pray,
Eli. Why hees a what you calt.
Mar. A what you call it can you not name it.
Eli. I thinke I muſt not name. it.
Sa. And why ſo I pray?
Eli. becauſe it comes ſo neare a thing that I knowe,
Mar. Oh he is a Count that is an Earle.
Sa. And yet he is not knowne to haue much land.
Eli. Why therefore he is an vnknowne man.
Mar. I but my huſband is the kings officer.
Sa. I but my huſband is able to buy both yours,
Eli. You ſay huſband, I may saie my Lord.
Mar. And me thinkes huſband is worth ten of Lord.
Eli. Indeede I loue my Lord to call mee wife,
Better than Maddam yet doe I not meane,
To loſe my Ladies, titles at your handes,
I may for courteſie and to be termd,
A gentle Ladie call you ſiſters ſtill,
But you muſt ſay and pleaſe your Ladiſhippe,
Tis thus and ſo, and as your honor pleaſe,
Yet ſhall my huſband call me wife like youres,
For why made god the huſband and the wife,
But that those tearmes ſhould pleaſe vs more then others
New faſhion tearmes I like not for a man,
To call his wife cony, forſooth, and Lambe,
And Porke, and Mutton, he as well may ſay,
Mar. Well Madam then and pleaſe your Ladishippe,
What gownes and head tyres will your honor weare.
Eli. Twentie are making for me head tyres and gownes,
Head tyres enchaſt in order like the starres,
Which perfit great and fine cut pretious stones,
One hath bright *Ariadnes* Crowne in it,
Euen in the figure it preſentes in heauen,

Another hath the fingers of *Diana*,
And *Berenices* euer burning haire,
An other hath the bright *Andromica*,
With both her filver wriftes bound to a rocke,
And *Perfeus* that did lofe her and saue her life,
All fet in number and in perfect forme,
Euen like the *Afterifmes* fixt in heauen,
And euen as you may fee in Moone fhine nightes,
The Moone and Starres reflecting on their ftreames
So from my head fhall you fee ftarres take beames,

Mar. Oh braue God willing I will haue the like.

Sa. And fo will I by God's grace, if I liue.

Eli. Come vp to fupper it will become the houfe wonderfull well.

Mar. Well if my hufband will not, let him not loke for one good looke of me.

Sa. Nor mine I fweare.

Mar. I'll afke my hufband when I am with child.
And then I know I fhall be fped I fayth.

Eli. But euery pleafure hath a payne they fay
My hufband lies each other nyght abrode,

Sa. and so doth mine which I like but little,

Mar. Well time I hope and change of companie,
Will teach vs fomewhat to beare out the abfence.

Exit.

Eli. I know not what to fay,
My hufband makes as if each other nyght he had occafion,
To ride from home at home ferues not his turne,
To my good turne it, cupid I befeech you,

Enter Leon *and* Drufo *following him.*

Le. Now will I trie to make myfelfe the *Count.*
An arrant Cuckold and a wittoll too.

Dru. Now may I chance to proue a cunning man,
And tell my miftris where my maifter hauntes,

Le. Bright Nimph, I come in name of all the worlde,
That now fuftaines dead winter in the fpring,
To haue a graces from thy fummer darted.

Thy loue, ſweete ſoule is all that I deſire,
To make a generall ſommer in this hart,
Where winter's duble wrath hath tirrannifde.
Eli. How dare you Leon thus ſolicit mee,
Where if the *Count* my huſband ſhould come now,
And ſee you courting you were ſure to die.
Le. Oh but he is ſafe, for at my houſe,
Booted and ſpurd and in his veluet gowne,
He tooke his horſe and rode vnto *Corrucus*,
And therefore beautious Ladie make not ſtrange,
To take a freind and adde vnto thy Ioyes,
Of happie wedlocke: the end of euery acte,
Is to increaſe contentment and renowne,
Both which my loue: ſhall amplye ioy in you,
Eli. How can renowne enſue an act of ſhame,
Le. No acte hath any ſhame within itſelfe,
But in the knowledge and aſcription.
Of the baſe world from whom ſhall this be kept,
As in a laborinth or a braſen tower.
El. But vertues ſole regard muſt hold me backe.
Le. The vertue of each thing is in the prayſe,
And I will reare thy prayſes to the ſkyes,
Out of my treſurie chuſe the choyſe of gold,
Till thou finde ſome matching thy hayre in brightneſſe,
But that will neuer, be ſo chuſe thou euer.
Out of my Iewelrye chuſe thy choyſe of Diamondes,
Till thou finde ſome as bright ſome as thyne eyes,
But that will neuer be, ſo chuſe thou euer,
Chuſe Rubies out vntill thou match thy lippes,
Pearle till thy teeth, and Iuorie till thy ſkinne,
Be matcht in whitneſſe but that wil neuer bee.
Nor neuer ſhall my treſurie haue end,
Till on there beauties Ladies loth to ſpend,
But that will neuer be ſo chuſe thou euer.
Eli. Now what a gods name would this vayne man haue,
Do you not ſhame to tempt a woman thus,
I know not what to ſaye nor what to doe,
He would haue me doe that I fear I ſhould not,

Some thing it is he feekes that he thinkes good,
And methinkes he fhould be more wife then I,
I am a foolifhe girle though I be married
And know not what to doe, the Gods doe know.

Leon. Are you content fweete loue to graunt me loue,

Eli. and what then fir.

Le. To grant me lodging in your houfe this night,

Eli. I thinke the man be wearie of his life,
Know you the *Count* my hufband.

Le. Maruellous well, and am affurd of him,

Eli. Faith that you are as fure I my felfe,
So you did talke of gold and Diamonds,

Leon. I and gold and Diamondes fhal my fweet loue haue,

Eli. Well Ile not bid you fir but if you come,
At your owne perill for Ile wafh my handes

(Offer to goe out.

Leon. A plague of all fanguine fimpliciti

Eli. But do you heare fir pray you do not thinke that I granted you in any cafe.

Le. No, I warrant you, Ile haue no fuch thought,
Oh this ,, olde excellent.
Now who can defire better fporte.
This nyght my other wife muft lie alone,
And next night this wife muft do the like.
Now will I woe the other as the *Count*,
Which if fhe graunt and they do breake their troth,
Ile make my felfe a cuckolde twixt them both. *Exit.*

Drufo. Ile follow him vntill he take the earth, and then ile leaue him. *Exit.*

Enter Samathis *alone.*

Sa. Now if my hufband be not all alone,
He is from home and hath left me alone,
So I muft learn to lie, as children goe,
All alone, all alone, which leffon now.
I am able to beare a childe is worffe to me
Then when I was a child the morall this,
Strength without a health a difaduantage is.

Enter Druſo.

Miſtris what will you ſay if I can tel you where my maiſter is,

Sa. Where *Druſo* I pray thee.

Dru. Euen cloſe with the young counteſſe I fayth.

Sa. Out on her ſtrumpet doth ſhe bragge ſo much,
Of her great *Count*, and glad to take my huſband
Hence comes her head tyres and her fayre gownes,
Her trayne borne vp and a man bare before her,
Was this my fortune that ſhould be ſo good,
I fayth you begger you, you old falſe knaue,
You holy villaine you propheticke aſſe,
Know you noe better what ſhall come to paſſe,
Ile be reuenged I fayth I fayth Ile be reuenged. *Exit.*

Enter Aegiale *with the garde*

Aegi. Oh *Irus* ſhall thy long approued ſkill,
Fayle in my fortunes onely, when ſhall I meete,
With my *Cleanthes* what a worlde of tyme,
Is it for me to lie as in a ſounde,
Without my life *Cleanthes*, can it be,
That I ſhall euer entertayne agayne,
Hauing the habit of colde death in me,
My life *Cleanthes.*

Count *knocke within.*

Let me come in you knaues, I ſay let me come in,

1. *Gard.* Sir, we are ſet to gard this place as our liues and None without a warrant from the King or the Queene muſt enter heere.

Cou. Swoundes tell not me of your warrantes, let me come in I ſay,

1. *Ga.* My Lord we are commaunded to keepe out all comers, becauſe of the branch wherein the kings life remaynes,

Count. Let me come in you knaues, how dare you keepe me out, twas my gowne to a mantle of rugge, I had not put you all to the piſtoll.

Aegi. Shall we be troubled now with this rude *Count*

Cou. How now Queene what art thou doing,

passioning ouer the picture of *Cleanthes* I am sure for I know thou louest him,

Aegi. Whats that you traytor.

Count. No traytor neyther but a true freind to you, for had I bene otherwise I should haue disclosed the secret talke thou hadst with *Cleanthes* in the arbour, the night before he was banished, whilest I stood close and hard all.

Ae. The man is mad chaines and a whippe for him.

Cou. Be patient my wench and Ile tell thee the very words, oh my *Cleanthes*, loue me, pittie me, hate me not for loue, and it is not lust that hath made me thus importunate, for then there are men enough besides *Cleanthes*, go to tel me were not these your woords, & I like no traytor to you but a trustie freend now by this pistol which is God's angell I neuer vttered them till now

Aegi. I spake them not but had you beene so bad,
As some men are you might haue saide as much,
By fictions onely therefore I must needes,
Thinke much the better of you to conceale it,

Coun. Oh your a cunning wench and am not I a mad slaue to haue such vertue as secresie in me and none neuer lookt for any such thing at my handes, and heres a branch forsooth of your little sonne turnd to a Mandracke tree, by Hella the sorceresse.

Aegiale. 'Tis true and kils me to remember it.

Cou. Tut tut remember it and be wise thou wouldst haue *Cleanthes* come agayne wouldst thou not,

Ae. The king is so aduised to giue him death.

Count. The King, come come tis you rule the King now would any wise woman in the worlde be so hungerstarued for a man and not vse the meanes to haue him, thinkst thou *Cleanthes* will come agayne to haue his head chopt of so soone as he comes, but had you pluckt vp this branch wherein the King thy husbandes life consistes and burnt it in the fyre, his olde beard would haue stuncke fort in the graue ere this, and then thou shouldst have seene whether *Cleanthes* would haue come vnto thee or noe.

Aegi. Oh excreable counsaile.

Count. Go to tis good counsaile take the grace of God before your eyes, and follow it to it wench corragio, I know I haue gotten thee with childe of a desire, and thou longst but for a knife to let it out, hold there 'tis serue God and be thankfull, now you knaues will you let mee come out trow.

1. *Gard.* Please your Lordshippe to bestow something on vs for we are poore knaues.

Count. Harke you be euen knaues still, and if you be poore long your foolish knaues, and so Ile leaue you.

2. *Gard.* Nay swounes my Lord, no knaues neyther.

Cou. Then he was a knaue that told me so what doost thou tell mee that. *Exit.*

e. This serpentes counsell stinges mee to the hart.
Mountes to my braine and bindes my prince of sence.
My voluntarie motion and my life,
Sitting it selfe triumphing in there thrones,
And that doth force my hand to take this knife,
That bowes my knees and sets me by thy branch,
Oh my diones oh my onely sonne,
Canst thou now feele the rigour of a knife,
Noe thou art sensleſſe and Ile cut thee vp,
Ile shroude thee in my bosome safe from stormes,
And trust no more my trustlesse gard with thee,
Come then returne unto thy mothers armes,
And when I pull thee foorth to serue the fire,
Turne thy selfe wholy into a burning tounge,
In voking furies and infernall death,
To coole thy tormentes with thy fathers breth.

Enter Elimine *and* Samathis.

Sa. Now madam countesse do you make account.
To take vp husbandes by your countishippe.
Haue you the broade seale for it, are you so hye,
And stoope to one so lowe as is my husband,
Hence come your head tyres and your costly gownes,
Your trayne borne vp and a man bare before you,
Now fye on pride when woman goe thous naked.

I euer thought that pride would haue a fall,
But little thought it would haue ſuch a fall.

Eli. What fall I pray you.

Sa. There you lay laſt, forſooth there you lay laſt.

Eli. Be not ſo angry woman you are deceiued

Sa. I know I am deceiued for thou deceiuedſt me,
Thou mighteſt aſwell have pict my purſſe I tell thee,
Oh would my mother ſay, when you haue a huſband,
Keepe to him onely but now one may ſee,
How horible a thing it is to change,
Becauſe it angers one ſo horibly,
You muſt haue Vſhers to make way before you,

Eli. The dame is madde, Ile ſtay no longer with her. *Exit* Elmine.

Sa. Well madam ſhorte heeles Ile be euen with you,
See where the mad brayne *Count* her huſband comes,

Enter Count.

Sama. I will begone.

Count. Heare you Vſurers wife ſtay, a plague on you ſtay, whither go you ſo faſt, why did I euer hurt any of your ſex yet.

Sa. Why no my Lord.

Count. Why no my Lorde, why the deuill do you turne tayle when you ſhould not, when you ſhould you will not be halfe ſo haſtie, a man muſt loue you, woe you, ſpend vpon you and the deuill of one of you is worthy to kiſſe the hemme of my riding gowne heere.

Sa. Is this your riding gowne my Lord.

Count. Tis no matter what it is, talke not to me, what the deuill did I meane to call thee backe agayne.

Sa. Why my Lord I meane not to trouble you,

Count. Goe to ſtay I ſay, tis agaynſt my will that I vſe you ſo kindly I can tell you.

Sa. Why you may chuſe my Lord.

Count. I but I cannot chuſe, there you lie now, tis loue forſooth that Intailes me to you, for if it had not beene for loue, I had not beene heere now, for the Gods do know I hold thee dearer then the Poun-

granet of mine eye, and thats better by three pence than the aple of mine eye.

Sa. My Lord I am fory for your heauineſſe.

Count. Nay tis no matter I am not the firſt aſſe that hath borne Cupides treſurie.

Sa. My Lord tis enough to make an aſſe wiſe to beare treſure.

Count. Why then be you that wiſe aſſe, and beare me for I haue ſome treaſure about me, will you loue me.

Sa. Loue you my Lord it is ſtrange you wil aske it.

Count. I am not the firſt hath deſired you,

Sa. Nor you ſhall not be the laſt I will refuſe.

Count. Nor are you the fayreſt I have ſeene,

Sa. Nor the fouleſt you haue loud.

Count. Nor the fitteſt to be beloued.

Sa. Nor the vnfitteſt to hate.

Count. Doe and you dare but ſirra and thou wilt not loue, I pray thee be proud.

Sa. Why ſo my Lord.

Count. Becauſe I would haue thee fall, for pride muſt haue a fall.

Sa. Do you delight in my fall ſo much.

Count. As much as in mine owne ryſing I fayth, but do not you thinke it ſtrange that I doe loue you, for before I did loue you, *Cupid* pinckt me a ſpaniſh lether Ierkin with ſhooting at me, and made it ſo full of holes that I was fayne to leaue it of, and this loſſe haue I had for your ſake.

Sa. My Lord Ile beſtow an old Ierkin on you.

Count. Nay that ſhall not ſerue your turne, for I haue had a greater loſſe then that, I loſt my left eye for your ſake.

Sa. I do not thinke ſo.

Count. I but Ile tell you how as I was hunting in the parke, I ſaw Cupid ſhooting a cockhye into your face, and gazing after his arrow it fell into mine eye.

Sa. A prettie fiction.

Count. I but I finde this no fiction, and you ſhall make me amends with loue or by this patch of mine

eye, and the patch thou woteſt where, I will ſweare to all the Cittie I have layne with thee.

Sa. I hope your Lordſhippe will not doe me that wrong.

Count. Then do you me right and let me lie with you, I haue made the botle noſd knaue your huſband ſo drunke that he is not able to ſtand goe get you home Ile follow you.

Sa. Why my Lord what will you do there.

Count. Goe to make no more queſtions but ſay I ſhall bee welcome or by mine honor Ile doe as I ſay, otherwiſe be as ſecret as death.

Sa. Twentie to one he will, well my Lord if you come you come.

Count. O I thanke you hartely, oh exellent or neuer truſt mee.

Enter Menippus *and* Elimine.

Me. Madam your honor is come ſomewhat to ſoone

Eli. Why ſo *Menippus*

Me. Had you ſtayed neuer ſo little longer you ſhould have met my Lord comming out of *Lions* houſe and out of his moueables,

Eli. How out of his moueables.

Me. Euen in playne troth, I ſee him woe her, winne her, and went in with her.

Eli. Now of mine honor I will be reuenged fetch me the Burgomaiſter *Menippus* Ile haue them both whipt about the towne.

Men. Nay, madam, you muſt not diſhonor him ſo,

Eli. What ſhall mine honor doe then.

Me. Do but tongue whip him madam and care not, And ſo I leaue him to the mercie of your tongue,

Eli. My tongue ſhall haue hell and no mercie in it

Enter the Count.

Excellent muſicke exellent muſicke.

Eli. And the Deuill take the Inſtrument,

Count. What art thou ſo nye.

Eli. I and it were a good deede to be a little nier

too, you make a *Count* aſſe of me indeede, as if I were too little for you, but bigneſſe is my fault vnleſſe I were a little better vſd at your handes.

Cou. Why thou wilt be to perfit if I should vſe thee much for vſe makes perfitneſſe.

Eli. I but I cannot be too perfit and therfore Ile ſpoyle her perfections that helps to ſpoyle mine I warrant her.

Cou. Why may not I lie with her aſwell as thou layeſt with her huſband.

Eli. I defie you and all the world that can ſay blacke is mine eye.

Count. I thinke ſo indeede, for thine eye is gray, but thou didſt lye with him by that ſame token he gave thee a carknet, and thou toldſt me that thy mother ſent it thee, thou didſt promiſe to banquet him when I was next abroade, thou didſt ſay he could not be ſo old as he made himſelfe to be, thou didſt ſay twas pittie of his noſe, for he would haue bene a fine man els, and that God did well to make him a rich man, for a was a good man too, and theſe tokens I thinke are ſufficient, for theſe a told me with his owne mouth.

Eli. He lyed like an old knaue as he was and that he ſhall knowe the next time theſe lippes open in ſayth, oh wicked periurd man would a diſclose my ſecretes I ſayth what woman would truſt any man a liue with her honeſtie. [*Exit.*

Count. Ha ha ha, I haue ſent her in a pelting chaſe, But Ile follow her and make her madde with anger.

Enter Porus *king of* Aethiopia. Refus *king of* Arabia, Bion *king of* Phaſiaca, Bebritius *king of* Bebritia, *with ſoldiers and drumme and enſigne.*

Porus. Thus haue we trode the ſandy vales of *Ægypt*,
Adioyning to the plaines of *Alexandria*,
Where proud King *Ptolemy* keepes his reſidence,
Securely truſting to his propheſies,

Which hath foretold him many yeares agoe,
That if the young *Archadian Doricles*.
Should linke in marriage with his louely daughter.
He then ſhould conquere all our bordering landes,
And make vs ſubject to his tirrannie.
Rhe. Truſting to his fond fantaſticke dreames,
He hath exild the warlicke Duke *Cleanthes*.
Whoſe name was terror to our valiant troopes.
Bion. *Cleanthes* exild giues vs eaſy way,
To our attemptes where had he ſtayed,
And beene afreind to him, yet ſhould he not
Eſcape ſubiection.
Be. We will devide his kingdome twixt vs foure,
And reaue from him his foure cheiſe ornamentes,
And for to greeve his aged mind the more,
He ſhall be kept in laſting ſeruitude.
So to fulfill what fates to him aſſignde,
Po. Come let vs march and braue him at the walles.
If *Porus* liue to weild his martiall ſworde,
His Citty walles ſhall not preſerue him ſafe,
But he ſhall dye by *Porus* and his freindes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Doricles *and* Aſpaſia.

Do. Sweet madam gran tme once a chearful looke
To glad my dying hart with ſorow kild,
Your father hath reſignd his free conſent.
You bound by dutie to obey his will,
Aſ. Nay rather let him haile me to my death
Then gaynſt my will conſtraine me match my ſelfe.

Enter Count.

Count. Dye thou vile wretch and liue *Aſpatia*,
Euen now I hard thy father *Ptolomy*
With wordes that ſtill do tingle in mine eares,
Pronounce him heyre to *Alexandria*,
Tis time for me to ſtirr when ſuch young boyes,
Shal haue their weake neckes ouer poiſd with crownes
Which muſt become reſolued champions,
That for a crownes exchange will ſel their ſoules.

He kils him.

Affpa. Wicked *Count Hermes* for this monfterous deede,
Ægypt will hate thee and thou fure muft dye,
Then hye thee to the hils beyond the *Alpes*,
Flye to vnknowne and vnfrequented climes,
Some defert place that neuer fawe the funne,
For if the king or any of his friendes,
Shall finde *Count Hermes* thou art furely dead.

Count. Ile flye no more then doth a fetled rocke,
No more then mountaines or the fteadfaft powles,
But come fweete loue if thou wilt come with me,
We two will liue amongft the fhadowy groues,
And we will fit like fhepherdes on a hill,
And with our heauenly voyces tice the trees,
To eccho fweetely to our cœleftiall tunes.
Els will I angle in the running brookes,
Seafoning our toyles with kiffes on the bankes,
Sometime Ile diue into the murmering fpringes,
And fetch thee ftones to hang about thy necke,
Which by thy fplendor will be turnd to pearle,
Say fayre *Affpafia* wilt thou walke with me.

Af. No bloody *Count* but I will cleare myfelfe,
And tell thy murders to the amafed court.

Count. Nay if thou wilt not chufe, you peeuifh girle,
Thou canft not fay but thou wert offered fayre,
But here muft end *Count Hermes* ftrange difguife,
My veluet gowne my piftoll and this patch,
No more muft hide me in the countes attire,
Now will I turne my gowne to Vfurers Cotes,
And thus appeare vnto the worlde no more,
Farewell *Affpafia.* *Exit* Count.

Af. Goe wretched villayne hide thy hated head,
Where neuer heauens light may fhine on thee,
Whofe there, Come forth for here is murder done,
Murder, Murder of good prince *Doricles.*

Enter Euribates.

Who cals out murther Lady was it you.

Af. As I was walking in the pleafant weedes,
With *Doricles* the young *Archadian* prince,

rusht in *Count Hermes* and in desperate wordes,
Hath slayne this prince.

Eu. A balefull deede pursue the murderer,
And tell the King of this foule accident

Enter Ptolomy.

Pto. Oh tell no more in stead of teares,
My beating hart dissolues in droppes of blood,
And from mine eyes that stares vpon this corse
Leapes out my soule and on it I will die,
Oh *Doricles* oh deare *Arcadian* prince,
The bulwarke and supporter of my life,
That by decree of fates was promised,
To adde foure neighbour kingdomes to my crowne,
And shield me from a most abhorred death,
Now shall my kingdome leaue me with my life,
And sodainly looke for some monsterous fate,
Shall fall like thunder on my wretched state.

Enter a messenger.

Arme arme my, Lord, my Lords to instant armes,
Four mightie kinges are landed in thy coast,
And threaten death and ruine to thy land,
Blacke *Porus* the *Æthiopian* king,
Comes marching first with twentie thousand men,
Next *Rhesus* king of sweete *Arabia*,
In warlike manner marcheth after him,
In equall number and in battaile ray.
Next *Bion* King of rich *Phasiaca*,
And sterne *Bebritius* of *Bebritia*,
With each of them ful twentie thousand strong
All which hath vowd the death of *Ptolomy*,
And thus they hether bend their speedie feete.

Pto. How sodaynely is weather ouer cast,
How is the face of peacceful *Ægypt* changd,
Like as the smiling flowers aboue the ground,
By keenest edge of *Euras* breath is cut.

Cl. To armes my Lord and gather vp your strength,
Your bandes in *Memphis* and in *Caspia*,
Ioynd with your power of *Alexandria*,
Will double all the forces of these kinges,

Pto. All ſhalbe done we may, meanewhile,
Bury the body of this ſlaughtered prince,
Leaſt with the view my ſenſes follow his,
Curſt be his hand that wrought the damned deede,
Cold and vncouered may his body lye,
Let ſtormie hayle and thunder beate on him
And euery bird and beaſt runne ouer him,
That robd poor *Ptolomy* of ſuch a hope,
Purſue the deſpeıate *Count* that murdered him,
A thouſand kingdomes ſhall not ſaue his life

Enter *Leon.*

A miracle a miracle, a dreadfull miracle.
Pto. What miracle, oh what will heauens do more,
To puniſh *Ægypt* and her hapleſſe king,
Leon. As I was walking through the Serian groues
I ſawe the deſperate *Count* the murderer,
Of good prince *Doricles* as I heare ſay,
Fly through the deſarts to the mimphick ſhades
Where hell to interrupt his paſſage thether,
Rauing beneath the ground worke of the earth
As if ten thouſand vapours burſt in her,
Seuered her wombe and ſwallowed quicke,
The miſerable *Count.*
Pto. Juſt are the heauens in his moſt dreadfull end,
But come my Lords let vs to inſtant aımes,
To driue away more miſcheiefes from our [illegible]

Exeunt.

Leon. So get you gone and periſh all with him,
Now ſhall you know what want you haue of mee,
Now will I gather vp my ſommes of money,
And of my creditors borow what I can,
Becauſe as *Leon* Ile be ſeene no more,
This day they promiſd for to meete me heere,
And here comes ſome of them.

Enter firſt Meſſenger.

My mayſter ſir your friend *Calatius*, hath ſent you ſir, your fiue hundreth crownes for the rich Iewell that he bought of you.
I thanke him hartely, this Iewell of ſo many thou-

ſand crownes the Queene of *Ægypt* did beſtowe on mee, when that I told her in poor *Jrus* ſhape where her *Cleanthes* was, but ſoft who haue we here.

Enter ſecond Meſſenger.

Druſo the *Italian* Marchant here by mee,
Hath ſent you ſit in Diamonds and in Pearles,
So much as mounteth to fiue thouſand crownes,
And craues no more aſſurance but your woord,

Leon. Theres my bill and thanke thy maiſter,
he ſhall haue more then woord.

Exeunt. Manet Leon.

Neuer ſhall he nor they ſee this agayne,.
Nor me neyther as I am this preſent man,
This with the reſt I haue wil make a prettie ſomme
With this will I imploye me in theſe warres,
Now will I take on me the forme and ſhape,
Of Duke *Cleanthes*, but what intendes this alarum.

Alarum. Enter Clearchus.

Where may I ſeeke to finde *Cleanthes* out,
That martiall prince whom *Ptolomy* vnkinde,
Hath baniſhed from out the *Ægyptian* Land,
Our warlike troopes are ſcatered and ouer throne,
And his deare freindes *Acates* and *Acanthes*,
Lie in the field beſmired in their bloodes,
He run through al theſe groues to find him out. *Exit.*

Le. My ſweete *Acates* and *Acanthes* ſlayne,
Greiſe to my hart and ſorrow to my ſoule,
Then rouſe thy ſelfe *Cleanthes* and reuenge,
Their guiltleſſe blood on theſe baſe miſcreantes
Oh let the cankred trumpet of the deepe,
Be ratled out and ring into their eares,
The dire reuenge *Cleanthes* will inflicte,
One theſe foure Kings and all there complices,

Alarum Excurſions.

Enter Cleanthes *leading* Porus, Rheſus. Bion, Bebritius, Pego, Clearchus Euribatus.

Clean. Thus haue you ſtroue in vayne agaynſt thoſe Gods,
That reſcues *Ægypt* in *Cleanthes* armes,

Come yeeld your crownes and homages to mee,
Though *Ptolomie* is dead yet I furuiue,
Elect and chofen by the peares to fcourge,
The vile prefumption of your hated liues,
Then yeeld as vanquifht vnto *Aegypts* king.
Po. Firft by thy valoure and the ftrength of armes,
Porus the welthie *Aethiopian* king,
Doth yeeld his crowne aud homage vnto thee,
Swearing by all my Gods whom I adore,
To honor Duke *Cleanthes* whilft he liue,
And in his ayde with twentie thoufand men,
Will alwayes march gaynft whom thou meanft to fyght,
Bi. *Bion* whofe necke was neuer forct to bow
Doth yeeld him captiue to thy warlike fworde,
Command what fo thou lift, we will performe,
And all my power fhall march at thy commaund.
Rhe. *Rhefus* doth yeeld his crowne and dignitie,
To great *Cleanthes Aegyptes* onely ftrength,
For if *Cleanthes* liues, who euer liued,
More likelier to be monarke of the world,
Then here accept my vowd allegiance,
Which as the reft I render vnto thee.
Bebri. So fayth *Bebritius* of *Bebritia.*
And layes his crowne and homage at thy feete,
Clean. Hold take your crownes agayne
And kepe your othes and fealties to mee,
So fhal you liue as free as here to fore,
And neare hereafter ftoupe to conqueft more.
Enter Elimine *and* Samathis with childe,
Pego. Here comes the two widows of the begger and the king, little know they that both their huf-bandes are turnd into one king, there would be olde ftriuing who fhould bee Queene I fayth.
Eli. Pittie dread foueraigne.
Sa. Pittie gratious Lord.
Clean. What are your futes.
Eli. I the poore counteffe and the widdow left.
Of late *Count Hermes* hauing all my goodes,
feazd to our late kings vfe for murder done,

Of young prince *Doricles* humbly pray your grace,
I may haue ſomewhat to mainetayne my ſtate,
And this poore burthen which I goe withall.
The hapleſſe Infant of a hapleſſe father.
Sa. And I my Lord humbly intreate your grace.
That where my huſband *Leon* is deceaſt,
And left me much in debt, his creditors
Hauing ſeaſed all I haue into their handes,
And turnd me with this hapleſſe burthen heere,
Into the ſtreetes your highneſſe will deſcend,
To my reliefe by ſome conuenient order.
Clean. Poor ſoules I moſt extreamely pittie them,
But ſay is *Leon* deade,
Clear. Men ſay my Lord he caſt his deſperate body,
From Thalexandrian tower into the ſea.
Clean. Who ſaw the ſight, or gaue out this reporte,
You maiſter Burgomaiſter.
Pe. I did my gratious Lord.
Clean. So I deuiſd indeede that he ſhould ſay,
That none ſhould neuer looke for *Leon* more
But theſe my widowes here muſt not be left,
vnto the mercie of the needy world,
Nor mine owne Iſſue that they goe withall,
Haue ſuch baſe fortunes and there ſire ſo great,
Widowes in pittie of your widowhood,
And [illegible] endes of both your huſbandes,
The ſlaughter of the *Count* your huſband madam,
Shall be remitted, and you ſelfe enioy,
The vtmoſt of the liuing he poſſeſt,
So will I pay your huſband *Leons* debt,
And both ſhall liue fitting there wonted ſtates,
Kinges in there mercie come moſt near the Goddes,
And can no bettter ſhew it then in ruth,
Of widowes and of children fatherleſſe,
My ſelfe will therefore be to both your birthes,
A carefull father in there bringing vp.
Ambo. The Gods for euer bleſſe your maieſtie,
Cle. But tell me were your huſbandes ſuch bad men.
That euery way they did deſerue ſuch endes,

Eli. Myne was a husband to my hartes content.
But that he vsd the priuiledge of men,
Clean. What priuiledge of men,
Eli. To take some other loue besides his wife
Which men think by their custome they may do,
Although their wiues be strictly bound to them.
Clean. With whom suspect you he was great with all.
Eli. With this poore widow here the worlde supposeth.
Sa. So thinkes the world my husband was with you.
Pe. Fayre dames what will you say to me,
If I can tell you where your husbandes bee.
Clean. What can you sir.
Pe. Nay nothing sir I did but ieast with you, I feard him I fayth but Ile be secret thats flat.
Clean. Well maister *Burgomaister* see that you restore,
The goodes and landes you ceasd.
Both of the countesse and rich *Leons* wife,
Not pittie of their widowhoodes alone,
But their rare beauties move me to this good.
Oh Maister *Burgomaister* see heres your wife
come to welcome you home from warres.

Enter Martia *with a child.*

Oh husband husband will you goe to warre, and leaue me in this taking.
Pe. This taking why this is a very good taking how say you is it not and like your Maiestie.
Clean. 'Tis very wel Maister *Burgomaister*.
Pe. But Shall I intreat one boone of your Maiestie.
Cle. Whats that, Maister *Burgomaister*.
Pe. Mary euen to be god father to my young Burgomaister here.
Cle. Withall my hart sir.
Mar. Come on sweete husband for my time drawes neare.
Pe. Feare not thou shalt be a ioyfull mother warrant thee.
Cle. How say you my Lordes is not our Burgomaister a tall man euery way, did you not marke how manfully he behaued himselfe in our late Battayle,

Po. We did my Lord and wonder at his courage
Rhe. His merit doth deſerve a better place.
Then to be Burgomaiſter of *Alexandria.*
Cle. Then ſay my Lordes how ſhall we deale with him.
Bi. Had he beene widower he might haue wedded with this counteſſe heere.
Pe. Oh I haue one of mine owne I thanke you ſir, heres one has the ſweete of them I fayth
Po. My Lord the offer had beene to hye a grace for him
For neare did eye behold a fayrer face.
Be. So ſayth mine eye that hath my hart incenſt.
Bi. And *Rheſus* me thinkes this exceedes her farre,
Rhe. No queſtion of it as the ſonne a ſtarre.
Po. As ſodaynely as lightning beautie woundes,
Be. None euer loud but at firſt ſight they loud.
Po. Loues dartes are ſwift as is the lightning fier
Rhe. See he ſhootes arrowes burning from her eyes.
Po Why which loues *Rheſus.*
Rhe. This cœleſtiall dame
Po. And which loues *Bion.*
Bi. Euen the very ſame
Po. Then may I freely Ioy the counteſſe heere.
Beb. No *Porus* for *Bebritius* loues her too
Cle. Are they in loue oh Gods would that were true
My louing ioy the freſh deſire of Kinges.
How now my Lords doth beauty ſtartle you
Po. More then dead ſtockes would ſtartle at ſuch beauty.
Be. In vayne do I reſiſt my paſſions,
Mightie *Cleanthes* to annex my hart,
In loue to thee aſwell as victorie,
Grant this fayre counteſſe here may be my queene.
Po. No great *Cleanthes* giue her to my hand,
Whoſe hart was firſt the ſubiect of her graces.
Rhe. Then let the *Arabian* king make this his queene.
Bi. Nay this *Cleanthes* let my loue inioy.
Cle. How fatall are theſe loues now I perceave,
Their fortunes that I told as I was *Irus*

Will now in force I see be come to passe.

Sa. Oh holy *Irus* blessed be thy tongue,
That like an oratoı hath told our fortunes.

Eli. He told vs we should soone lose our first loues,
Making our second choise mongst greatest kinges.

Cle. I did indeede, but God knowes knew not how.

Pe. Howsayyou maisterbrother, am not I secret now,

Cle. Thou art and be so still for not the worlde,
Shall euer know the mad prankes I haue played,
Now stand fayre my Lordes and let these Ladies view you,

Eli. In my eye now the blackest is the fayrest,
For euery woman chooseth white and red,
Come martiall *Porus* thau shalt have my loue.

Be. Out on thee foolish woman thou hast chose a deuill.

Pe. Not yet sir til he haue hornes.

Sa. Tis not the face and colour I regard,
But fresh and louely youth allures my choyse,
And thee most beautious *Bion* I affecte.

Rhe. Haplesse is *Rhesus.*

Bebri. Accurst *Bebritius.*

Cle. Have patience gentle Lordes I will prouide,
Other *Ægyptian* Ladies for your turne,
So will we linke in perfit league of loue,
So shall the victorie you lost to me,
Set double glorie on your conquered heades,
So let vs goe to frolicke in our Court.
Carousing free whole boules of greekish wine,
In honor of the conquest we haue made,
That at our banquet all the Gods may tend,
Plauding our victorie and this happie end.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

A pleaſant Comedy

entituled:

An Humerous dayes Myrth.

As it hath been ſundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable the Earle of Nottingham Lord high Admirall his ſeruants.

By G. C.



AT LONDON

Printed by Valentine Syms.

1599.



A pleaſant Comedie entituled

An humorous dayes mirth.

Enter the count Labervele in his ſhirt and night gowne, with two iewells in his hand.

Labervele.

Yet hath the morning ſprinckled throwt the clowdes, But halfe her tincture, and the ſoyle of night ſtickes ſtil vpon the boſome of the ayre: yet ſleepe doth reſt my loue for Natures debt, and through her windowe, and this dim twee light, her maide, nor any waking I can ſee. This is the holy Greene my wifes cloſe walke, to which not any but herſelfe alone hath any key, onelye that I haue clapt her key in waxe, and made this counterfeite, to the which I ſteale acceſſe to work this rare & politike deuice: Faire is my wife and yong and delicate, although too religious in the pureſt ſorte, but pure religion being but mental ſtuffe and ſence indeed, al for it ſelfe, is to be doubted, that when an obiect comes fit to her humour ſhe wil intercept religious letters ſent vnto her minde, and yeeld vnto the motion of her blood, heere haue I brought then two rich agots for her, grauen with two poſes of mine own deuiſing, for Poets Ile not truſt, nor friends, nor any: ſhee longs to haue a child, which yet alas I cannot get, Yet long as much as ſhe, and not to make her deſperate, thus I write

in this faire iewell though it simple be, yet tis mine owne that meaneth well in nought, tis

Spare not of children,
Loue with the longest,
When man is at the weakest,
God is at strongest.

I hope tis plain, & knowing in this other that I write,

God will reward her a thousand fold,
That takes what age can, and not what age would,

I hope tis prety & pathetical: Wel, euen here lie both together til my loue arise and let her thinke you fall out of the skies, I wil to bed againe. *Exit.*

Enter Lemot and Colenet.

Lemot. How like you this morning *Colenet*? What, shall we haue a faire day?

Colenet. The skie hangs full of humour, and I thinke we shall haue raine.

Lem. Why raine is faire wether when the ground is dry and barren, especially when it raines humor, for then doe men like hot sparrowes and pigeons open all their wings ready to receiue them.

Col. Why hen we may chaunce to haue a faire day, for we shall spend it with so humorous acquaintance as raines nothing but humor al their life time.

Le. True *Colenet*, ouer which wil I sit like an old King in an old fashion play, hauing his wife, his counsel, his children, and his foole about him, to whome he will sit and point very learnedly as foloweth; my counsell graue, and you, my noble peeres, my tender wife, and you, my children deare, and thou my foole.

Co. Not meaning me sir I hope.

Le. No sir but thus will I sit, as it were, and point out all my humorous companions.

Co. You shal do maruelous wel sir.

Le. I thanke you for your good incouragement, but Colinet thou shalt see Catalian bring me hither an od gentleman presently to be acquainted withall,

who in his manner of taking acquaintance wil make make vs excellent ſport.

Co. Why *Lemot* I thinke thou ſendſt about of purpoſe for yong gallants to be acquainted withal, to make thy ſelfe merry in the maner of taking acquaintance.

Le. By heauen I do *Colenet*, for there is no better ſport then to obſerue the complement, for thats their word, complement, do you marke ſir?

Co. Yea ſir, but what humor hath this gallant in his maner of taking acquaintance?

Le. Marry thus ſir, he will ſpeake the very ſelfe ſame word, to a ſillable after him of whome he takes acquaintance, as if I ſhould ſay, I am marueilous glad of your acquaintance, He will reply, I am meruailous glad of your acquaintance,

I haue heard much good of your rare parts & fine cariage,

I haue heard much good of your rare parts & fine cariage, ſo long as the complements of a gentleman laſt, he is your complete ape.

Co. Why this is excellent.

Le. Nay ſirra heres the ieſt of it, when hee is paſt this gratulation, he will retire himſelf to a chimny, or a wal ſtanding folding his armes thus: and go you and [illegible] to him ſo farre as the roome you are in wil afford you, you ſhal neuer get him from that moſt gentlemanlike ſet, or behauior.

Co This makes his humor perfit, I would he would come once.

Enter Catalian and Blanuel.

Le. See where he comes, now muſt I ſay, *Lupus est in fabula*, for theſe latine ends are part of a gentleman and a good ſcholler.

Catalian. O good morrow *Monſeur Lemot*, here is the gentleman you deſired ſo much to be acquainted withal.

Le. He is marueilous welcome, I ſhall be exceeding prowd of your acquaintance.

Blan. I shal be exceeding prowd of your acquaintance.

Le. I haue heard much good of your rare parts and fine cariages.

Blan. I haue heard much good of your rare parts and fine cariages.

Le. I shall be glad to be commanded by you.

Blan. I shall be glad to be commanded by you.

Le. I pray do not you say so.

Blan. I pray do not you say so.

Le. Well Gentlemen, this day let's consecrate to mirth, and *Colinet* you know no man better, that you are mightily in loue with loue, by *Martia* daughter to old *Foyes.*

Co. I confesse it here are none but friends.

Le. Wel then, go to her this morning in Countesse *Moris* name, and so perhaps you may get her company, thogh the olde chuile bee so iealous that he will suffer no man to come at her, but the vaine gull *Labesha* for his liuing sake, and he as yet she will not be acquainted withall.

Co. Well this Ile do whatsoeuer come on it.

Le. Why nothing but good wil come of it, nere doubt it man.

Cata. Hee hath taken vp his stand, talke a little further and see and you can remoue him.

Le. I will Cat. nowe Monsieur *Blanuele* marke I pray.

Blan. I do sir very well I warrant you.

Le. You know the old Count *Laberuele*, hath a passing faire yong Lady, that is a passing foule Puritane.

Blan. I know her very well sir, she goes more like a milke maide then a Countesse, for all her youth and beautie.

Lemot. True sir, yet of her is the old Count so iealous that he will suffer no man to come at her, yet I will find a meanes, that two of vs will haue accesse to her tho, before his face, which shal so heate his

ielous humor til he be ſtart mad : but *Colenet* go you firſt to louely *Martia*, for tis too ſoone for the old Lord and his faire yong Lady to riſe.

Co. Adue Monſeur *Blanuel.*

Blan. Adue good Monſieur *Colinet.* *Exit Col.*

Le. Monſeur *Blanuel* your kindnes in this wil bind me much to you.

Bla. Monſeur *Lemot* your kindnes in this will bind me much to you.

Le. I pray you do not ſay ſo ſir.

Blan. I pray you do not ſay ſo ſir.

Le. Wilt pleaſe you to go in.

Blan. Wilt pleaſe you to go in.

Le. I will follow you.

Blan. I will follow you.

Le. It ſhall be yours.

Blan. It ſhall be yours.

Le. Kind Monſieur *Blanuel.*

Blan. Kind Monſier *Lemot.* *Exit.*

Enter Foyes, and Martia, and Beſha.

Foyes. Come on faire daughter fall to your worke of mind, and make your body fit to imbrace the body of this Gentlemans, tis art : happy are they ſay I.

Be. I proteſt ſir you ſpeake the beſt that euer I heard.

[illegible] I pr[illegible] take acquaintance of my daughter.

Be. I do deſire you of more acquaintance.

Fo. Why doſt not thou ſay yea, and I the ſame of you ?

Mar. That euery body ſayes.

Fo. O you would be singular.

Mar. Single indeede.

Fo. Single indeede thats a prety toy,
Your betters dame beare double and ſo ſhall you.

Be. Exceeding prety, did you marke it forſooth ?

Mar. What ſhould I marke forſooth ?

Be. Your bearing double, which equificate is & hath a fit illuſion to a horſe that beares double, for your good father meanes you ſhall indure your ſingle

life no longer, not in worse sence then bearing double forsooth.

Mar. I crie you mercy, you know both belike.

Be. Knowlege forsooth is like a horse, and you that can beare double: it nourisheth both Bee and Spider, the Bee honnisuckle, the Spider poyson, I am that Bee.

Mar. I thought so by your stinging witte.

Be. Lady I am a Bee without a sting, no way hurting any, but good to all, and before all, to your sweete selfe.

Fo. Afore God daughter, thou art not worthy to heare him speake: but who comes here?

Enter Colinet.

Co. God saue you sir.

Fo. You are welcome sir for ought that I know yet.

Co. I hope I shall be so still sir.

Fo. What is your busines sir, and then Ile tell you?

Co. Mary thus sir, the Countesse *Moreue* intreats your faire daughter to beare her company this forenoone.

Fo. This forenoone sir, doth my Lord or Lady send for her I pray?

Co. My Lady, I assure yon.

Fo. My Lady you assure me, very wel sir, yet that house is full of gallant Gentlemen, dangerous [illegible] to pricke yong maides I can tell you.

Co. There are none but honest and honourable Gentlemen.

Fo. Al is one sir for that, Ile trust my daughter with any man, but no man with my daughter, only your selfe Monser *Besha*, whom I wil intreat to be her gardian, & to bring her home againe.

Co. I will waite vpon her, and it please you.

Fo. No sir, your weight vpō her wil not be so good: here Monser *Besha* I deliuer my daughter vnto you a perfect maide, and so I pray you looke well vnto her.

Co. Farewell Monser *Foyes.*

Besh. I warrant Ile looke vnto her wel enough. Mistris wil it please you to preambulate.

Ma. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter the puritane.

Florila. What haue I done? put on too many clothes, the day is hote, and I am hoter clad then might suffice health, my conscience telles me that I haue offended, and Ile put them off, that will aske time that might be better spent, one sin will draw another quickly so, see how the divell tempts: but whats here? iewels? how should these come here?

Enter Laberuele.

Lab. Good morrow louely wife, what hast thou there?

Flo. Iewels my Lord which here I strangely found

Lab. Thats strange indeede, what, where none comes but when your selfe is here? surely the heauens haue rained thee iewels for thy holy life, and vsing thy olde husbande louingly, or else doe Fairies haunt this holy greene, as euermore mine aunceslers haue thought.

Flo. Fairies were but in times of ignorance, not since the true pure light hath beene reuealed, and that they come from heauen I scarce beleeue: for iewels are vaine things, much gold is giuen for such fantastical & [illegible] iewels, and therfore heauen I know wil not maintain the vse of vanitie, surely I feare I haue much sinned to stoupe and take them vp, bowing my bodie to an idle worke, the strength that I haue had to this verie deed might haue beene vsed to take a poore soule vp in the hie way.

Lab. You are too curious wife, behold your iewels: what me thinks thers posies written on thē.

Then shee reades:

Dispaire not of children,
Loue with the longest,
Whē man is at the weakest,
God is at the strongest.

Wonderfull rare and wittie, nay diuine,

Why this is heauenly cōfort for thee wife,
What is this other ?
God will reward her a thoufand folde
That takes what age can, & not what age would.
The beft that euer I heard, no mortall braine
I thinke did euer vtter fuch conceit
For good plaine matter, and for honeft rime.

Flo. Vaine Poetry, I pray you burne them fir.

La. You are to blame wife, heauen hath fent you them to decke your felf withall, like to your felf, not to go thus like a milk-maid, why there is difference in all eftats by all religiō.

Flo. There is no difference.

Lab. I prethee wife be of another mind, and weare thefe iewels and a veluet hood.

Flo. A veluet hood! O vain diuelifh deuife ! a toy made with a fuperfluous flap, which being cut off, my head were ftill as warme. *Diogenes* did caft away his difh, becaufe his hand would ferue to help him drinke, furely thefe heathens fhall rife vp againft vs.

Lab. Sure wife I thinke thy keeping alwaies clofe, making thee melancholy, is the caufe we haue no children, and therefore if thou wilt, be mery, and keepe companie a gods name.

Flo. Sure my lord, if I thought I fhold be rid of this fame banifhment of barrennes, and vfe [illegible] marriage to the end it was made, which was for progreation, I fhould finne, if by my keeping houfe I fhould neglect the lawful means to be a fruitful mother, & therfore if it pleafe you ile vfe refort.

Lab. Gods my paffion what haue I done ? who woulde have thought her pureneffe would yeeld fo foone to courfes of temptations ? nay harke you wife, I am not fure that going abroad will caufe fruitfulneffe in you, that you know none knowes but God himfelfe.

Flo. I know my lord tis true, but the lawfull means muft ftill be vfed.

Lab. Yea, the lawfull meanes indeed muft ftill, but now I remember that lawfull meanes is not abroad.

Flo. Well, well, Ile keepe the houſe ſtill.

Lab. Nay, heark you lady, I would not haue you thinke, mary, I muſt tel you this, if you ſhuld change the maner of your life, the world would think you changed religion too.

Flo. Tis true, I will not go.

Lab. Nay, if you haue a fancie.

Flo. Yea a fancie, but thats no matter.

La. Indeed fancies are not for iudicial & religious womẽ.

Enter Catalian like a ſcholer.

Cat. God ſaue your lordſhip, & you moſt religious lady.

Lab. Sir, you may ſay God ſaue vs well indeed, that thus are thruſt vpon in priuate walkes.

Cat. A ſlender thruſt ſir, where I toucht you not.

Lab. Well ſir what is your buſines ?

Cat. Why ſir, I haue a meſſage to my ladie from *Monſier du Barto.*

Lab.. To your lady, wel ſir, ſpeake your mind to your lady.

Flo. You are very welcome ſir, and I pray how doth he.

Cat. In health Madam, thanks be to God, commending his dutie to your ladiſhip, & hath ſent you a meſſage, which I would deſire your honour to heare in priuate.

Flo. My ladiſhip, and my honor, they be words which I muſt haue you leaue, they be ydle woordes, and you ſhal anſwere for them truly: my dutye to you, or I deſire you, were a great deale better, then, my ladiſhip, or my honour.

Cat. I thanke you for your chriſtian admonitiõ.

Flo. Nay thanke God for me: Come, I will heare your meſſage with all my heart, and you are very welcome ſir.

Lab. With all my heart, and you are very welcome ſir, and go and talke with a yong luſtie fellow able to make a mans haire ſtand vpright on his head, what puritie

is there in this trow you? ha, what wench of the facultie could haue beene more forward? Well fir, I will know your meffage, you fir, you fir, what fayes the holy man fir, come tell true, for by heauen or hell I will haue it out.

Cat. Why you fhall fir, if you be fo defirous.

Lab. Nay fir, I am more then fo defirous; come fir, ftudy not for a new deuice now.

Cat. Not I my lord, this is both new and old, I am a fcholer, and being fpiritually inclined by your ladies moft godly life, I am to profeffe the minifterie & to become her chaplaine, to which end *monfier du Barte* hath commended me.

Lab. Her chaplaine in the diuels name, fit to be vickar of hell.

Flo. My good head, what are you afraid of? he comes with a godly & neighborly fute: what think you his words or his looks can tempt me? haue you fo litle faith? if euery word he fpake were a ferpent, as futtle as that which tempted *Eue*, he cannot tempt me *I* warrant you.

La. Wel anfwered for him lady by my faith: wel hark you Ile keep your chaplaines place yonder for a while, and at length put in one myfelf: [*Enter Lemot.* what more yet? Gods my paffion whom do I fee, the very imp of defolation, the minió of our King, whome no man fees to enter his houfe but hee lookes vp his wife, his children, and his maides, for where hee goes hee carries his houfe vppon his head like a fnaile: now fir I hope your bufines is to me.

Lem. No fir, I muft craue a word with my ladie.

La. Thefe words are intollerable, & fhe fhal hear no more.

Lem. She muft heare me fpeake.

Lab. Muft fhe fir, haue you brought the kings warrant for it?

Le. I haue brought that which is aboue Kings.

Lab. Why euery man for her fake is a puritan.

The Diuill I thinke wil ſhortly turne Puritan, or the Puritan wil turne Diuell.

Flo. What haue you brought ſir?

Lem. Mary this Madam, you know we ought to proue one anothers conſtancie, and I am come in all chaſt and honourable ſort to proue your conſtancie.

Flo. You are verie welcome ſir, and I will abide your proofe: it is my dutie to abide your proofe.

Lab. You'le bide his proofe, it is your dutie to bide his proofe; how the diuell will you bide his proofe?

Flo. My good head, no other wiſe then before your face in all honorable and religious ſort, I tell you I am conſtant to you, and he comes to trie whether I be ſo or no, which I muſt indure, begin your proofe ſir.

Le. Nay Madam, not in your huſbands hearing, thogh in his ſight for there is no woman wil ſhewe ſhee is tempted from her conſtancie, though ſhe be a little: withdraw your ſelfe ſweet ladie.

Lab. Well I will ſee though I do not heare, women may be courted without offence, ſo they reſiſt the courtier.

Lem. Deare and moſt beautiful ladie, of al the ſweet honeſt and honorable meanes to proue the puritie of a ladies conſtancy, kiſſes are the ſtrongeſt, I will therefore be bold to begin my proofe with a kiſſe.

Flo. No ſir, no kiſſing.

Lem. No kiſſing Madam? how ſhall I proue you thẽ ſufficiently, not vſing the moſt ſufficient proofe? to flatter your ſelfe by affection of ſpirit, when it is not perfitly tried, is ſin.

Flo. You ſay well ſir, that which is truth is truth.

Le. Then do you wel Lady and yeeld to the truth.

Flo. By your leaue ſir, my husband ſees, peraduenture it may breed an offence to him.

Lem. How can it breed an offence to your husband to ſee your conſtancie perfectly tried.

Flo. You are an odde man I ſee, but firſt I pray tel me how kiſſing is the beſt proofe of chaſt Ladies.

Lem. To giue you a reaſon for that, you muſt giue me leaue to be obſcure and Philoſophicall.

Flo. I pray you be, I loue Philoſophie well.

Lem. Then thus Madam: euery kiſſe is made as the voice is by imagination and appetite, and as both thoſe are preſented to the eare in the voyce, ſo are they to the ſilent ſpirites in our kiſſes.

Flo. To what ſpirit meane you?

Lem. To the ſpirites of our bloud.

Flo. What if it doe?

Lem. Why then my imagination, and mine appetite working vpon your eares in my voyce, and vpon your ſpirites in my kiſſes, pearcing therein the more deeply, they giue the ſtronger aſſault againſt your conſtancie.

Flo. Why then to ſay, proue my conſtancy, is as much as to ſay, kiſſe me.

Lem. moſt true rare Ladie

Flo. Then prooue my conſtancie

Lem. Beleeue me Madam, you gather exceeding wittily vpon it.

Lab. O my forehead, my very heart akes at a blowe, what doſt thou meane wife? thou wilt looſe thy fame, diſcredite thy religion, and diſhonour me for euer.

Flo. Away ſir, I wil abide no more of your proofe, nor endure any more of your triall.

Lem. O ſhe dares not, ſhe dares not; I am as glad I have tride your purity as may be: you the moſt conſtant Lady in France? I know an hundred Ladies in this towne that wil dance, reuill all night amongſt gallants, and in the morning goe to bed to her husband as cleere a woman as if ſhe were new chriſtned, kiſſe him, imbrace him, and ſay, no, no husband, thou art the man, and he takes her for the woman.

Flo. And all this can I doe.

La. Take heede of it wife.

Flo. Feare not, my good heade, I warrant you for him.

Lem. Nay Madam, triumph not before the victorie, howe can you conquer that, against which you neuer ſtriue, or ſtriue against that which neuer incounters you To liue idle in this walke, to inioy this companie, to weare this habite, and haue no more delights then thoſe will affoorde you, is to make vertue an idle huſwife, and to hide herſelfe ſlouthfull cobwebbes that ſtill ſhould be adorned with actions of victorie: no Madam, if you will vnworthilly prooue your conſtancie to your husband, you muſt put on rich apparrell, fare daintily, heare muſique, reade Sonetes be continually courted, kiſſe, daunce, feaſt, reuell all night amongſt gallants, then if you come to bed to your husband with a cleere minde, and a cleere body, then are your vertues *ipſiſſima*; then haue you paſſed the ful teſt of experiment, and you ſhall haue an hundred gallants fight thus farre in bloud for the defence of your reputation.

Lab. O vanitie of vanities!

Flo. O husband this is perfect tryall indeede.

La. And you wil try all this now, wil you not?

Flo. Yea my good head, for it is written, we muſt paſſe to perfection through al temptation, *Abacuke* the fourth.

Lab. *Abacucke*, cucke me no cuckes, in a doores I ſaye, theeues, Puritanes, murderers, in adoores I ſay. *Exit.*

Le. So now is he ſtart mad yſaith: but ſirra, as this is an old Lorde iealous of his yong wife, ſo is antient Counteſſe *Moren* iealous of her yong husband, weele thither to haue ſome ſport, yſaith. *Exit.*

Enter Beſha hanging vpon Martia ſleeve, and the Lord Moren comes to them.

Mar. I prethee *Beſha* keepe a little off; hang not vpon her ſhoulders thus for ſhame.

Be. My Lord, *Pardon a moy*, I muſt not let her

talk alone with any one, for her father gaue me charge.

Mar. O you are a goodly charger for a Goofe.

Be. A Goofe, you are a Gander to call me Goofe; I am a chriftian Gentleman as well as you.

Mor. Well firra get you hence, or by my troth Ile haue thee taken out in a blanket, toffed from forth our hearing.

Be. In a blanket? what, do you make a puppie of me, by fkies and ftones, I will go and tell your Lady. *Exit.*

Mor. Nay but *Befha.*

Mar. Nay he will tell my Lorde.

Enter the Counteffe Moren and Befha.

Co. Why how now my Lord, what thought you I was dead, that you are wooing of another thus, or are you laying plots to worke my death?

Mor. Why neither fweete bird, what need you moue thefe queftions vnto me, whome you know loues you aboue all the women in the world?

Co. How he can flatter now he hath made a fault.

Befh. He can do little, and he cannot cogge.

Mor. Out you affe!

Co. Wel, come tell me what you did intreat.

Mor. Nothing by heauen fweete bird I fweare, but to intreat her loue.

Co. But to intreat her loue.

Mor. Nay heare me out.

Co. Nay here you are out, you are out too much, me thinkes, and put me in.

Mor. And put you in?

Co. In a fair taking fir I meane.

Mor. O you may fee what haftie taking is, you women euermore fcramble for our woordes, and neuer take them mannerly from our mouths.

Cou. Come tell me what you did intreat.

Mor. I did intreat her loue to *Colinet.*

Cou. To *Colinet?* O he is youre deare coufen, and your kinde heart, yfaith is neuer well but when you

are doing good for euery man: ſpeake, do you loue me?

Mor. Y faith ſweete bird.

Con. Beſt of all others.

Mor. Beſt of all others?

Con. Thats my good bird yfaith.

Beſh. O miſtris, will you loue me ſo?

Mar. No by my troth will I not.

Beſh. No by my troth will I not: Why thats well ſaid, I could neuer get her to flatter me yet.

Enter Lemot, Blanuel, and Catalian, and Colinet.

Le. Good morrow my good Lord, and theſe paſſing louely Ladies.

Cat. So now we ſhall haue all maner of flattering with Monſieur *Lemot.*

Le. You are all manner of waies deceiued Madam, for I am ſo farre from flattering you, that I do not a whit praiſe you.

Con. Why do you call vs paſſing louely then?

Lem. Becauſe you are paſſing from your louelines.

Mar. Madam we ſhall not haue one mot of Monſieur *Lemot*, but it ſhal be as it were a mote to drown al our conceit in admiration.

Lem. See what a mote her quick eye can ſpie in mine, before ſhe lookes in it.

Mar. So mote I thee, thine anſwer is as good as mought be.

Le. Heres a poore name run out of breath quickly.

Co. Why Monſieur *Lemot*, your name is runne out of breath at euery word you ſpeake.

Le. Thats becauſe my name ſignifies word.

Mar. Wel hit, Monſieur *verbum.*

Le. What are you good at latine Lady?

Mar. No ſir, but I know what *verbum* is.

Le. Why, tis greenebum, *ver* is greene, and you know what bum is, I am ſure of that.

Mar. No ſir, 'tis a verbe, and I can decline you.

Le. That you can Ile be fworne.

Mar. What can I do?

Le. Decline me, or take me a hole lower, as the prouerbe is.

Mar. Nay fir, I meane plaine Gramatical declination.

Le. Well, let's heare your fchollerfhip, and decline me.

Mar. I will fir *moto, motas.*

Befha. O excellent! fhe hath cald him affe in latine.

Lem. Well fir, forward.

Mar. Nay theres enough to trie both our fcholerfhips.

Le. *Moto, motas*, nay faith forward to *motaui*, or *motandi.*

Mar. Nay fir, Ile leaue when I am well.

Co. Why Monfieur *Lemot*, your name being in word general, is in nini, or in hammer, or in cock, or in buzzard.

Le. Or in wagtaile, or in woodcocke, or in dotteril, or in dizard.

Ma. Or in clotte, or in head, or in cow, or in baby.

Le. Or in maukin, or in trafh, or in pape, or in Lady.

Co. Or in deed in euery thing.

Lem. Why then 'tis in Thing.

Ma. Then, good Monfier Thing, there let it reft.

Le. Then aboue all things I muft haue a woorde with you.

Be. Hands off fir, fhe is not for your mowing.

Le. She is for your mocking.

Be. And fhe mocke me, Ile tell her father.

Le. Thats a good child, thou fmelleft of the mother, and fhe was a foole I warrant you.

Be. Meddle with me, but doe not meddle with my mother.

Le. Thats a good child, come, I muſt needes haue a word with you.

Be. You ſhall do none of your needs with her ſir.

Cata. Why what will you do ?

Be. What will I doe ? you ſhall ſee what Ile do.

Then he offereth to draw.

Blan. Go to you aſſe, offer to draw here, and weele draw thee out of the houſe by the heeles.

Be. What, three againſt one ? now was euer proper hard fauored Gentleman ſo abuſed ? Go to Miſtris *Martia*, I ſee you well enough ; are you are not aſhamed to ſtand talking alone with ſuch a one as hee ?

Le. How ſir ? with ſuch a one as I ſir ?

Be. Yea ſir, with ſuch a one as you ſir.

Le. Why, what am I ?

Be. What are you ſir ? why I know you well enough.

Le. Sirra tel me, what you know me for, or elſe by heauen Ile make thee better thou hadſt neuer knowne how to ſpeake

Be. Why ſir, if you wil needes know, I know you for an honorable gentleman and the Kings minion, and were it not to you, theres nere a gentleman in Paris ſhould haue had her out of my hands.

Mo. Nay, hees as tall a Gentleman of his hands as any is in Paris.

Col. There's a fauour for you ſir.

Le. But I can get no fauour for you ſir.

Blan. I pray my Lord, entreat for your coſſen *Colinet.*

Mo. Alas man, I dare not for my wife.

Cat. Why my Lord ſhe thinkes it is for nothing, but to ſpeake for your coſen.

Mo. I pray you birde, giue me leaue to ſpeake for my coſen.

Co. I am content for him.

Mo. Then one woorde with you more, curteous ladie *Martia.*

Be. Not, and you were my father.

Mo. Gentlemen, for God ſake thruſt this aſſe out of the doores.

Lem. Nay, birladye, he'le runne home and tell her father.

Ca. Well, go to her, I warrant he ſhall not trouble you (kind gentleman) how we dote on thee: imbrace him gentlemen.

Blan. O ſweete *Beſha*, how we honour thee.

Co. Nay Gentlemen, looke what a pearcing eye hee hath.

Be. An eie? I have an eie and it were a pole-cat.

Ca. Nay, looke what a noſe he hath.

Be. My noſe is nete crimſon.

Ca. Nay, looke what a handſome man he is, O Nature, Nature, thou neuer madeſt man of ſo pure a feature.

Be. Truly truly Gentlemen, I do not deſerue this kindneſſe.

Ca. O Lorde ſir, you are too modeſt come, ſhall we walke?

Be. Whither? to the alehouſe?

Le. Hearke you Madam, haue you no more care of the right of your huſband, then to let him talke thus affectionately with another?

Coun. Why he ſpeakes not for himſelfe, but for his coſen *Colinet.* [*Enter Lemot.*

Le. Gods my life? he telles you ſo, nay and theſe excuſes may ſerue I haue done.

Con. By the maſſe now I obſerue him, he lookes very ſuſpitiouſly indeede, nere truſt me if his lookes, and his ieſture doe not plainely ſhewe himſelfe to ſweare, by this light I do loue thee.

Lem. Burlady Madam you geſſe ſhrewdly indeede, but hearke you Madam, I pray let not me be the author of diſcord betweene my good Lord and you.

Con. No no Monſieur *Lemot*, I were blinde if I could not ſee this, ile ſlit her noſe, by Ieſus.

Me. How now whats the matter?

Co. Whats the matter? if I could cōme at your Miſtris, ſhe ſhould know whats the matter.

Mo. My Miſtris?

Co. Yea your Miſtris, O heres faire diſſimulation, O ye impudent goſſip, do I ſend for you to my houſe to make you my cōpanion, and do you vſe me thus? little doſt thou know what tis to loue a man truly, for if thou didſt, thou wouldſt be aſhamed to wrong me ſo.

Mar. You wrong me Madam to ſay I wrong you.

Co. Go to, get you out of my houſe.

Mar. I am gone Madam.

Mor. Well, come in ſweete bird and Ile perſwade thee, ther's no harme done.

C. Well, we ſhall heare your perſwaſions.

Le. Well God knowes, and I can partly geſſe what he muſt do to perſwade her: well, take your faire charge, faire and manly L. Monſieur *Labeſha.*

Co. One word with you more faire ladie.

Le. Not a word, no man on paine of death, not a word, he comes vpon my rapiers point, that comes within fortie foote on her.

Be. Thankes good *Lemot*, and thankes gentlemen all, and her father ſhal thanke you.

C. Much good do it you ſir: come Gentlemen, lets go wait upon the king, and ſee the humour of the young lord Dowſeger.

Lem. Excuſe me to the King, and tell him I will meet him there: ſo this is but the beginning of ſport betweene this fine lord and his old lady: but this wench *Martia* hath happy ſtarres raigned at the diſpoſition of her beautie, for the King him ſelfe doth mightily dote on her. Now to my Puritane, and ſee if I can make vp my full proofe of her.

Enter the puritane in her beſt attyre.

Flo. Now am I vp and ready, ready? why? becauſe, my cloathes once on, that call we ready: but readineſſe I hope hath reference to ſome fit action for our ſeuerall ſtate: for when I am attyred thus Counteſſe-like, tis

not to worke, for that befittes me not, tis on fome pleafure, whofe chiefe obiect is one mans content, and hee my hufbande is, but what need I thus be attyred, for that he would be pleafed with meaner weed? befides I take no pleafure thus to pleafe him: I am content, becaufe it is my duty to keep to him, and not to feeke no further: but if that pleafure be a thing that makes the time feeme fhort, if it do laughter caufe, if it procure the tongue but hartily to fay, I thanke you, I haue no fuch thing, nor can the godlieft woman in the worlde, againft her nature pleafe her fenfe, or foule, fhe may fay, this I will, or this I will not. But what fhall fhe reape hereby? comfort in an other world, if fhe will ftay till then.

Enter her husband behind her.

Lab. Yea mary fir now I muft looke about, now if her defolate proouer come againe, fhal I admit him to make farther triall? Ile haue a Dialogue betweene my felfe and manly reafon: to that fpeciall end reafon, fhall I indure a defolate man to come and court my wife, and proue her conftancie: reafon, to court and proue her you may beare my lord, for perfite things are not the worfe for triall; gold will not turne to droffe for deepeft triall: before God a comfortable faying: thanks gentle reafon, Ile trouble you no more.

God faue fweet wife, looke vp, thy tempter comes.

Flo. Let him my lord, I hope I am more bleft then to relent in thought of lewde fuggeftion.

Lab. But if by fraltie you fhould yeeld in thought, what will you do?

Flo. Then fhall you keepe me clofe, and neuer let me fee man but your felfe, if not, then boldly may I go abroade.

Lab. But how, fhall I know whether you yeeld or no?

Flo. Heare vs your felfe, my lord.

Lab. Tut, that were groffe, for no woman will yeeld in her husbands hearing.

Flo. Then to aſſure you if I yeelde or no, marke but theſe ſignes: as hee is proouing me, if I doe yeelde, you ſhall perceyue my face bluſh and looke pale, and put on heauie looks. If I reſiſt I will triumph, and ſmile, and when I hold but vp my finger, ſtop his vaine lips, or thruſt him on the breaſt, then is he ouerthrowne both horſe and foote.

Lab. Why, this doth ſatiſfie me mightily: ſee hee is come.

Lem. Honor to my good lord, and his faire yong ladie.

Lab. Nowe Monſieur Sathan, you are come to tempt and prooue at full the ſpirit of my wife.

Lem. I am, my lord, but vainly I ſuppoſe.

Lab. You ſee ſhe dares put on this braue attire fit with the faſhion, which you think ſerues much to lead a woman into light deſires.

Lem. My lord I ſee it: and the ſight thereof doth halfe diſmay me to make further proofe.

Lab. Nay prooue her, prooue her ſir, and ſpare not. what doth the wittie minion of our King thinke any dame in France will ſay him nay? but proue her, proue her, ſee and ſpare not.

Lem. Well ſir, though halfe diſcouraged in my comming, yet Ile go forward: ladie, by your leaue.

Flo. Nowe ſir, your cunning in a Ladyes proofe.

Lem. Madam, in prouing you I find no proofe againſt your piercing glauncings, but ſwear I am ſhot thorow with your loue.

Flo. I do beleeue you: who will ſweare he loues, to get the thing he loues not? if he loue, what needs more perfite triall?

Lem. Moſt true rare ladie.

Flo. Then we are fitly met, I loue you too.

Lem. Exceeding excellent.

Flo. Nay, I knowe you will applaude mee in this courſe, but to let common circumſtaunces paſſe, let vs be familiar.

Lem. Deare life, you rauiſh my conceit with ioy.

Lab. I long to ſee the ſignes that ſhe will make.

Flo. I told my husband I would make theſe ſignes : if I reſiſted, firſt hold vp my finger, as if I ſaid, yfaith ſir you are gone, but it ſhall ſay, yfayth ſir we are one.

Lab. Nowe ſhee triumphes, and pointes to heauen I warrant you.

Flo. Then muſt I ſeeme as if I would heare no moret and ſtoppe your vaine lips, go cruell lippes, you haue bewitcht me, go.

Lab. Now ſhe ſtops in his ſcorned wordes, and rates him for his paines.

Flo. And when I thruſt you thus againſt the breaſt, then are you ouerthrowne both horſe and foote.

Lab. Now is he ouerthrowne borth horſe and foote.

Flo. Away vaine man, haue I not anſwered you ?

Lem. Madam, I yeeld and ſweare, I neuer ſaw ſo conſtant, nor ſo vertuous a ladie.

Lab. Now ſpeake I pray, and ſpeake but truly, haue you not got a wrong ſow by the eare ?

Lem. My lord, my labor is not altogether loſt, for now I find that which I neuer thought.

Lab. A ſirrah, is the edge of your ſteele wit rebated then againſt her Adamant ?

Lem. It is my Lord, yet one word more faire ladie.

Lab. Faine would he haue it do, and it will not be : harke you wiſe, what ſigne will you make mee nowe if you relent not ?

Flo. Lend him my handkercher to wipe his lips of their laſt diſgrace.

Lab. Excellent good, go forward, ſee I pray.

Flo. An other ſigne yfaith, loue is required.

Lem. Let him have ſignes inowe, my heauenly loue, then knowe there is a priuate meeting this day at Verones ordinarie, where if you will do me the grace to come, and bring the beauteous *Martia* with you, I wil prouide a faire and priuate roome, where you ſhal be vnſeene of any man, onely of me, and of the King himſelfe, whom I will cauſe to honour your repaire

with his high presence, and there with Musicke and quicke reuellings you may reuiue your spirits so long time dulled.

Flo. Ile send for *Martia* then, and meete you there, and tell my husband I wil locke my selfe in my choise walke till supper-time: we pray sir, wipe your lips of the disgrace they tooke in their last labour.

Lem. Mary, the divell was neuer so dispited.

Lab. Nay stay, see.

Lem. No, no, my L, you haue the constantst wife that euer: wel Ile say no more. *Exit.*

Lab. Neuer was minion so disminioned, come constancie, come my girle, Ile leaue thee loose to twentie of them, yfaith.

Flo. Come [*Then he sighes.*] my good head, come. *Exit.*

Enter the King and all the lords with the Trumpets.

King. Why sound these Trumpets in the Diuelles name.

C. To shew the King comes.

King. To shew the King comes? Go hang the Trumpetters, they mocke me boldly, and euery other thing that makes me knowne, not telling what I am, but what I seem, a King of clouts, a scarcrow, full of cobwebs, spiders and earewigs, that sets Iackdawes long tongue in my bosome, and vpon my head; and such are all the affections of loue swarming in me, without commaund or reason.

Lem. Howe nowe my liege! what, quackemyred in Philosophie, bounde with loues whipcorde, and quite robbed of reason: and Ile giue you a receyte for this presently.

King. Peace *Lemot*, they say the yong lord *Dowsecer* is rarely learned, and nothing lunatike as men suppose, but hateth companie, and worldly trash, the iudgement and the iust contempt of them, haue in reason arguments that breake affection (as the most sacred Poets write) and still the roughest wind: and his rare humour come we now to heare.

Lem. Yea, but hearke you my liege, Ile tell you a better humour then that, here prefently will be your faire loue *Martia*, to fee his humour, and from thence faire counteffe *Florula*, & fhe will go vnto Verones ordinarie, where none but you and I, and Count *Moren*, will be moft merry.

King. Why Count *Moren* I hope dares not aduenture into any womans companie, but his wiues.

Lem. Yes, as I will worke, my liege, and then let me alone to keepe him there till his wife comes.

King. That will be royall fport: fee where all comes : welcome faire lords and ladies.

Enter Laberuele, Labesha, and all the reft.

Lab. My liege you are welcome to my poore houfe.

Lem. I pray my liege know this Gentleman efpecially, he is a Gentleman borne I can tell you.

King. With all my heart : what might I call your name ?

Lab. *Monfieur Labesha, finiora defoulafa.*

Ki. *Defoulafa*, an il founding barrendrie of my word : but to the purpofe, lord *Laberuele*, we are come to fee the humour of your rare fonne, which by fome meanes I pray let vs pertake.

La. Your highnes fhal too vnworthily pertake the fight which I with griefe and teares daily behold, feeing in him the end of my poore houfe.

King. You know not that (my lord) your wife is yong, and he perhaps hereafter may be mooued to more focietie.

La. Would to God hee would, that wee might do to your crowne of France, more worthy and more acceptable feruice.

King. Thanks good my lord, fee where he appeeres.

Enter Lauele with a picture, and a paire of large hofe, and a codpeece, and a fword.

K. Say *Lauel*, where is your friend the yong lord *Dowfecer* ?

La. I looke my liege he will be here anone, but

then I muſt intreat your Maieſtie and all the reſt, to ſtand vnſeen; for he as yet will brooke no companie.

King. We will ſtand cloſe *Lauale*, but wherefore bring you this apparell, that picture, and that ſword?

Lau. To put him by the ſight of them in mind of their braue ſtates that vſe them, or that at the leaſt of the true vſe they ſhould be put vnto.

King. Indeede the ſence doth ſtill ſtir vp the ſoule, and though theſe obiects do not worke, yet it is very probable in time ſhe may, at leaſt, we ſhall diſcerne his humor of thē.

Lem. See where he comes contemplating, ſtand cloſe.

Enter Dowſecer.

Quid Dei potes videri magnum in rebus humanis quæ æterni omnes to thy *ouſque notas ſic omnibus magna tutor*, what can ſeeme ſtrange to him on earthly things to whom the whole courſe of eternitie, and the round compaſſe of the world is knowne? a ſpeech diuine, but yet I maruaile much how it ſhould ſpring from thee, *Marke Cicero* that ſold for glory the ſweet peece of life, & make a torment of rich natures work, wearing thyſelf by watchful candel light, when all the Smithes & Weauers were at reſt, and yet was gallant ere the day bird ſung to haue a troope of clyents at thy gates, armed with religious ſupplicatiōs, ſuch as wold make ſtern *Minos* laugh to reade: look on our lawyers billes, not one containes virtue or honeſt drifts; but he cares, he cares, he cares; for acorns now are in requeſt, but the okes poore fruite did nouriſh men, men were like okes of body, tough, and ſtrong men were like Gyants then, but Pigmies now, yet full of villanies as their ſkinnes can hold.

Le. How like you this humor my liege?

King. This is no humour, this is but perfit iudgement.

Count. Is this a frenſie?

Mar. O were al men ſuch, men were no men but gods: this earth a heauen.

Do. See see the shamelesse world, that dares present her mortall enemie with these grosse ensignes of of her lenity, yron and steele, vncharitable stuffe, good spittle-founders, enemies to whole skinnes, as if there were not waies enow to die by natural and casuall accidents, diseases, surfeits, braue carowses, old aquavitæ, and too base wiues, and thousands more hence with this art of murder. But here is goodly geare, the soule of man, for tis his better part, take away this, and take away their merites, and their spirites, scarce dare they come in any publike view, without this countenance giuer, and some dares not come, because they haue it too, for they may sing, in written books they find it, what is it then the fashion, or the cost, the cost doth match, but yet the fashion more, for let it be but meane, so in the fashion, & tis most gentleman like, is it so? make a hand in the margent, and burne the booke, a large house and a codpeece makes a man a codpece, nay indeed but house must down: well for your gentle forgers of men, and for you come to rest me into fashion, Ile weare you thus, and sit vpon the the matter.

La. And he doth despise our purposes.

Ca. Beare with him yet my Lorde, hee is not resolued.

La. I would not haue my friend mocke worthy men, for the vaine pride of some that are not so.

Do. I do not here deuide difference of states, no not in shew, but wish that such as want shew might not be scorned with ignorant Turkish pride, beeing pompous in apparel, and in mind: nor would I haue with imitated shapes men make their natiue land, the land of apes, liuing like strangers when they be at home, and so perhaps beare strange hearts to their home, nor looke a snuffe like a piannets taile, for nothing but their tailes and formall lockes, when like to creame boules all their vertues swim in their set faces, all their in parts then fit to serue pesants or make curdes for dawes: but what a stocke am I thus to neglect this figure of man's comfort this rare peece?

La. Heauens grant that make him more humane, and sotiable.

King. Nay hees more humane then all we are.

La. I feare he will be too sharp to that sweete sex.

Dow. She is very faire, I thinke that she be painted; and if she be sir, she might aske of mee, how many is there of our sexe that are not? tis a sharpe question: marry and I thinke they haue small skill, if they were all of painting, twere safer dealing with them, and indeed, were their minds strong enough to guide their bodies, their beuteous deeds shoulde match with their heauenly lookes, twere necessarie they should weare them, and would they vouchsafe it, euen I would ioy in their societie.

Ma. And who would not die with such a man?

Dow. But to admire them as our gallants do, O what an eie she hath, O dainty hand, rare foote and legge, and leaue the minde respectles, this is a plague, that in both men and women make such pollution of our earthly beeing: well, I will practice yet to court this peece.

La. O happie man, how haue I hope in her.

King. Methinkes I could indure him daies and nights.

Dow. Well sir, now thus must I do sir, ere it come to women; now sir a plague vpon it, tis so ridiculous I can no further: what poore asse was it that set this in my way? now if my father should be the man: Gods precious coles tis he.

Lab. Good sonne go forward in this gentle humor, obserue this picture, it presents a maide of noble birth and excellent of parts, whom for our house and honor sake I wish thou wouldst confesse to marrie.

Dow. To marrie, father? why we shall haue children.

La. Why, that's the ende of marriage, and the ioye of men.

Dow. O how you are deceiued, you haue but me, & what a trouble am I to your ioy? but, father, if you

long to haue ſome fruite of me, ſee father I will creepe into this ſtuborne earth and mixe my fleſh with it, and they ſhall breede graſſe, to fat oxen, aſſes and ſuchlike, and when they in the graſſe the ſpring conuerts into beaſts nouriſhment, then comes the fruite of this my body forth; then may you well ſay, ſeeing my race is ſo profitably increaſed, that good fat oxe, and that ſame large eard aſſe are my ſonne ſonnes, that caulfe with a white face is his faire daughter, with which, when your fields are richly filled, then will my race content you, but for the ioyes of children, tuſh tis gone, children will not deſerue, nor parents take it: wealth is the onely father & the child, and but in wealth no man hath any ioy.

La. Some courſe dear ſonne take for thy honor ſake.

Dow. Then father heres a moſt excellent courſe.

La. This is ſome comfort yet.

Dow. If you will ſtrait be gone and leaue me here, Ile ſtande as quietlye as anye lambe, and trouble none of you.

La. An hapleſſe man.

Le. How like you this humour yet my liege?

King. As of a holy fury, not a frenſie.

Mor. See ſee, my liege, he hath ſeene vs ſure.

King. Nay looke how he viewes *Martia*, and makes him fine.

Lem. Yea my liege, and ſhe as I hope wel obſerued, hath vttered many kind conceits of hers.

King. Well Ile be gone, and when ſhee comes to Verones ordinarie, Ile haue her taken to my cuſtodie.

Lem. Ile ſtay my liege, and ſee the euent of this.

K. Do ſo *Lemot.* *Exit the king.*

Dow. What haue I ſeene? howe am I burnt to duſt with a new Sun, and made a nouell Phœnix, is ſhe a woman that obiects this ſight, able to worke the chaos of the world into geſtion? O diuine aſpect, the excellent diſpoſer of the mind ſhines in thy beautie, and thou haſt not chaunged my ſoule to ſenſe, but

ſenſe vnto my ſoule, and I deſire thy pure ſocietie, but euen as angels do, to angels flie. *Exit.*

Mar. Flie ſoule and follow him.

Lab. I maruel much at my ſonnes ſodaine ſtrange behauiour.

Lem. Beare with him yet my Lord, tis but his humour: come, what, ſhall we go to Verones ordinarie?

Lab. Yea for Gods ſake, for I am paſſing hungry.

Mor. Yea, come Monſieur *Lemot*, will you walke?

Count. What, will you go?

Mor. Yea ſweet bird, I haue promiſed ſo.

Count. Go to, you ſhall not go and leaue me alone.

Mor. For one meale gentle bird. Veron inuites vs to buy ſome iewels he hath brought of late from *Italie:* Ile buy the beſt, and bring it thee, ſo thou wilt let me go.

Count. Well ſaid flattering *Fabian*, but tel me then what ladies will be there?

Mor. Ladies? why, none.

Lem. No ladies vſe to come to ordinaries, Madam.

Count. Go to bird, tell me now the very truth.

Mor. None of mine honour bird, you neuer heard that ladies came to ordinaries.

Count. O thats becauſe I ſhould not go with you.

Mar. Why tis not fit you ſhould.

Cou. Well heark you bird, of my word you ſhall not go, vnleſſe you will ſweare to me, you will neither court nor kiſſe a dame in any ſort, till you come home againe.

Mar. Why I ſweare I will not.

Count. Go to, by this kiſſe.

Mar. Yea, by this kiſſe.

Foles. *Martia,* learne by this when you are a wife.

Lab. I like the kiſſing well.

Flo. My lord, Ile leaue you, your ſonne *Dowſecer* hath made me melancholy with his humour, and Ile go locke my ſelfe in my cloſe walke till ſupper time.

Lab. What, and not dine to-day?

Flo. No my good head: come, *Martia*, you and I will faſt togither.

Mar. With all my heart Madam. *Exit.*

Lab. Well Gentlemen Ile go ſee my ſonne. *Exit.*

Foy. Birlady, Gentlemen Ile go home to dinner.

Labe. Home to dinner? birlord, but you ſhall not, you ſhall go with vs to the ordinarie, where you ſhall meete Gentlemen of ſo good carriage, and paſſing cōplements, it will do your hart good to ſee them, why you neuer ſaw the beſt ſort of Gentlemen if not at ordinaries.

Foy. I promiſe you thats rare, my lord, and Monſieur *Lemot*, Ile meet you there preſently.

Lem. Weele expect your comming. *Exeunt all.*

Enter Verone with his Napkin upon his ſhoulder, and his man Iaques with another, and his ſonne bringing in cloth and napkins.

Ver. Come on my maiſters, ſhadow theſe tables with their white vailes, accompliſh the court Cupboord, waite diligently to day for my credite and your owne, that if the meate ſhould chance, to be raw, yet your behauiors being neither rude nor raw, may excuſe it, or if the meate ſhould chaunce to be tough, be you tender ouer them in your attendance, that the one may beare with the other.

Iaq. Faith, ſome of them bee ſo hard to pleaſe, finding fault with your cheere, and diſcommending your wine, ſaying, they fare better at Verones for halfe the mony.

Boy. Beſides, if there be any cheboules in your napkins, they ſay your noſe or ours haue dropt on them, and then they throw them about the houſe.

Ver. But theſe bee ſmall faults, you may beare with them, young Gentlemen and wilde heades will be doing.

Enter the Maide.

Maid. Come, whoſe wit was it to couer in this roome, name in the of God I trowee.

Boy. Why I hope this roome is as faire as the other.

Maid. In your foolish opinion: you might haue tolde a wise body so, and kept your selfe a foole still.

Boy. I cry you mercie, how bitter you are in your prouerbs.

Maid. So bitter I am sir.

Ver. O sweet *Sateena* I dare not say I loue thee.

Iaq. Must you controule vs, you proud baggage you?

Maid. Baggage? you are a knaue to call me baggage.

Iaq. A knaue? my maister shall know that.

Ver. I will not see them.

Iaq. Maister, here is your Maid vses her selfe so sawsily, that one house shall not holde vs two long, God willing.

Ver. Come hither, huswife. Pardon mee sweete *Iacenan*, I must make an angry face outwardly, though I smile inwardly.

Maid. Say what you will to me sir.

Ver. O you are a fine Gossip, can I not keepe honest seruants in my house, but you must controule them? you must be their mistres.

Maid. Why I did but take vp the cloth, because my mistresse would haue the dinner in an other roome, and hee called me baggage.

Iaq. You called me knaue and foole, I thanke you small bones.

Ma. Go to, go to, she were wise enough would talke with you.

Boy. Go thy waies for the prowdest harlotrie that euer came in our house.

Ver. Let her alone boy, I haue scoold her I warant thee, she shall not be my maide long, if I can helpe it.

Boy. No, I thinke so sir, but what, shal I take vppe the cloath?

Ver. No, let the cloth lie, hither theile com first, I

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am ſure of it, then If they will dine in the other roome, they ſhal.

Enter Rowl.

Ro. Good morrow my hoſt, is no body come yet?

Ve. Your worſhip is the firſt ſir.

Ro. I was inuited by my coſen *Colinet*, to ſee your iewells.

Ve. I thanke his worſhip and yours.

Ro. Heres a prettie place for an ordinarie, I am very ſory I haue not vſed to come to ordinaries.

Ve. I hope we ſhall haue your company hereafter.

Ro. You are very like ſo.

Enter Berger.

Ber. Good morow my hoſt, good morrow good Monſieur *Rowle*.

Ro. Good morrow to you ſir.

Ber. What are we two the firſt? giue's the cardes, here come, this gentleman and I wil go to cardes while dinner be ready.

Ro. No truly I cannot play at cardes.

Ber. How! not play, O for ſhame ſay not ſo, how can a yong gentleman ſpend his time but in play, and in courting his Miſtris: come vſe this, leaſt youth take too much of the other.

Ro Faith I cannot play, and yet I care not to much to venture two or three crownes with you.

Ber. O I thought that I ſhuld find of you, I pray God I haue not met with my match.

Ro. No truſt me ſir, I cannot play.

Ber. Hearke you my hoſt, haue you a pipe of good Tabacco?

Ve. The beſt in the towne: boy drie a leafe.

Boy. Theres none in the houſe ſir.

Ve. Drie a docke leafe.

Be. My hoſt, do you know Monſieur *Blanuel*,

Ve. Yea paſſing well ſir.

Be. Why, he was taken learning trickes at old *Lucilas* houſe the muſter miſtris of all the ſmocktearers

in Paris, and both the bawde and the pander were carried to the dungeon.

Ve. There was dungeon vpon dungeon, but call you her the muſter-miſtris of al the ſmocktearers in Paris?

Be. Yea, for ſhe hath them all trained vp afore her.

Enter Blanuel.

Bla. Good morow my hoſt, good morow gentlemen al.

Ve. Good morow Monſieur *Blanuel*, I am glad of your quicke deliuery.

Bla. Deliuery, what, didſt thou thinke I was with child?

Ve. Yea of a dungeon.

Bla. Why, how knew you that?

Ro. Why *Berger* told vs.

Bla. *Berger* who told you of it?

Be. One that I heard, by the lord.

Bla. O excellent, you are ſtill playing the wagge.

Enter Lemot and Moren.

Le. Good morrow Gentlemen all, good morrow good Monſieur *Rowle.*

Ro. At your ſeruice.

Le. I pray my lord look what a prety falling band he hath, tis pretty fantaſticall, as I haue ſeen made, with good iudgement, great ſhew, and but little coſt.

Moren. And ſo it is I promiſe you, who made it I pray?

Row. I know not yfaith, I bought it by chance.

Le. It is a very pretty one, make much of it.

Enter Catalian ſweating.

Ca. Boy, I prethee call for a courſe napkin. Good morrow Gentlemen, I would you had bin at the tenniſcourt, you ſhould haue ſeene me a beat Monſieur *Beſan*, and I gaue him fifteene and all his faults.

Le. Thou didſt more for him, then euer God wil do for thee.

Ca. Iaques I prethee fill me a cup of canary, three parts water.

Le. You ſhall haue all water and if it pleaſe you.

Enter Maide.

Ma. Who cald for a courſe napkin?

Ca. Marry I, ſweete heart, do you take the paines to bring it your ſelfe, haue at you by my hoſts leaue.

Ma. Away ſir, fie for ſhame.

Ca. Hearke you my hoſt, you muſt marry this young wench, you do her mighty wrong els.

Ver. O ſir, you are a merry man.

Enter Foyes and Labeſha.

Foy. Good morrow gentlemen you ſee I am as good as my word

Mo. You are ſir, and I am very glad of it.

Le. You are welcome Monſieur *Foyes*: but you are not, no not you.

Be. No, welcome that Gentleman, tis no matter for me.

Le. How ſir? no matter to you, by this ruſh I am angry with you, as if al our loues proteſted vnto you were diſſembled, no matter for you?

Be. Nay ſweet *Lemot* be not angry, I did but ieſt, as I am a Gentleman.

Lem. Yea but theres a difference of ieſting, you wrong all our affections in ſo doing.

Be. Faith and troth I did not, and I hope ſirs you take it not ſo.

All. No matter for me, twas very vnkindly ſayd, I muſt needs ſay ſo.

La. You ſee how they loue me.

Foy. I do ſir, and I am very glad of it.

Be. And I hope *Lemot*, you are not angry with me ſtil.

Le. No faith, I am not ſo very a foole to be angry with one that cares not for me.

Be. Do not I care for you? nay then.

Ca. What, doſt thou cry?

Be. Nay I do not cry, but my ſtomacke waters to

thinke that you ſhould take it ſo heauily, if I do not wiſh that I were cut into three peeces, and that theſe peeces were turned into three blacke puddings, and that theſe three blacke puddings were turned into three of the faireſt Ladies in the land for your ſake, I would I were hanged, whata diuel can you haue more then my poore heart?

Ca. Well hearke you *Lemot*, in good faith you are too blame to put him to this vnkindnes, I prethee be friends with him.

Le. Well, I am content to put vp this vnkindneſſe for this once, but while you liue take heede of: no matter for me.

Be. Why is it ſuch a hainous word?

Le. O the hainouſeſt word in the world.

Be. Wel, Ile neuer ſpeake it more, as I am a gentleman.

Le. No I pray do not.

Foy. My lord, will your lordſhip go to cards?

Lor. Yea with you Monſieur *Foyes*.

Ro. *Lemot*, will you play?

Le. Pardon good Monſieur *Rowle*, if I had any diſpoſition to gaming your company ſhould draw me before any mans here.

Foy. *Labeſha*, what will you play?

Lab. Play, yea, with all my heart, I pray lend me three peace.

Row. Ile play no more.

Cat. Why, haue you wonne or loſt?

Row. Faith I haue loſt two or three crownes.

Cat. Well to him againe, Ile be your halfe.

Lem. Sirrah, *Catalian*, while they are playing at cardes, thou and I will haue ſome excellent ſport: ſirrah, doſt thou know that ſame Gentleman there?

Cat. No yfaith, what is he?

L.m. A very fine gull, and a neat reueller, one thats heire to a great liuing, yet his father keepes him ſo ſhort, that his ſhirts will ſcant couer the bottom of his belly, for all his gay outſide, but the linings be very

foule and ſweatie, yea and perhappes lowſie, with diſpiſing the vaine ſhiftes of the world.

Cat. But he hath gotten good ſtore of money now me thinks.

Lea. Yea, and I wonder of it, ſome ancient ſeruing man of his fathers, that hath gotten fortie ſhillings in fiftie years vpon his great good husbandrie, he ſwearing monſtrous othes to pay him againe, and beſides to doe him a good turne (when God ſhall heare his prayer for his father) hath lent it him I warrant you, but howſoeuer, we muſt ſpeake him faire.

Cat. O what elſe !

Lem. God ſaue ſweete Monſieur *Rowle*, what looſe or win, looſe or win ?

Row. 'Faith ſir ſaue my ſelfe, and looſe my money.

Lem. Theres a prouerbe hit dead in the necke like a Cony, why hearke thee *Catalian*, I could haue told thee before what he would haue ſaid.

Cat. I do not thinke ſo.

Lem. No, thou ſeeſt heers a fine plumpe of gallants, ſuch as thinke their wits ſingular, and their ſelues rarely accompliſhed, yet to ſhew thee how brittle their wittes be, I will ſpeake to them ſeuerally and I will tell thee before what they ſhall anſwer me.

Cat. Thats excellent, lets ſee that yfaith.

Lem. Whatſoeuer I ſay to Monſieur *Rowlee*, he ſhall ſay, O ſir, you may ſee an ill weed growes apace.

Cat. Come, lets ſee.

Lem. Now Monſieur *Rowlee*, me thinks you are exceedingly growne ſince your comming to Paris.

Row. O ſir, you may ſee an ill weed growes a pace.

Cat. This is excellent, forward ſir I pray.

Lem. What ſoere I ſay to *Labeſha*, he ſhall anſwer me, blacke will beare no other hue, and that ſame olde Iuſtice, as greedie of a ſtale prouerbe, he ſhall come in the necke of that and ſay, Blacke is a pearle in a womans eye.

Cat. Yea, much yfaith.

Lem. Looke thee, here comes hither *Labesha*, *Catalian*, and I haue beene talking of thy complexion, and I ſay, that all the faire ladies in France would haue beene in loue with thee, but that thou art ſo blacke.

Labe. O ſir blacke will beare no other hue.

Foy. O ſir blacke is a pearle in a womans eye.

Lem. You ſay true ſir, you ſay true ſir, ſirrah *Catalian*, whatſoere I ſay to *Berger* that is ſo buſie at Cardes, he ſhall anſwer me, sblood, I do not meane to die as long as I can ſee one aliue.

Cat. Come let vs ſee you.

Lem. Why *Berger*, I thought thou hadſt beene dead, I haue not heard thee chide all this while

Ber. Sblood, I do not meane to die as long as I can ſee one aliue.

Cat. Why but hearke you, *Lemot*, I hope you cannot make this lord anſwer ſo roundly.

Lem. O, as right as any of them all, and he ſhall aunſwere me with an olde Latine Prouerbe, that is, *uſus promptus facit.*

Cat. Once more lets ſee.

Lem. My lord, your lordſhip could not play at this game verie latelie, and nowe me thinkes you are growne exceeding perfite.

Mor. O ſir, you may ſee, *vſus promptus facit.*

Enter Iaques.

Iaq. Monſieur *Lemot*, here is a Gentleman and two Gentlewomen do deſire to ſpeake with you.

Lem. What are they come? *Iaques*, conuey them into the inwarde Parlour by the inwarde roome, and there's a brace of Crownes for thy labour, but let no bodie know of their being here.

Iaq. I warrant you ſir.

Lem. See where they come: welcome my good lord and ladies, Ile come to you preſently: ſo, now the ſport begins, I ſhall ſtarte the diſguiſed King plaguilie, nay I ſhall put the ladie that loues me in a

monſtrous fright, when her huſband comes and finds her here.

Boy. The Gentleman, and the two Gentlewomen deſires your companie,

Lem. Ile come to them preſently.

Foy. Gentlemen, Ile go ſpeake with one, and come to you preſently. [*The boy ſpeakes in Foies his ear.*

Lem. My lord, I would ſpeake a worde with your lordſhip, if it were not for interrupting your game.

Lord. No, I haue done *Lemot.*

Lem. My lord there muſt a couple of ladies dine with vs to day.

Lord. Ladies ? Gods my life I muſt be gone.

Lem. Why, hearke you my Lorde, I knewe not of their comming I proteſt to your Lordſhip, and woulde you have mee turne ſuch faire Ladies as theſe are away ?

Lord. Yea but hearke you *Lemot*, did not you heare mee ſweare to my Wife, that I woulde not tarie, if there were any women, I wonder you would ſuffer any to come there.

Lem. Why you ſwore but by a kiſſe, and kiſſes are no holie things, you know that.

Lord. Why but hearke you *Lemot*, indeed I would be very loath to do any thing, that if my wife ſhould know it, ſhould diſpleaſe her.

Le. Nay then you are to obſequious, hearke you, let me intreate you, and Ile tell you in ſecrete, you ſhall haue no worſe company then the Kings.

Lord. Why will the King be there ?

Lem. Yea, though diſguiſed.

Lord. Who are the ladies ?

Lem. The flowers of Paris, I can tell you, faire counteſſe *Florila*, and the ladie *Martia.*

Enter Iaque.

Iaq. Monſieur *Lemot*, the gentleman and the two Gentlewomen deſire your companie.

Lem. Ile come to them ſtraight: but *Iaques* come hither I prethee, go to *Labeſha*, and tell him that the

Countesse *Florila*, and the ladie *Martia* be here at thy maisters house: and if it come in question hereafter, denie that thou tolde him any such thing.

Iaq. What, is this all? Sblood Ile denie it, and forsweare it too.

Lem. My Lorde, Ile goe and see the roome be neate and fine, and come to you presently.

Lord. Yea but hearke you *Lemot*, I prethee take such order that they be not knowne of any women in the house.

Lem. O how shuld they now to his wife go yfaith! *Exit.*

Iaq. Hearke you, Monsieur *Labesha*, I pray let me speake a worde with you.

Labe. With all my heart, I pray looke to my stake, theres three pence vnder the Candlesticke.

Iaq. I pray see, do you know the Countesse *Florila*, and the ladie *Martia*?

Lab. Do I know the ladie *Martia*? I knew her before she was borne, why do you aske me?

Iaq. Why, they are both here at my masters house.

Lab. What, is Mistris *Martia* at an ordinarie?

Ia. Yea that she is.

La. By skies and stones Ile go and tel her father. *Exit.*

Enter Lemot and the Countesse.

Cou. What you are out of breath, me thinks Monsieur *Lemot*?

Le. It is no matter Madam, it is spent in your seruice; that beare your age with your honesty, better then an hundred of these nise gallants, and indeed it is a shame for your husband, that contrary to his oath made to you before dinner, he shoud be now at the ordinary with that light huswife *Martia*, which I could not chuse but come and tell you; for indeede it is a shame that your motherly care should be so slightly regarded.

Co. Out on thee ſtrumpet and accurſt, and miſerable dame.

Le. Well, there they are : nothing els now, to her huſband go I. *Exit.*

Co. Nothing els quoth you, can there be more ? O wicked man, would he play falſe, that would ſo ſimply vow, and ſweare his faith, and would not let me be diſpleaſed a minute, but he would ſigh, and weepe til I were pleaſed, I haue a knife within thats raſor ſharp, and I wil lay an yron in the fire, making it burning hot to mark the ſtrumpet, but t'will bee colde too ere I can come thither, doe ſomething wretched woman, ſtaies thou here ? *Exit.*

Enter Lemot.

Le. My lorde, the roome is neate and fine, wilt pleaſe you go in ?

Ve. Gentlemen, your dinner is ready.

Le. And we are ready for it.

Le. *Iaquis*, ſhut the doores let no body come in. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Laberuele, Foyes, Labeſha, and the Counteſſe.

La. Where be theſe puritanes, theſe murderers, let me come in here ?

Fo. Where is the ſtrumpet ?

Co. where is this harlot, let vs come in here.

La. What ſhall we do ? the ſtreets do wonder at vs, and we do make our ſhame knowne to the world, let vs go, and complaine vs to the King.

Fo. Come *Labeſha*, will you go ?

Lab. No no I ſcorne to go ; no King ſhal heare my plaint, I will in ſilent liue a man forlorne, mad and melancholy, as a cat, and neuer more weare hat band on my hat.

Enter Moren, and Martia.

Mo. What doſt thou meane ? thou muſt not hang on me.

Mar. O good lord *Moren*, haue me home with you, you may excuſe all to my father for me.

Enter Lemot.

Lem. O my lord, be not ſo rude to leaue her now.

Lord. Alas man, and if my wife ſhould ſee it, I were vndone.

Enter the King and another.

Ki. Purſue them ſirs, and taking *Martia* from him, conuay her preſently to *Valeres* houſe.

What vilain was it that hath vttered this.

Enter the Puritane to Lemot.

Le. Why twas euen I, I thanke you for your gentle tearmes, you giue me vilain at the firſt, I wonder wheres this old doter, what doth he thinke we feare him.

Flo. O monſtrous man, what wouldſt thou haue him take vs?

Le. Would I quoth you, yea by my troth would I, I know he is but gone to cal the conſtable, or to raiſe the ſtreets.

Flo. What meanes the man trow? is he mad?

Le No, no, I know what I do, I doe it of purpoſe, I long to ſee him cōme and raile at you, to call you harlot, and to ſpurne you too, O you'l loue me a great deale the better, and yet let him come, and if he touch but one thread of you, Ile make that thread his poyſon.

Flo. I know not what to ſay.

Le. Speake, do you loue me?

Flo. Yea ſurely do I.

Le. Why then haue not I reaſon that loue you ſo dearely as I do, to make you hatefull in his ſight, that I might more freely enioy you.

Flo. Why let vs be gon my kind *Lemot*, and not be wondered at in the open ſtreets.

Lem. Ile go with you through fire, through death, throgh hell, come giue me your owne hand, my owne deare heart, this hand that I adore and reuerence, and loath to haue it, touch an old mans boſome, O let me ſweetely kiſſe it; he bites.

Flo. 'Out on thee wretch, he hath bit me to the bone, O barbarous Canibal, now I perceiue thou wilt make me a mocking ſtocke to all the world.

Le. Come, come, leaue your paſſions, they cannot mooue mee, my father and my mother died both in a day, and I rung mee a peale for them, and they were no ſooner brought to the church and laide in their graues, but I fetcht me two or three fine capers aloft, and took my leaue of them, as men do of their miſtreſſes at the ending of a galliard; *Beſilos manus.*

Flo. O brutiſh nature, how accurſt was I euer to indure the ſound of this damned voice?

Le. Well, and you do not like my humor, I can be but ſory for it, I bit you for good will, and if you accept it, ſo, if no, go.

Flo. Vilain, thou didſt it in contempt of me.

Le. Well, and you take it ſo, ſo be it: harke you Madam, your wiſeſt courſe is, euen to become puritane againe, put off this vaine attire, and ſay, 'I haue deſpiſed all: thanks my God, good husband, I do loue thee in the Lord, and he (good man) will thinke all this you haue done, was but to ſhew thou couldeſt gouerne the world, and hide thee as a rainebow doth a ſtorme: my dainty wench, go go, what ſhall the flattering words of a vaine man make you forget your dutie to your huſband? away, repent, amend your life, you haue diſcredited your religion for euer.

Flo. Well wench, for this foule ſhame thou putteſt on me, the curſe of all affection light on thee. *Exit.*

Le. Go *Abacuck*, go, why this is excellent, I ſhal ſhortly become a ſchoolemaſter, to whom men will put their wiues, to practiſe; well now wil I go ſet the Queene upō the King, and tell her where he is cloſe with his wench: and he that mends my humor, take the ſpurres: ſit faſt, for by heauen, ile iurke the horſe you ride on.

Enter my hoſt, Catalian, Blanuel, Berger, Iaquis, Maide, and Boy.

Host. Well Gentlemen, I am vtterly undone without your good helpes, it is reported that I receiued certaine ladies or gentlewomen into my houſe: no heres my man, my maid, and my boy, now if you ſaw any, ſpeak boldly before theſe Gentlemen.

Ia. I ſaw none ſir.

Maid. Nor I, by my maidenhead.

Boy. Nor I, as I am a man.

Ca. Wel my hoſt, weele go anſwere for your houſe at this time, but if at other times you have had wenches, and would not let vs know it, we are the leſſe beholding to you.

Exeunt al, but my hoſt and the Gentleman.

Ber. Peraduenture the more beholding to him, but I laye my life *Lemot* hath deuiſed ſome ieaſt, he gaue vs the ſlip before dinner.

Cat. Well Gentlemen, ſince we are ſo fitly mette, Ile tell you an excellent ſubiect for a fit of myrth, and if it bee well handled.

Ber. Why, what is it?

Cat. Why man, *Labeſha* is grown maruelous malecontent, vpon ſome amorous diſpoſition of his miſtres, and you know he loues a meaſe of cream, and a ſpice-cake with his heart, and I am ſure he hath not dined to day, and he taken on him the humour of the yong lord *Dowſecer*, and we will ſet a meaſe of creame, a ſpice-cake, and a ſpoone, as the armour, picture, and apparell was ſet in the way of *Dowſecer*, which I doubt not but will woorke a rare cure vpon his melancholie.

Hoſt. Why, this is excellent, Ile go fetch the creame.

Cat. And *I* the cake.

Ber. And *I* the ſpoone.

Exeunt, and come in againe.

Cat. See where hee comes as like the lord *Dowſecer* as may be, nowe you ſhall heare him begin with ſome Latin ſentence that hee hath remembered euer ſince hee read his Accidence.

Enter Labeſha.

La. *Fœlix quē faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* O ſillie ſtate of things, for things they be that cauſe this ſillie ſtate: and what is a thing, a bable, a toy, that ſtands men in ſmall ſtead: [*He ſpies the creame*] But what haue we here? what vanities haue we here?

Hoſt. He is ſtrongly tempted, the lord ſtrengthen him, ſee what a vaine he hath.

Lab. O cruell fortune, and doſt thou ſpit thy ſpite at my poore life: but O ſowre creame what thinkeſt thou that I loue thee ſtill? no, no, faire and ſweete is my miſtries, if thou haddeſt ſtrawberries and ſugar in thee:-but it may bee thou art ſet with ſtale cake to choke me: well taſte it, and trie it, ſpoonefull by ſpoonefull: bitterer and bitterer ſtill, but O ſowre creame, wert thou an Onion, ſince Fortune ſet thee for mee, I will eate thee, and I will deuour thee in ſpite of Fortunes ſpite, choake I, or burſt I, miſtres for thy ſake, to end my life eat I this creame and cake.

Cat. So he hath done, his Melancholy is well eaſed, I warrant you.

Hoſt. Gods my life Gentlemen, who hath beene at this creame.

Lab. Creame, had you creame? where is your creame? Ile ſpend my penny at your creame.

Cat. Why, did not you eate this creame?

Lab. Talke not to me of creame, for ſuch vaine meate I do deſpiſe as food, my ſtomack dies drowned in the cream boules of my miſtres eyes.

Cat. Nay ſtay *Labeſha.*

Lab. No not I, not I.

Hoſt. O he is aſhamed yfayth: but I will tell thee howe thou ſhalt make him mad indeed, ſay his miſtres for loue of him hath drowned her ſelfe.

Cat. Sblood, that will make him hang him-ſelfe.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Lemot, and all the reſt of the lordes, and the Counteſſe: Lemots arme in a ſcarffe.

Lemot. haue at them yfaith with a lame counterfeite humor: ake on rude arme, I care not for thy

paine, I got it nobly in the kings defence, and in the gardiance of my faire Queenes right.

Qu. O tell me ſweet *Lemot*, how fares the king, or what his right was that thou didſt defend?

Lem. That you ſhall know when other things are told.

Lab. Keepe not the Queene too long without her longing.

Foyes. No, for I tell you it is a daungerous thing.

Coun. Little care cruell men how women long.

Le. What would you haue me then put poyſon in my breath, and burne the eares of my attentiue Queene.

Quee. Tell me what ere it be, Ile beare it all.

Lem. beare with my rudeneſſe then in telling it, for alas you ſee I can but act it with the left hande, this is my geſture now.

Quee. Tis well enough.

Lem. Yea well enough you ſay, this recompence haue I for all my woundes: then thus the King inamoured of an other ladie compares your face to hers, and ſaies that yours is fat and flat, and that your neather lip was paſſing big.

Quee. O wicked man, doth he ſo ſodainlie condemne my beautie, that when he married me he thought diuine: for euer blaſted be that ſtrumpets face, as all my hopes are blaſted, that did change them.

Lem. Nay Madam, though he ſaide your face was fat, and flat, and ſo forth, yet he liked it beſt, and ſaid, a perfect beautie ſhould be ſo.

La. O did he ſo! why that was right euen as it ſhould be.

Foy. You ſee now Madam, howe much too haſtie you were in your griefes.

Que. If he did ſo eſteeme of me indeed, happie am I.

Coun. So may your highneſſe be that hath ſo good a huſband, but hell hath no plague to ſuch an one as I.

Lem. Indeed Madam, you haue a bad husband: truly then, did the king growe mightily in loue with the other ladie, and ſwore, no king could more inriched be, then to inioy ſo faire a dame as ſhee.

Cat. O monſtrous man, and acurſt moſt miſerable dame!

Le. But ſaies the king I do inioy as faire, & though I loue in al honored ſort, yet Ile not wrōg my wife for al the world.

Foy. This proues his conſtancie as firme as braſſe.

Que. It doth, it doth: O pardon me my lord, that I miſtake thy royall meaning ſo.

Com. In heauen your highneſſe liues, but I in hell.

Lem. But when he vewd her radient eyes againe, blinde was hee ſtrooken with her feruent beames: and now good King he gropes about in corners voide of the chearefull light ſhould guide vs all.

Que. O diſmall newes, what is my ſoueraigne blind?

Le. Blind as a Beetle madam, that a while houering aloft, at laſt in cowſheds fall.

Lab. Could her eyes blind him?

Lem. Eyes or what it was I know not, but blind I am ſure he is as any ſtone.

Q. Come bring me to my Prince my lord that I may leade him, none aliue but I may haue the honour to direct his feete.

Lem. How lead him madam? why he can go as right as you, or any here, and is not blind of eyeſight.

Quee. Of what then?

Lem. Of reaſon.

Quee. Why thou ſaideſt he wanted his cheerfull light.

Lem. Of reaſon ſtill I meant, whoſe light you knowe ſhould cheerefully guide a worthie King, for he doth loue her, and hath forced her into a priuate roome where now they are.

Quee. What mocking chaunges is there in thy

wordes fond man, thou murtherest me with these exclaimes.

Lem. Why madam tis your fault, you cut mee off before my words be halfe done.

Quee. Forth and vnlade the poyson of thy tongue.

Lem. Another lord did loue this curious ladie, who, hearing that the King had forced her, as she was walking with another Earle, ran straightwaies mad for her, and with a friend of his, and two or three blacke ruffians more, brake desperately vpon the person of the King, swearing to take from him, in traiterous fashion, the instrument of procreation: with them I fought a while, and got this wound, but being vnable to resist so many, came straight to you to fetch you to his ayde.

Lab. Why raised you not the streetes?

Lem. That I forbore, because I would not haue the world, to see what a disgrace my liege was subiect to, being with a woman in so meane a house.

Foy. Whose daughter was it that he forst I pray?

Lem. Your daughter sir.

La. Whose sonne was that ranne so mad for her?

Lem. Your sonne my Lord.

La. O Gods, and fiends forbid.

Co. I pray sir, from whom did he take the Ladie?

Le. From your good Lord.

Co. O Lord I beseech thee no.

Le. Tis all too true, come, follow the Queen and I, where I shall leade you.

Qu. O wretched Queene, what would they take from him?

Le. The instrument of procreation.

Enter Moren.

Mo. Now was there euer man so much accurst, that when his minde misgaue him, such a man was haplesse, to keep him company? yet who would keep him company but I, O vilde *Lemot*, my wife and I are bound to curse thee while we liue, but chiefely I, well: seeke her, or seek her not; find her, or find her not,

I were as good ſee how hell opens, as looke vpon her.

Enter Catalian, and Berger behind him.

Ca. We haue yfaith, ſtop thou him there, and I wil meet him here.

Mo. Well, I will venture once to ſeek her.

Ber. Gods Lord, my Lord, come you this way, why your wife runnes ranging like as if ſhe were mad, ſwearing to ſlit your noſe if ſhe can catch you. *Exit.*

Mo. What ſhal I do at the ſight of her and hern.

Ca. Gods precious my Lord, come you this way, your wife comes ranging with a troope of dames, like *Bacchus* drunken foes, iuſt as you go, ſhift for your ſelfe my Lord.

Mo. Stay good *Catalian.*

Ca. No not I my Lord. *Exit.*

Mo. How now Iaques, whats the newes?

Enter Iaques.

Iaq. None but good my Lord.

Mo. Why haſt not ſeene my wife run round about the ſtreets.

Ia. Not I my Lorde, I come to you from my maiſter, who would pray you to ſpeake to *Lemot*, that *Lemot* might ſpeake to the King, that my maſters lottery for his iewells may go forward, he hath made the rareſt deuice that euer you heard, we haue fortune in it, and ſhe our maide plaies, and I, and my fellow carrie two torches, and our boy goes before and ſpeakes a ſpeech, tis very fine yfaith ſir.

Mo. Sirra in this thou maieſt highly pleaſure me, let me haue thy place to beare a torch, that I may look on my wife, and ſhe not ſee me, for if I come into her ſight abruptly, I were better be hanged.

Ia. O ſir you ſhall, or any thing that I can do, Ile ſend for your wife to.

Mor. I prethee do. *Exeunt both.*

Enter the Queene, and all that were in before.

Le. This is the houſe where the mad Lord did vow to do the deed, draw all your ſwoords couragious gen-

tlemen, Ile bring you there where you ſhall honor win, but I can tell you, you muſt breake your ſhinne.

Ca. Who will not breake his necke to ſaue his King: ſet forward *Lemot.*

Le. Yea, much good can I do with a wounded arme, Ile go and call more helpe.

Qu. Others ſhall go, nay we will raiſe the ſtreets, better diſhonor, then deſtroy the King.

Le. Sbloud I know not how to excuſe my villany, I would faine be gone.

Enter Dowſecar, and his friend.

Dow. Ile geld the adulterous goate, and take from him the inſtrument, that plaies him ſuch ſweete muſicke.

La. O rare, this makes my fiction true: now ile ſtay.

Quee. Arreſt theſe faithleſſe traitious gentlemen.

Dow. What is the reaſon that you call vs traitours?

Lea. Nay, why do you attempt ſuch violence againſt the perſon of the King?

Dow. Againſt the King, why this is ſtrange to me.

Enter the King, and Martia.

Ki. How now, my maſters, what? weapons drawne, come you to murder me.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Ki. How fare I? well, but you yfaith ſhall get me ſpeak for you another time; he got me here to wooe a curious Lady, and ſhe temptes him, ſay what I can, over what ſtate I will, in your behalfe, *Lemot,* ſhe will not yeeld.

Le. Yfaith my liege, what a hard heart hath ſhe, well hearke you, I am content your wit ſhall ſaue your honeſty for this once.

Ki. Peace, a plague on you, peace; but wherefore aſked you how I did?

Queene. Becauſe I feared that you were hurte my Lord.

Ki Hurt, how I pray?

Lem. Why, hurt Madam, I am well againe.

Quee. Do you aske? why he told me *Dowsecer* and this his friend, threatned to take away.

Ki. To take away, what should they take away.

La. Name it Madam.

Ru. Nay, I pray name it you.

Le. Why then, thus it was my liege, I told her *Dowsecer*, and this his friende threatned to take away, and if they could the instrument of procreation, and what was that now, but *Martia* beeing a fayre woman, is not shee the instrument of procreation, as all women are?

Qu. O wicked man.

Le. Go to, go to, you are one of those fiddles too yfaith.

Ki. Well pardon my minion, that hath frayd you thus, twas but to make you mery in the end.

Qu. I ioy it endes so well, my gracious Lord.

Fo. But say my gracious Lord, is no harme done, betweene my louing daughter, and your grace?

Ki. No, of my honor and my soule *Foyes*.

Dow. The fire of loue which she hath kindled in me being greater then my heate of vanity, hath quite expelled.

Ki. Come *Dowsecer*, receiue with your lost wittes your loue, though lost; I know youle yeeld, my lord, and you her father.

Both. Most ioyfully my Lord.

Ki. And for her part I know her dispositiō well enough.

Lem. What, will you have her?

Dow. Yea mary will I.

Le. Ile go and tell *Labesha* presently.

Enter Iaquis, and my Host.

Ia. Monsieur *Lemot*, I pray let me speake with you, I come to you from the Lord *Moren*, who would desire you to speake to the King for my masters lottery, and he hath my place to beare a torch, for bare-faced hee dares not look vpon his wife, for his life.

Le. O excellent, Ile further thy maſters lottery and it be but for this ieſt only, harke you my liege, heres the poore man hath bin at great charges for the preparation of a lottery, and he hath made the rareſt deuice, that I know you wil take great pleaſure in it, I pray let him preſent it before you at *Valeres* houſe.

Ki. With all my heart, can you be ready ſo ſoone?

Hoſt. Preſently and if it like your grace.

Li. But hearke you *Lemot*, how ſhall we do for euery mans poſie.

Le. Will you all truſt me with the making of them?

All. With all our hearts.

Le. Why then Ile go to make the poſes and bring *Labeſha* to the lottery preſently.

Enter Florila like a Puritan.

Flo. Surely the world is full of vanitie, a woman muſt take heed ſhe do not heare a lewd man ſpeake, for euery woman cannot when ſhee is tempted, when the wicked fiend gets her into his ſnares eſcape like me, or graces meaſure is not ſo filled vp, nor ſo preſt downe in euery one as me, but yet I promiſe you a little more: well, Ile go ſeeke my head, who ſhal take me in the gates of his kind armes vntoucht of any.

King. What Madam are you ſo pure now?

Flo. Yea, would not you be pure?

King. No puritane.

Flo. You muſt be then a diuell, I can tell you.

Lab. O wife where haſt thou beene?

Flo. where did I tell you I would be I pray.

Lab. In thy cloſe walke thou ſaidſt.

Flo. And was I not?

Lab. Truly I know not, I neither looked nor knocked, for *Labeſha* told me that you, and faire *Martia* were at Verones ordinarie.

Ki. *Labeſha*? my lord you are a wiſe man to beleeue a fool.

Flo. Well my good head, for my part I forgiue you: but furely you do much offend to be fufpicious. where there is no truft, there is no loue, and where there is no loue twixt man and wife, theres no good dealing furely: for as men fhould euer loue their wiues, fo fhould they euer truft thē, for what loue, is there where there is no truft?

King. She tels you true, my lord.

Lab. She doth my liege; and deare wife pardon this and I will neuer be fufpicious more.

Flo. Why I fay, I do.

Enter Lemot, leading Labefha in a halter.

Lem. Looke you my liege, I haue done fimple feruice amongeft you, here is one had hanged himfelfe for loue, thinking his Miftreffe had done fo for him: well, fee your Miftreffe liues.

Labefh. And doth my Miftreffe liue?

King. Shee doth, O noble knight, but not your Miftreffe now.

Lab. Sblood, but fhe fhall for me, or for no body elfe.

Lem. How now, what a traitor, draw vpon the King.

Lab. Yea, or vpon any woman here in a good caufe.

King. Well fweete *Befha* let her marry *Dowfecer*, Ile get thee a wife worth fifteene of her, wilt thou haue one that cares not for thee?

Lab. Not I, by the Lord, I fcorne her, Ile haue her better if I can get her.

King. Why thats well faid.

Lem. What Madam are you turned puritan againe?

Flo. When was I other, pray?

Lem. Marie, Ile tell you when, when you went to the Ordinarie, and when you made falfe fignes to your hufband, which I could tell him all.

Flo. Curfed be he that maketh debate twixt man & wife.

Lem. O rare ſcripturian! you haue ſealed vp my lips, a hall, a hall, the pageant of the Butterie.

Enter two with torches, the one of them Moren, then my hoſt and his ſon, then his maid dreſt like Queene Fortune, with two pots in her hands.

King. What is he?

Lem. This is Verones ſonne, my liege.

King. What ſhall he do?

Cat. Speak ſome ſpeach that his father hath made for him.

Qu. Why is he good at ſpeeches?

Cat. O he is rare at ſpeaches.

Boy. Faire ladies moſt tender, and nobles moſt ſlender, and gentles whoſe wits be ſcarce.

Ki. My hoſt, why do you call vs nobles moſt ſlender?

Hoſt. And it ſhall pleaſe your Grace, to be ſlender is to be proper, and therfore where my boy faies nobles moſt ſlender, it is as much to ſay, fine and proper nobles?

Le. Yea, but why do you call vs gentles whoſe wits are ſcarce.

Hoſt. To be ſcarce, is to be rare: and therefore where as he ſayes Gentles whoſe wits be ſcarce, is as much as to ſay, Gentles whoſe wits be rare.

Lem. Well, forwards trunchman.

Boy. Faire ladies moſt tender, and nobles moſt ſlender, and gentles whoſe wittes be ſcarce, Queene Fortune doth come with her trumpe and her drumme, as it may appeare by my voice.

Lab. Come hither, are you a ſchoolemaiſter, where was Fortune Queene, of what countrey or kingdome?

Hoſt. Wy ſir, Fortune was Queene ouer all the world.

Lab. Thats a lie, theres none that euer conquered all the world, but maiſter *Aliſander*, I am ſure of that.

Lem. O rare Monſieur *Labesha*, who would haue thought hee could haue found ſo rare a fault in the ſpeach.

Hoſt. Ile alter it if it pleaſe your grace.

King. No, tis very well.

Boy. Father I muſt begin againe they interrupt me ſo.

Hoſt. I beſeech your grace giue the boy leaue to begin again.

King. With all my heart, tis ſo good we cannot heare it too oft.

Boy. Fair ladies moſt tender, and nobles moſt ſlender, and gentles whoſe wittes are ſcarce, Queene Fortune doth come with her Fiſe, and her Drum, as it doth appeare by my voice, here is Fortune good, but il by the rood, and this naught but good ſhall do you, dealing the lots out of our pots, and ſo good Fortune to you ſir.

Lem. Looke you my liege, how hee that caries the torch trembles extreamly.

King. I warrant tis with care to carie his torch well.

Lem. Nay there is ſomething elſe in the wind: why my hoſt, what meanes thy man *Iaques* to tremble ſo?

Hoſt. Hold ſtill thou knaue, what art thou afraid to looke vpon the goodly preſence of a king: hold vp for ſhame.

Lem. Alas poore man, he thinks tis *Iaques* his man: poore lord, how much is he bound to ſuffer for his wife?

King. Hearke you mine hoſt, what goodly perſon is that? is it Fortune her ſelfe?

Hoſt. Ile tell you Maieſtie in ſecrete who it is, it is my maide *Iaquena.*

King. I promiſe you ſhe becomes her ſtate rarely.

Lem. Well my liege, you were all content that I ſhould make your poſes: well, here they be euery one: giue Maſter Verone his fiue crownes.

King. Theres mine and the Queenes.

Labesh. Theirs ours.

Dow. And there is mine and *Martias.*

Lem. Come *Labesha* thy money.

Lab. You muſt lend me ſome, for my boy is runne away with my purſe.

Le. Thy boy? I neuer knew any that thou hadſt.

Lab. Had not I a boy three or foure yeares ago, and he ran away.

Lem. And neuer ſince he went thou hadſt not a peny, but ſtand by, Ile excuſe you. But ſirrah *Catalian,* thou ſhalt ſtand on one ſide and reade the priſes, and I will ſtand on the other and read the Poſes.

Cat. Content *Lemot.*

Lem. Come on Queene Fortune, tell euery man his poſie, this is orderly, the King and Queene are firſt.

King. Come let vs ſee what goodly poſes you haue giuen vs.

Lem. This is your Maieſties, At the faireſt, ſo it bee not *Martia.*

King. A plague vpon you, you are ſtill playing the villaines with me.

Lem. This is the Queenes, Obey the Queene: and ſhe ſpeakes it to her husband, or to Fortune, which ſhe will.

Cat. A priſe: Your Maieſties is the ſumme of foure ſhillings in gold.

King. Why how can that be, there is no ſuch coyne.

Hoſt. Here is the worth of it, if it pleaſe your grace.

Quee. Well, whats for me?

Ca. A heart of gold.

Quee. A goodly iewell.

Le. Count *Laberucle* and *Florila.*

La. Whats my poſie ſir I pray?

Le. Mary this my Lord,

Of all fortunes friends, that hath ioy in this life,
He is moſt happy that puts a ſure truſt in his wife.

La. A very good one fir, I thanke you for it.
Flo. Whats mine I pray?
Le. Mary this Madam,
Good fortune, be thou my good fortune bringer,
And make me amends for my poore bitten finger.
La. Who bit your finger wife?
Flo. No body; tis vain pofie.
Ca. Blanke for my lord *Laberuele*, for his wife a pofie, a paire of holy beades with a crucifix.
Flo. O bomination Idole, Ile none of them.
King. Keep them thy felf Veron, fhe will not haue them.
Le. *Dowfecer and Martia*, I haue fitted your lordfhip for a pofie.
Dow. Why, what is it?
Le. *Ante omnia vna.*
Mar. And what is mine fir?
Lem. A ferious one, I warrant you change: for the better.
Ma. Thats not amiffe.
Cat. A price: *Dowfecer* hath a cats eyes, or *Mercuries* rod of gold, fet with Iacinths and Emeralds.
Dow. What is for *Martia*?
Ca. *Martia* hath the two ferpents heades fet with Diamonds.
Le. What my hoft *Verone*?
Ki. What? is he in for his owne iewells
Le. O what els my liege, tis our bountie, and his pofie is
To tell you the truth, in words plaine and mild
Verone loues his maide, and fhe is great with child.
Ki. What Queene fortune with child, fhall we haue yong fortunes my hoft?
Hoft. I am abufed, and if it pleafe your Maieftie.
Maid. Ile play no more.
Lem. No faith you need not now, you have plaid your bellie full alreadie.
Hoft. Stand ftill good *Iaquena*, they do but ieaft.
Maid. Yea, but I like no fuch ieafting.

Lem. Come great Queene Fortune, let ſee your poſies, what madam, alas, your ladiſhip is one of the laſt.

Coun. What is my poſie ſir I pray?

Lem. Marie Madame your poſie is made in maner and forme of an Eccho, as if you were ſeeking your husbande, and fortune ſhould be the Eccho, and this you ſay: where is my husbande hid ſo long vnmaſkt, maſkt? ſayes the Eccho: but in what place ſweete Fortune? let me heare: heare ſayes the Eccho.

King. There you lie Eccho, for if he were here we muſt needes ſee him.

Lem. Indeed ſweete King, there me thinkes the Eccho muſt needes lie, if hee were here wee muſt needes see him, tis one of thō that caries the torches: no that cannot be neither, and yet by the Maſſe heres *Iaques*, why my hoſt, did not you tell me that *Iaques* ſhould be a torchbearer: who is this? Gods my life, my lord.

Mor. And you be Gentlemen let me go.

Coun. Nay come your way, you may be well enough aſhamed to ſhew your face that is a periured wretch, did not you ſweare, if there were any wenches at the ordinarie, you would ſtraight come home?

King. Why, who tolde you Madam, there were any there?

Count. He that will ſtand to it, *Lemot* my liege.

Lem. Who I ſtand to it, alas, I tolde you in kindneſſe, and good will, becauſe I would not haue you companie long from your huſband.

Mor. Who loe you bird, how much you are deceiued.

Co. Why wherefore were you afraid to be ſeene?

Mor. Who I afraid? alas I bore a torch to grace this honorable preſence, for nothing els ſweete bird.

King Thankes, good *Moren*, ſee lady with what wrong, you have purſued your moſt inamored lord: but come now al are friends, now is this day ſpent

with anhurtfull motiues of delight, and ouer ioyes more my ſenſes at the night : and now for *Dowſecer*, if 'all will follow my deuiſe, his beauteous loue and he ſhall married be, and here I ſolemnly inuite you all home to my court, where with feaſtes wee will crowne this myrthfull day, and vow it to renowne.

FINIS.



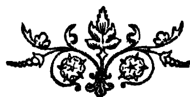
LONDON
Printed by Valentine Simmes.
1599.

AL FOOLES

A

Comody, Preſented at the Black *Fryers, And lately before* his Maieſtie.

Written by *George Chapman.*



AT LONDON,
Printed for Thomas Thorpe.
1605.

Actors.

Gostanzo. } Knights.
Mar. Antonio. }
Valerio, sonne to Gostanzo.
Fortunio, elder sonne to Marc. Antonio.
Rynaldo, the younger.
Dariotto. } Courtiers.
Claudio. }
Cornelio, A start-vp Gentleman.
Curio, a Page.
Kyte, a Scriuener.
Fraunces Pock, a Surgeon.
Gazetta, Wife to Cor:
Bellonora, daughter to Gostanzo.
Gratiana Stolne wife to Valerio.

To my long lou'd and Honourable *friend Sir Thomas Walsingham Knight.*

Should I expose to euery common eye,
The least allow'd birth of my shaken braine;
And not entitle it perticulerly
To your acceptance, I were wurse then vaine.
And though I am most loth to passe your sight
with any such light marke of vanitie,
Being markt with Age for Aimes of greater weight,
and drownd in darke Death-vshering melancholy,
Yet least by others stealth it be imprest,
without my pasport, patcht with others wit,
Of two enforst ills I elect the least;
and so desire your loue will censure it;
Though my old fortune keepe me still obscure,
The light shall still beway my ould loue sure.



Prologus.

THe fortune of a Stage (like Fortunes selfe)
Amazeth greatest iudgements: And none knowes
The hidden causes of those strange effects,
That rise from this Hell, or fall from this Heauen:
Who can shew cause, why your wits, that in ayme
At higher Obiects, scorne to compose Playes;
(Though we are sure they could, would they vouchsafe it?)
Should (without means to make) iudge better farre,
Then those that make, and yet yee see they can;
For without your applause, wretched is he
That vndertakes the Stage, and he's more blest,
That with your glorious fauours can contest.
Who can shew cause, why th' ancient Comick vaine
Of Eupolis *and* Cratinus *(now reuiu'd,*
Subiect to personall application)
Should be exploded by some bitter splenes?
Yet merely Comicall, and harmelesse iestes
(Though nere so witty) be esteem'd but toyes,
If voide of th' other satyrismes sauce?

Prologus.

Who can ſhew cauſe why quick Venerian ieſtes,
Should ſometimes rauiſh? ſometimes fall farre ſhort,
Of the iuſt length and pleaſure of your eares?
When our pure Dames, thinke them much leſſe obſcene,
Then thoſe that winne your Panegyrick ſplene?
But our poore doomes (alas) you know are nothing;
To your inſpired cenſure, euer we
Muſt needs ſubmit, and there's the miſtery.
Great are the giftes giuen to vnited heades.
To gifts, attyre, to faire attyre, the ſtage
Helps much, for if our other audience ſee
You on the ſtage depart before we end,
Our wits goe with you all, and we are fooles;
So Fortune gouernes in theſe ſtage euents,
That merit beares leaſt ſway in moſt contents.
Auriculas Aſini quis non habet?
How we ſhall then appeare, we muſt referre
To Magicke of your doomes, that neuer erre.



All Fooles.

Actus primi. *Scœna prima.*

Enter Rynaldo, Fortunio, Valerio.

Ryn. CAn one felfe caufe, in fubiects fo a like
As you two are, produce effect fo vnlike?
One like the Turtle, all in mournefull ftraines,
Wailing his fortunes? Th' other like the Larke
Mounting the fky in fhrill and cheerefull notes:
Chaunting his ioyes afpir'd, and both for loue?
In one, loue rayfeth by his violent heate,
Moyft vapours from the heart into the eyes,
From whence they drowne his breft in dayly fhowers,
In th' other, his diuided power infufeth
Onely a temperate and moft kindly warmth,
That giues life to thofe fruites of wit and vertue,
Which the vnkinde hand of an vnciuile father,
Had almoft nipt in the delightfome bloffome.
For. O brother loue rewards our feruices
With a moft partiall and iniurious hand,
If you confider well our different fortunes:
Valerio loues, and ioyes the dame he loues;
I loue, and never can enioy the fight
Of her I loue, fo farre from conquering
In my defires affault, that I can come
To lay no battry to the Fort I feeke;
All paffages to it, fo ftrongly kept,
By ftraite guard of her Father.
Ryn. I dare fweare,
If iuft defert in loue meafur'd reward,

Your fortune ſhould exceede *Valerios* farre:
For I am witnes (being your Bedfellow)
Both to the dayly and the nightly ſeruice,
You doe vnto the deity of loue,
In vowes, ſighes, teares, and ſolitary watches,
He neuer ſerues him with ſuch ſacrifice,
Yet hath his Bowe and Shaftes at his commaund:
Loues ſeruice is much like our humorous Lords;
Where Minions carry more then Seruitors.
The bolde and careleſſe ſeruant ſtill obtaines:
The modeſt and reſpective, nothing gaines;
You neuer ſee your loue, vnleſſe in dreames,
He, *Hymen* puts in whole poſſeſſion:
What different ſtarres raign'd when your loues were borne,
He forc't to weare the Willow, you the horne?
But brother, are you not aſham'd to make
Your ſelfe a ſlaue to the baſe Lord of loue,
Begot of Fancy, and of Beauty borne?
And what is Beauty? a meere Quinteſſence,
Whoſe life is not in being, but in ſeeming;
And therefore is not to all eyes the ſame,
But like a couſoning picture, which one way
Shewes like a Crowe, another like a Swanne;
And vpon what ground is this Beauty drawne?
Vpon a Woman, a moſt brittle creature,
And would to God (for my part) that were all.
Fort. But tell me brother, did you neuer loue?
Ryn. You know I did, and was belou'd againe,
And that of ſuch a Dame, as all men deem'd
Honour'd, and made me happy in her fauours,
Exceeding faire ſhe was not; and yet faire
In that ſhe neuer ſtudyed to be fayrer
Then Nature made her; Beauty coſt her nothing,
Her vertues were ſo rare, they would haue made
An *Æthyop* beautifull: At leaſt, ſo thought
By ſuch as ſtood aloofe, and did obſerue her
With credulous eyes; But what they were indeed
Ile ſpare to blaze, becauſe I lou'd her once,

Onely I found her ſuch, as for her ſake
I vow eternall warres againſt their whole ſexe,
Inconſtant ſhuttle-cocks, louing fooles, and ieſters ;
Men rich in durt, and tytles ſooner woone
With the moſt vile, then the moſt vertuous :
Found true to none : if one amongſt whole hundreds
Chance to be chaſte, ſhe is ſo proude withall,
Wayward and rude, that one of vnchaſte life,
Is oftentimes approu'd, a worthier wife :
Vndreſſed, ſluttiſh, naſty, to their husbands,
Spung'd vp, adorn'd, and painted to their louers ·
All day in ceſſeleſſe vprore with their houſholdes,
If all the night their husbands haue not pleaſ'd them.
Like hounds, moſt kinde, being beaten and abuſ'd,
Like wolues, moſt cruell, being kindelyeſt vſ'd.

For. Fye, thou prophan'ſt the deity of their ſexe.

Ry. Brother I read, that *Ægypt* heretofore,
Had Temples of the riches frame on earth ;
Much like this goodly edifice of women,
With Alablaſter pillers were thoſe Temples,
Vpheld and beautified, and ſo are women :
Moſt curiouſly glaz'd, and ſo are women ;
Cunningly painted too, and ſo are women ;
In out-ſide wondrous heauenly ſo are women :
But when a ſtranger view'd thoſe phanes within,
In ſtead of Gods and Goddeſſes, he ſhould finde
A painted fowle, a fury, or a ſerpent,
And ſuch celeſtiall inner parts haue women.

Val. *Rynaldo*, the poore Foxe that loſt his tayle,
Perſwaded others alſo to looſe theirs :
Thy ſelfe, for one perhaps that for deſert
Or ſome defect in thy attempts refuſ'd thee,
Reuil'ſt the whole ſexe, beauty, loue and all :
I tell thee, Loue, is Natures ſecond ſonne,
Cauſing a ſpring of vertues where he ſhines,
And as without the Sunne, the Worlds great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of Arte and Nature,
Are giuen in vaine to men, ſo without loue
All beauties bred in women are in vaine ;

All vertues borne in men lye buried,
For loue informes them as the Sunne doth colours,
And as the Sunne reflecting his warme beames
Against the earth, begets all fruites and flowers:
So loue, fayre shining in the inward man,
Brings foorth in him the honourable fruites
Of valour, wit, vertue, and haughty thoughts,
Braue resolution, and diuine discourse:
O tis the Paradice, the heauen of earth,
And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts,
In one delicious harmony vnited?
As to ioy one ioy, and thinke both one thought,
Liue both one life, and therein double life:
To see their soules met at an enter-view
In their bright eyes, at parle in their lippes,
Their language kisses: And to obserue the rest,
Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
Of all loues most vnmatched ceremonies:
Thou wouldst abhorre thy tongue for blasphemy,
O who can comprehend how sweet loue tastes,
But he that hath been present at his feastes?

Ryn. Are you in that vaine too *Valerio*?
'Twere fitter you should be about your charge,
How Plow and Cart goes forward; I haue knowne
Your ioyes were all imployde in husbandry,
Your study was how many loades of hay
A meadow of so many acres yeelded;
How many Oxen such a close would fat?
And is your rurall seruice now conuerted
From *Pan* to *Cupid*? and from beastes to women?
O if your father knew this, what a lecture
Of bitter castigation he would read you?

Val. My father? why my father? does he thinke
To rob me of my selfe? I hope I know
I am a Gentleman, though his couetous humour
And education hath transform'd me Bayly,
And made me ouerseer of his pastures,
Ile be my selfe, in spight of husbandry.

Enter Gratiana.

And ſee bright heauen here comes my husbandry,

Amplectitur eam.

Here ſhall my cattle graze, here *Nectar* drinke,
Here will I hedge and ditch, here hide my treaſure,
O poore *Fortunio*, how wouldſt thou tryumph,
If thou enjoy'dſt this happines with my Siſter ?

For. I were in heauen if once twere come to that.

Ryn. And me thinkes tis my heauen that I am paſt it,
And ſhould the wretched Macheuilian,
The couetous Knight your father ſee this ſight
Luſty *Valerio.*

Val. Sfoote Sir if he ſhould,
He ſhall perceiue ere long my ſkille extends
To ſomething more, then ſweaty husbandry.

Syn. Ile bear thee witnes, thou canſt ſkill of dice,
Cards, tennis, wenching, dauncing, and what not ?
And this is ſomething more then husbandry:
Th' art known in Ordinaries, and *Tabacco* ſhops,
Truſted in Tauernes and in vaulting houſes,
And this is ſomething more then husbandry:
Yet all this while, thy father apprehends thee
For the moſt tame and thriftie Groome in *Europe.*

For. Well, he hath venter'd on a mariage
Would quite vndoe him, did his father know it.

Rin. Know it ? alas Sir where can he beſtow
This poore Gentlewoman he hath made his wife,
But his inquiſitiue father will heare of it ?
Who, like the dragon to th' eſperean fruite,
Is to his haunts ? ſlight hence, the olde knight comes.

Intrat Goſtanzo. Omnes aufugiunt.

Goſt. *Rynaldo.*

Ry. Whoſe that calles ? what Sir *Goſtanzo*
How fares your Knighthood Sir ?

Goſt. Say who was that
Shrunke at my entry here ? was't not your brother ?

Ryn. He ſhrunke not ſir, his buſines call'd him hence.

Gost. And was it not my ſonne that went out with him?

Ryn. I ſaw not him, I was in ſerious ſpeech
About a ſecret buſines with my brother.

Gost. Sure twas my ſonne, what made he here? I ſent him
About affaires to be dispacht in haſt.

Ryn. Well ſir, leſt ſilence breed vniuſt ſuſpect,
Ile tell a ſecret I am ſworne to keep,
And craue your honoured aſſiſtance in it.

Gost. What iſt *Rynaldo*?

Ryn. This ſir, twas your ſonne.

Gost. And what yong gentlewoman grac'ſt their company?

Ryn. Thereon depends the ſecret I muſt vtter:
That gentlewoman hath my brother maryed.

Gost. Maryed? what is ſhe?

Ryn. Faith ſir, a gentlewoman:
But her vnnuriſhing dowry muſt be tolde
Out of her beauty.

Gost. Is it true *Rynaldo*?
And does your father vnderſtand ſo much?

Ryn. That was the motion ſir, I was entreating
Your ſonne to make to him, becauſe I know
He is well ſpoken, and may much preuaile
In ſatiſfying my father, who much loues him,
Both for his wiſedome and his husbandry.

Gost. Indeede he's one can tell his tale I tell you,
And for his husbandry.

Ryn. O ſir, had you heard,
What thrifty diſcipline he gaue my brother,
For making choyce without my fathers knowledge,
And without riches, you would haue admyr'd him.

Gost. Nay, nay, I know him well, but what was it?

Ryn. That in the choyce of wiues men muſt reſpect
The chiefe wife, riches, that in euery courſe
A mans chiefe Load-ſtarre ſhould ſhine out of riches,

Loue nothing hartely in this world but riches;
Caſt off all friends, all ſtudies, all delights,
All honeſty, and religion for riches:
And many ſuch, which wiſedome ſure he learn'd
Of his experient father; yet my brother,
So ſoothes his raſh affection, and preſumes
So highly on my fathers gentle nature,
That he's reſolu'd to bring her home to him,
And like enough he will.
Goſt. And like enough.
Your ſilly father too, will put it vp,
An honeſt knight, but much too much indulgent
To his preſuming children.
Ryn. What a difference
Doth interpoſe it ſelfe, twixt him and you?
Had your ſonne vſ'd you thus?
Goſt. My ſonne? alas
I hope to bring him vp in other faſhion,
Followes my husbandry, ſets early foote
Into the world; he comes not at the citty,
Nor knowes the citty Artes.
Ryn. But dice and wenching. *Auerſus.*
Goſt. Acquaints himſelfe with no delight but getting,
A perfect patterne of ſobriety,
Temperance and husbandry to all my houſholde,
And what's his company I pray? not wenches.
Ryn. Wenches? I durſt be ſworne he neuer ſmelt
A wench's breath yet, but methinkes twere fit
You ſought him out a wife.
Goſt. A wife *Rynaldo*?
He dares not lookee a woman in the face.
Ryn. Sfoote holde him to one, your ſonne ſuch a ſheep?
Goſt. Tis ſtrange in earneſt.
Ryn. Well ſir, though for my thriftleſſe brothers ſake,
I little care how my wrong'd father father takes it,
Yet for my fathers quiet, if your ſelfe

Would ioyne hands with your wife and toward Sonne,
I ſhould deſerue it ſome way.

Goſt. Good *Rynaldo,*
I loue you and your father, but this matter
Is not for me to deale in: And tis needleſſe,
You ſay your brother is reſolu'd, preſuming
Your father wlll allow it.

Enter Marcantonio.

Ryn. See my father,
Since you are reſolute not to moue him Sir,
In any caſe conceale the ſecret *Abſcondit ſe.*
By way of an attonement let me pray you will.

Goſt. Vpon mine honour.

Ryn. Thankes Sir.

Mar. God ſaue thee honourable Knight *Goſtanzo.*

Goſt. Friend *Marc Antonio*? welcome, and I thinke
I haue good newes to welcome you withall.

Ryn. He cannot holde.

Mar. What newes I pray you Sir?

Goſt. You haue a forward, valiant eldeſt Sonne,
But wherein is his forwardnes, and valour?

Mar. I know not wherein you intend him ſo.

Goſt. Forward before, valiant behinde, his duety,
That he hath dar'd before your due conſent
To take a wife.

Mar. A wife ſir? what is ſhe?

Goſt. One that is rich enough, her hayre pure Amber,
Her forehead mother of pearle, her faire eyes
Two wealthy diamants: her lips, mines of Rubies:
Her teeth, are orient pearle, her necke, pure Iuory.

Mar. Ieſt not good Sir, in an affayre ſo ſerious,
I loue my ſonne, and if his youth reward me
With his contempt of my conſent in marriage:
Tis to be fear'd that his preſumption buildes not
Of his good choyce, that will beare out it ſelfe,
And being bad, the newes is worſe then bad.

Goſt. What call you bad? is it bad to be poore?

Mar. The world accounts it so; but if my soone
Haue in her birth and vertues helde his choice,
Without disparagement, the fault is lesse.
Gost. Sits the winde there? blowes there so calme a gale
From a contemned and deserued anger?
Are you so easie to be disobay'd?
Mar. What should I doe? if my enamour'd sonne
Haue been so forward; I assure my selfe
He did it more to satisfie his loue,
Then to incense my hate, or to neglect me.
Gost. A passing kinde construction; suffer this,
You ope him doores to any villany,
He'le dare to sell, to pawne, runne euer ryot,
Despise your loue in all, and laugh at you:
And that knights competency you haue gotten
With care and labour; he with lust and idlenesse
Will bring into the stypend of a begger;
All to maintaine a wanton whirly-gig,
Worth nothing more then she brings on her back,
Yet all your wealth too little for that back:
By heauen I pitty your declining state,
For be assur'd your sonne hath set his foote,
In the right path-way to consumption:
Vp to the heart in loue; and for that loue,
Nothing can be too deare his loue desires:
And how insatiate and unlymited,
Is the ambition and the beggerly pride
Of a dame hoysed from a beggers state,
To a state competent and plentifull,
You cannot be so simple not to know.
Mar. I must confesse the mischiefe: But alas
Where is in me the power of remedy?
Gost. Where? in your iust displeasure: cast him off,
Receiue him not, let him endure the vse
Of their enforced kindnesse that must trust him
For meate and money, for apparrell, house,
And euery thing belongs to that estate,

Which he muſt learne with want of miſery,
Since pleaſure and a full eſtate hath blinded
His diſſolute deſires.

Mar. What ſhould I doe?
If I ſhould baniſh him my houſe and ſight,
What deſperate reſolution might it breed?
To runne into the warres, and there to liue
In want of competencie and perhaps
Taſte th' vnrecouerable loſſe of his chiefe limbes,
Which while he hath in peace, at home with me,
May with his ſpirit, ranſome his eſtate
From any loſſe his marriage can procure.

Goſt. Iſt true? Ne let him runne into the warre,
And loſe what limbes he can: better one branch
Be lopt away, then all the whole tree ſhould periſh:
And for his wants, better young want then olde,
You have a younger ſonne at *Padoa*,
I like his learning well, make him your heire,
And let your other walke: let him buy wit
Att's owne charge, not at's fathers, if you looſe him,
You looſe no more then that was loſt before,
If you recouer him, you finde a ſonne.

Mar. I cannot part with him.

Goſt. If it be ſo, and that your loue to him be ſo extreame,
In needfull daungers, euer chuſe the leaſt:
If he ſhould be in minde to paſſe the Seas,
Your ſonne *Rynaldo* (who tolde me all this)
Will tell me that, and ſo we ſhall preuent it:
If by no ſterne courſe you will venture that,
Let him come home to me with his faire wife:
And if you chaunce to ſee him, ſhake him vp,
As if your wrath were hard to be reflected,
That he may feare hereafter to offend
In other diſſolute courſes: At my houſe
With my aduice and my ſonnes good example,
Who ſhall ſerue as a glaſſe for him to ſee
His faults, and mend them to his preſident
I make no doubt but of a diſſolut Sonne

And disobedient, to send him home
Both dutifull and thriftie,

Mar. O *Gostanzo!*
Could you do this, you should preserue your selfe,
A perfect friend of mee, and mee a Sonne.

Gost. Remember you your part, and feare not mine:
Rate him, reuile him, and renounce him too:
Speak, can you doo't man?

Mar. Ile do all I can. *Exit Mar.*

Gost. Ahlas good man, how Nature ouer-wayes him.

Rynaldo comes forth.

Ryn. God saue you Sir.

Gost. *Rynaldo*, All the Newes
You told mee as a secret, I perceiue
Is passing common; for your Father knowes it,
The first thing he related, was the Marriage.

Ryn. And was extreamly moou'd?

Gost. Beyond all measure:
But I did all I could to quench his furie:
Told him how easie t'was for a young man
To runne that Amorous course: and though his choyce
Were nothing rich, yet shee was gentlie borne,
Well quallified and beautifull: But hee still
Was quite relentles, and would needes renounce him.

Ryn. My Brother knowes it well, and is resolud
To trayle a Pyke in Field, rather then bide
The more feard push of my vext Fathers furie.

Gost. Indeed that's one way: bnt are no more meanes
Left to his fine wits, then t'incence his Father
With a more violent rage, and to redeeme
A great offence with greater?

Ryn. So I told him:
But to a desperat minde all breath is lost,

Gost. Go to, let him be wise, and vse his friendes,
Amongst whom, Ile be formost to his Father:
Without this desperate errour he intends

Ioynd to the other ; Ile not doubt to make him
Easie returne into his Fathers fauour :
So he submit himselfe, as duetie bindes him :
For Fathers will be knowne to be them selues,
And often when their angers are not deepe,
Will paint an outward Rage vpon their lookes.

Rin. All this I told him Sir ; but what sayes hee ?
I know my Father will not be reclaymde,
Heele thinke that if he wincke at this offence,
T'will open doores to any villanie :
Ile dare to sell to pawne, and run all ryot,
To laugh at all his patience, and consume
All he hath purchast to an honord purpose,
In maintenance of a wenton Whirligigg,
Worth nothing more than she weares on her backe.

Gost. The very words I vsd t' incense his Father,
But good *Rinoldo* let him be aduisde :
How would his Father grieue, should he be maynd,
Or quite miscarie in the ruthles warre ?

Rin. I told him so ; but better farr (sayd hee,)
One branch should vtterly be lopt away,
Then the whole Tree of all his race should perish :
And for his wants, better yong want, then eld.

Gost. By heauen the same words still I vsde t' his Father.
Why comes this about ? Well, good *Rinaldo*,
If hee dare not indure his Fathers lookes,
Let him and his faire wife come home to me,
Till I have quallified his Fathers passion,
He shall be kindly welcome, and be sure
Of all the intercession I can vse.

Rin. I thanke you sir, Ile try what I can doe,
Although I feare me I shall striue in vaine.

Gost. Well, try him, try him. *Exit.*

Rin. Thanks sir, so I will.
See, this old politique dissembling Knight,
Now he perceiues my Father so affectionate,
And that my brother may hereafter liue
By him and his, with equall vse of either,

He will put on a face of hollowe friendſhip.
But this will proue an excellent ground to ſowe
The seede of mirth amongſt vs; Ile go ſeeke
Valerio and my brother, and tell them
Such newes of their affaires, as they'le admire.
Exit.

Enter Gazetta, Bellonora, Gratiana.

Gaze. How happie are your fortunes aboue mine?
Both ſtill being woode and courted: ſtill ſo feeding
On the delightes of loue, that ſtill you finde
An appetite to more; where I am cloyde,
And being bound to loue ſportes, care not for them.
Bell. That is your fault *Gazetta*, we haue Loues
And wiſh continuall company with them
In honour'd marriage rites, which you enioy.
But ſeld or neuer can we get a looke
Of thoſe we loue, *Fortunio* my deare choyce
Dare not be knowne to loue me, nor come neere
My Fathers houſe, where I as in a priſon
Conſume my loſt dayes, and the tedious nights,
My Father guarding me for one I hate
And *Gratiana* here my brothers loue,
Ioyes him by ſo much ſtelth, that vehement feare
Drinkes vp the ſweetneſſe of their ſtolne delightes:
Where you enioye a husband, and may freely
Performe all obſequies you deſire to loue.
Gaze. Indeede I haue a husband, and his love
Is more then I deſire, being vainely ielouſe?
Extreames, tho' contrarie, haue the like effects,
Extreames heate mortifies like extreame colde:
Extreame loue breedes ſacietie as well
As extreame Hatred; and too violent rigour,
Tempts Chaſtetie as much, as too much Licence:
There's no mans eye fixt on mee but doth pierce
My Husbandes ſoule: If any aſke my wel-fare?
Hee ſtraight doubts Treaſon practis'd to his bed:
Fancies but to himſelfe all likelihoods
Of my wrong to him, and layes all on mee
For certaine trueths; yet ſeekes he with his beſt,

To put Difguife on all his Ielofie,
Fearing perhaps, leaft it may teach me that,
Which otherwife I fhould not dreame vpon:
Yet liues he ftill abrode, at great expence,
Turns merely Gallant from his Farmers ftate,
Vfes all Games and recreations:
Runnes Races with the Gallants of the Court,
Feaftes them at home, and entertaines them coftly,
And then vpbraydes mee with their companie:

Enter Cornelio.

See fee wee, wee fhalbe troubl'd with him now.

Cor. Now Ladyes, what plots haue we now in hand?
They fay, when onely one Dame is alone,
Shee plots fome mifchiefe; but if three together,
They plot three hundred: Wife, the Ayre is fharpe,
Y'ad beft to take the houfe leaft you take cold.

Gaz. Ahlas this time of yeere yeeldes no fuch danger,

Cor. Goe, in I fay; a friend of yours attends you.

Gaz. Hee is of your bringing, and may ftay.

Cor. Nay ftand not chopping Logicke; in I pray.

Gaz. Yee fee, Gentlewomen, what my happines is,
Thefe humors raigne in mariage humors, humors. *Exit, he followeth.*

Gra. Now by my Sooth I am no fortune teller,
And would be loth to prooue fo; yet pronounce
This at aduenture, that t'were indecorum
This Heffer fhould want hornes.

Bell. Fie on this Loue,
I rather wifh to want, then purchafe fo.

Gra. In deede fuch Loue is like a Smokie fire
In a cold morning; though the Fire be cheerefull,
Yet is the Smoke fo fowre and comberfome,
T'were better lofe the Fire, then finde the Smoke:
Such an attendant then as Smoke to Fire,
Is Ielofie to Loue: Better want both,
Then have both.

Enter Valerio and Fortunio.

Val. Come *Fortunio*, now take hold
On this occasion, as my selfe on this:
One couple more would make a Barly-breake.

For. I feare *Valerio*, wee shall breake too soone,
Your Fathers Ielosie Spy-all, will displease vs.

Val. Well Wench, the daye will come his Argus eyes
Will shut, and thou shalt open: Sfoote, I thinke
Dame *Natures* memorie begins to fayle her:
If I write but my Name in Mercers Bookes,
I am as sure to haue at sixe months end
A Rascole at my elbow with his Mace,
As I am sure my Fathers not farre hence:
My Father yet hath ought *Dame Nature* debt
These threescore yeeres and ten, yet cals not on him·
But if shee turne her Debt-booke ouer once,
And finding him her debtor, do but send
Her Sergeant *Iohn Death* to arrest his body,
Our Soules shall rest Wench then, And the free Light
Shall triumph in our faces; where now Night,
In imitation of my Fathers frownes,
Lowres at our meeting:

Enter Rinald.

See where the Scholler comes.

Rin. Downe on your knees; poore louers reuerence learning.

For. I pray thee why *Rinaldo*?

Rin. Marke what cause
Flowes from my depth of knowledge to your loues,
To make you kneele and blesse me while you liue.

Val. I pray thee, good Scholards giue vs cause.

Rin. Marke then, erect your eares: you know what horror
Would flye on your loue from your fathers frownes,
If he should know it. And your sister here,
(My Brothers sweete hart) knowes aswell what rage
Would seaze his powers for her, if he should knowe
My brother woo'd her, or that she lou'd him,

Is not this true? ſpeake all.

Omn. All this is true.

Rin. It is as true that now you meete by ſtelth
In depth of midnight, kiſſing out at grates,
Clime ouer walles. And all this Ile reforme.

Vale. By Logicke.

Rin. Well ſir, you ſhall haue all meanes
To live in one houſe, eate and drinke together,
Meete and kiſſe your fils.

Val. All this by learning?

Rin. I, and your frowning father know all this.

Val. I marry, ſmall learning may proue that.

Rin. Nay he ſhall know it, and deſire it too,
Welcome my Brother to him, and your wife,
Entreating both to come and dwell with him.
Is not this ſtrange?

For. I too ſtrange to be true.

Rin. 'Tis in this head ſhall worke it: Therefore heare;
Brother, this Lady you muſt call your wife,
For I have tolde her ſweet harts Father here
That ſhe is your wife; and becauſe my Father
(Who now beleeues it) muſt be quieted
Before you ſee him, you muſt liue a while
As husband to her, in his Fathers houſe.
Valerio here's a ſimple meane for you
To lye at racke and manger with your wedlocke
And brother, for your ſelfe to meete as freely
With this your long-deſir'd and barred loue.

For. You make vs wonder.

Rin. Peace, be ruld by mee,
And you ſhall ſee to what a perfect ſhape
Ile bring this rude Plott, which blind Chaunce, (the Ape
Of Counſaile and aduice) hath brought foorth blind.
Valerio, can your heat of loue forbeare
Before your Father, and allow my brother
To vſe ſome kindnes to your wife before him?

Val. I before him, I do not greatlie care,

Nor anie where in deed; my Sifter here
Shall be my fpie: if fhee will wrong her felfe,
And giue her right to my wife, I am pleafd.

For. My deareft life I know, will neuer feare
Anie fuch will or thought in all my powers:
When I court her then, thinke I thinke tis thee:
When I embrace her, hold thee in mine Armes:
Come, let vs practife gainft wee fee your Father.

Val. Soft Sir, I hope you need not do it yet,
Let mee take this time.

Rin. Come, you muft not touch her.

Val. No, not before my Father?

Rin. No nor now,
Becaufe you are fo foone to practife it;
For I muft bring them to him prefentlie.
Take her *Fortunio*; goe, hence man and wife,
Wee will attend you rarely with fixt faces.
Valerio keepe your countenaunce, and confeaue
Your Father in your forged fheepifhnes,
Who thinks thou dar'ft not looke vpon a Wench,
Nor knoweft at which end to begin to kiffe her.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Prima.

Actus secundi, Scæna prima.

Gostanzo, Marcantonio.

Gost. It is your owne too simple lenitie,
And doting indulgence showne to him still
That thus hath taught your Sonne to be no Sonne,
As you haue vs'd him, therefore so you haue him:
Durst my Sonne thus turne rebell to his dutie,
Steale vp a match vnshuting his estate
Without all knowledge of a friend or father;
And to make that good with a worse offence
Adsolue to runne beyond Sea to the warres.
Durst my Sonne serue me thus? well, I haue stayd him,
Though much against my disposition,
And this howre I haue set for his repayre,
With his young mistresse and concealed wife,
And in my house here they shall soiourne both
Till your blacke angers storme be ouer-blowne.
Mar. My angers storme? Ah poore *Fortunio,*
One gentle word from thee would soone resolue
The storme of my rage to a showre of teares.
Gost. In that vaine still? well *Marcantonio,*
Our olde acquaintance and long neighbourhood
Ties my affection to you, and the good
Of your whole house; in kinde regard whereof
I have aduisde you for your credite sake,
And for the tender welfare of your sonne,
To frowne on him a little; if you do not
But at first parle take him to your fauour,
I protest vtterly to renownce all care
Of you and yours, and all your amities.
They say hee's wretched that out of himselfe
Cannot draw counsell to his propper weale,
But hee's thrice wretched that has neither counsell.

Within himselfe, nor apprehension
Of counsaile for his owne good, from another.

Mar. Well, I will arme my selfe against this weaknes
The best I can; I long to see this *Hellene*
That hath enchaunted my young *Paris* thus,
And's like to set all our poore *Troye* on fire.

Enter Valerio with a Page. Marc. retyres himselfe.

Gost. Here comes my Sonne; withdraw, take vp your stand,
You shall heare odds betwixt your Sonne and mine.

Val. Tell him I cannot doo't: Shall I be made
A foolish Nouice, my Purse set a broch
By euerie cheating come you seauen? to lend
My Money and be laught at? tell him plaine
I professe Husbandrie, and will not play
The Prodigall like him, gainst my profession.

Gost. Here's a Sonne.

Mar. An admirable sparke.

Page. Well sir, Ile tell him so. *Exit Page.*

Val. Sfoote, let him lead
A better Husbands life and liue not idlely,
Spending his time, his coyne, and selfe on Wenches.

Gost. Why what's the matter Sonne?

Val. Cry mercie Sir; why there comes messengers
From this and that braue Gallant: and such Gallants,
As I protest I saw but through a Grate.

Gost. And what's this Message?

Val. Faith Sir, hee's disappoynted
Of payments; and disfurnisht of meanes present:
If I would do him the kind office therefore
To trust him but some seuen-night with the keeping
Of fourtie Crownes for mee, hee deepely sweares
As hee's a Gentleman, to discharge his trust,
And that I shall eternally endeare him
To my wisht seruice, he protestes and contestes.

Gost. Good words *Valerio*; but thou art too wise
To be deceiu'd by breath: Ile turne thee loose
To the most cunning Cheater of them all.

Val. Sfoote, Hee's notashamde besides to charge mee
With a late Promise : I must yeeld in deed,
I did (to shift him with some contentment)
Make such a frivall promise.

Gost. I, well done,
Promises are no Fetters : with that tongue
Thy promise past, vnpromise it againe.
Wherefore has Man a Tongue, of powre to speake
But to speake still to his owne priuate purpose?
Beastes vtter but one sound ; but Men haue change
Of speach and Reason, euen by Nature given them :
Now to say one thing, and an other now,
As best may serue their profitable endes.

Mar. Ber-Ladie sound instructions to a Sonne.

Val. Nay Sir, he makes his claime by debt of friendship.

Gost. Tush, Friendship's but a Terme boy : the fond world
Like to a doting Mother glases ouer
Her Childrens imperfections with fine tearms :
What she calls Frindship and true humane kindnes,
Is onely want of true Experience:
Honestie is but a defect of Witt,
Respect but meere Rusticitie and Clownerie.

Mar. Better and better. Soft, here comes my Sonne.

Enter Fortunion, Rinaldo, and Gratiana.

Rin. *Fortunio*, keepe your countenance : See sir here
The poore young married couple, which you pleasd
To send for to your house.

Gost. *Fortunio* welcome,
And in that welcome I imploy your wiues,
Who I am sure you count your second selfe.

He kisses her.

For. Sir, your right noble fauours do exceede
All powre of worthy gratitude by words,
That in your care supplie my Fathers place.

Gost. *Fortunio*, I can not chuse but loue you,

Being Sonne to him who long time I haue lou'd :
From whose just anger, my house shall protect you,
Till I haue made a calme way to your meetings.

For. I little thought Sir, that my Fathers loue
Would take so ill, so sleight a fault as this.

Gost. Call you it sleight? Nay, though his spirit take it
In higher manner then for your lou'd sake,
I would haue wisht him ; yet I make a doubt,
Had my Sonne done the like, if my affection
Would not haue turnd to more spleene, then your Fathers :
And yet I quallifie him, all I can,
And doubt not but that time and my perswasion,
Will worke out your excuse : since youth and loue
Were th' vnresisted organies to seduce you :
But you must giue him leaue, for Fathers must
Be wonne by penitence and submission,
And not by force or opposition.

For. Ahlas Sir, what aduise you mee to doe?
I know my Father to be highly moou'd,
And am not able to endure the breath
Of his exprest displeasure, whose hote flames
I thinke my absence soonest would haue quencht.

Gost. True Sir, as fire with oyle, or else like them
That quench the fire with pulling downe the house,
You shall remaine here in my house conceal'd
Till I haue wonne your Father to conceiue
Kinder opinion of your ouersight.
Valerio entertaine *Fortunio*
And his faire wife, and giue them conduct in.

Val. Y' are welcome sir.

Gost. What sirha is that all?
No entertainment to the Gentlewoman?

Val. Forsooth y'are welcome by my Fathers leaue.

Gost. What no more complement? Kisse her you sheepes-head,
Why when? Go go Sir, call your Sister hither.

Exit Val.

Ladie, youle pardon our groſſe bringing vp?
Wee dwell farre off from Court you may perceiue:
The ſight of ſuch a blazing Starre as you,
Dazles my rude Sonnes witts.
Grat. Not ſo good Sir,
The better husband, the more courtlie euer.
Rin. In deed a Courtier makes his lipps go farre,
As he doth all things elſe.

Enter Valerio, Bell.

Goſt. Daughter receiue
This Gentlewoman home, and vſe her kindly.

She kiſses her.

Bell. My Father bids you kindly welcome Lady,
And therefore you muſt needes come well to mee.
Grat. Thanke you for-ſoth.
Goſt. Goe Dame, conduct-am in.

Exeunt Rinaldo, Fortunio, Bell. Grat.

Ah errant Sheepes-head, haſt thou liu'd thus long,
And dar'ſt not looke a Woman in the face?
Though I deſire eſpecially to ſee
My Sonne a Husband, Shall I therefore haue him
Turne abſolute Cullion? Lets ſee, kiſſe thy hand.
Thou kiſſe thy hand? thou wip'ſt thy mouth by th' maſſe.
Fie on thee Clowne; They ſay the world's growne finer,
But I for my part neuer ſaw Youngmen
Worſe faſhin'd and brought vp then now a dayes.
Sfoote, when my ſelfe was young, was not I kept
As farre from Court as you? I thinke I was:
And yet my Father on a time inuited
The Dutcheſſe of his houſe; I beeing then
About ſome fiue and twentie yeares of age,
Was thought the onelie man to entertaine her:
I had my Conge; plant my ſelfe of one legge,
Draw backe the tother with a deepe fetcht honor:
Then with a Bell regard aduant mine eye
With boldnes on her verie viſnomie.

Your Dauncers all were counterfets to mee:
And for difcourfe in my faire Miftreffe prefence,
I did not as you barraine Gallants doe,
Fill my difcourfes vp drinking *Tobacco*;
But on the prefent furnifht euer more
With tales and practifde fpeeches; as fome times
What ift a clocke? What ftuff's this Petticoate?
What coft the making? What the Frindge and all?
And what fhe vnder her Petticoate?
And fuch like wittie complements: and for need,
I could haue written as good Profe and Verfe,
As the moft beggerlie Poet of am all,
Either accroftique, *Exordion*,
Epithalamions, *Satyres*, *Epigrams*,
Sonnets in Doozens, *or your Quatorzanics*
In any Rime Mafculine, *Feminine*,
Or Sdruciolta, *or cooplets*, Blancke Verfe,
Y' are but bench-whiftlers now a dayes to them
That were in our times: well, about your Hus-
bandrie,
Go, for I'fayth th' art fit for nothing elfe.

Exit. Val. prodit Mar.

Mar. Ber-Ladie you have plaide the Courtier rarelie,

Goft. But did you euer fee fo blanck a Foole,
When he fhould kiffe a Wench, as my Sonne is?

Mar. Ahlas tis but a little bafhfulnes,
You let him keepe no companie, nor allow him
Monie to fpend at Fence and Dauncing-fcholes,
Y' are too feueere, y' faith.

Goft. And you too fupple.
Well Sir, for your fake I haue ftaide your Sonne
From flying to the warres: now fee you rate him,
To ftaie him yet from more expencefull courfes,
Wherein your lenitie will encourage him.

Mar. Let me alone, I thank you for this kindnes.

Exeunt.

Enter Valerio and Rinaldo.

Rin. So, are they gone? Now tell me braue *Valerio*
Haue I not wonne the wreath from all your wits,
Brought thee t' enioy the moſt deſired preſence
Of thy deare loue at home? and with one labour
My brother t'enioy thy ſiſter, where
It had beene her vndooing t'haue him ſeene,
And make thy father craue what he abhorres:
T' entreate my brother home t' enioy his daughter,
Commaund thee kiſſe thy wench, chide for not kiſsing,
And worke all this out of a Macheuil,
A miſerable Politician?
I thinke the like was neuer plaid before!
Vale. Indeede I muſt commend thy wit of force,
And yet I know not whoſe deſerues moſt praiſe
Of thine, or my wit: thine for plotting well,
Mine, that durſt vndertake and carrie it
With ſuch true forme.
Rin. Well, th' euening crownes the daie,
Perſeuer to the end, my wit hath put
Blinde Fortune in a ſtring into your hand,
Vſe it diſcreetlie, keepe it from your Father,
Or you may bid all your good daies good night.
Val. Let me alone boy.
Rin. Well ſir, now to varie
The pleaſures of our wits, thou knowſt *Valerio*
Here is the new turnd Gentlemans faire wife,
That keepes thy wife and ſiſter companie;
With whome the amorous Courtier *Doriotto*
Is farre in loue, and of whome her ſowre husband
Is paſſing ielous, puts on Eagles eies
To prie into her carriage. Shall wee ſee
If he be now from home, and viſite her.

Enter Gazetta ſowing, Cornelio following.

See, ſee, the priſoner comes.
Val. But ſoft Sir, ſee
Her ielous Iaylor followes at her heeles:

Come, we will watch ſome fitter time to boord her,
And in the meanetime ſeeke out our mad crue.
My ſpirit longs to ſwagger.
Rin. Goe too youth,
Walke not too boldly, if the Sergeants meete you;
You may have ſwaggering worke your bellie full.
Val. No better Copeſmates,

Gazetta ſits and ſinges ſowing.

Ile go ſeeke am out with this light in my hand,
The ſlaues grow proud with ſeeking out of vs. *Exeunt.*
Cor. A prettie worke, I pray what flowers are theſe?
Gaze. The Pancie this.
Cor. O thats for louers thoughtes.
Whats that, a Columbine?
Gaze. No, that thankles Flower fitts not my Garden.
Cor. Hum? yet it may mine:
This were a prettie preſent for ſome friend,
Some gallant Courtier, as for *Doriotto*,
One that adores you in his ſoule I know.
Val. Mee? why mee more then your ſelfe I pray?
Cor. O yes, hee adores you, and adhornes mee:
Yfaith deale plainelie, Doe not his kiſſes reliſh
Much better then ſuch Peſſants as I am?
Val. Whoſe kiſſes?
Cor. *Doriottoes*; does he not?
The thing you wot on?
Val. What thing good Lord?
Cor. Why Lady, lie with you?
Val. Lie with mee?
Cor. I with you.
Val. You with mee indeed.
Cor. Nay I am told that he lies with you too,
And that he is the onely Whore-maiſter
About the Cittie.
Val. Yf he be ſo onely,
Tis a good hearing that there are no more.
Cor. Well Miſtreſſe well, I will not be abuſde,

Thinke not you daunce in Netts; for though you do not
Make brode profesſion of your loue to him,
Yet do I vnderſtand your darkeſt language,
Your treads ath' toe, your ſecret iogges and wringes:
Your entercourſe of glaunces: euery tittle
Of your cloſe Amorous rites I vnderſtand,
They ſpeake as loud to mee, as if you ſaid,
My deareſt *Dariotto*, I am thine.

Val. Ieſus what moodes are theſe? did euer Husband
Follow his Wife with Ieloſie ſo vniuſt?
That once I lou'd you, you your ſelfe will ſweare.
And if I did, where did you loſe my Loue?
In deed this ſtrange and vndeſerued vſage,
Hath powre to ſhake a heart were nere ſo ſetled:
But I proteſt all your vnkindnes, neuer
Had ſtrength to make me wrong you, but in thought.

Cor. No, not with *Doriotto*?

Val. No by heauen.

Cor. No Letters paſt, nor no deſignes for meeting?

Val. No by my hope of heauen.

Cor. Well, no time paſt,
Goe goe; goe in and ſow.

Val. Well, bee it ſo. *Exit Val.*

Cor. Suſpition is (they ſay) the firſt degree
Gf deepeſt wiſedome: and how euer others
Inveygh againſt this mood of Ieloufy,
For my part I ſuppoſe it the beſt curb,
To check the ranging appetites that raigne
In this weake ſexe: my neighbours poynt at me
For this my ieloufy; but ſhould I doe
As moſt of them doe; let my wife fly out
To feaſts and reuels, and inuite home Gallants,
Play *Menelaus*, giue them time and place,
While I ſit like a well-taught wayting-woman,
Turning her eyes vpon ſome worke or picture,
Read in a Booke, or take a fayned nap,
While her kind Lady takes one to her lap?

No, let me ſtill be poynted at, and thought
A ielouſe Aſſe, and not a wittally Knaue.
I haue a ſhew of Courtyers haunt my houſe,
In ſhew my friends, and for my profit too:
But I perceiue vm, and will mock their aymes,
With looking to their marke, I warrant vm:
I am content to ride abroad with them,
To reuell, dice, and fit their other ſports;
But by their leaues ile haue a vigilant eye
To the mayne chaunce ſtill. See my braue Comrades.

Enter Dariotto, Claudio and Valerio: Valerio putting vp his Sword.

Dar. Well, wag, well, wilt thou ſtill deceiue thy father,
And being ſo ſimple a poore ſoule before him,
Turne ſwaggerer in all companies beſides?

Clau. Hadſt thou bin reſted, all would haue come forth.

Val. Soft, ſir, there lyes the poynt; I do not doubt,
But t' haue my pennyworths of theſe Raſcals one day:
Ile ſmoke the buzzing Hornets from their neſts,
Or elſe ile make their lether Ierkins ſtay.
The whorſon hungry Horſe-flyes: Foot, a man
Cannot ſo ſoone, for want of Almanacks,
Forget his day but three or foure bare moneths,
But ſtrait he ſees a ſort of Corporals,
To lye in Ambuſcado to ſurprize him.

Dar. Well, thou hadſt happy fortune to eſcape vm.

Val. But they thought theirs was happier to ſcape me.
I walking in the place, where mens law ſuites
Are heard and pleaded, not ſo much as dreaming
Of any ſuch encounter, ſteps me forth
Their valiant fore-man, with the word, I reſt you.
I made no more adoe, but layd theſe pawes
Cloſe on his ſhoulders, tumbling him to earth;
And there ſate he on his *poſteriors*,
Like a Baboone; and turning me about,

I ſtrayt eſpyed the whole troope iſſuing on me.
I ſtept me backe, and drawing my olde friend heere,
Made to the midſt of them, and all vnable
T' endure the ſhock, all rudely fell in rout,
And downe the ſtayres they ranne with ſuch a fury,
As meeting with a troope of Lawyers there,
Man'd by their Clyents: ſome with ten, ſome with twenty,
Some fiue, ſome three; he that had leaſt, had one:
Vpon the ſtayres they bore them downe afore them:
But ſuch a rattling then was there amongſt them
Of rauiſht Declarations, Replications,
Reioynders and Petitions; all their bookes
And writings torne and trod on, and ſome loſt,
That the poore Lawyers comming to the Barre,
Could ſay nought to the matter, but inſtead,
Were fayne to rayle and talke beſides their bookes
Without all order.

Clau. Fayth, that ſame vayne of rayling became
Now moſt applauſiue; your beſt Poet, is
He that rayles groſſeſt.

Dar. True, and your beſt foole is your broad rayling foole.

Val. And why not, ſir?
For by the gods, to tell the naked trueth,
What obiects ſee men in this world, but ſuch
As would yeeld matter to a rayling humour?
When he that laſt yeere carryed after one
An empty Buckram bag, now fills a Coach,
And crowds the Senate with ſuch troops of Clyents:
And ſeruile followers, as would put a mad ſpleene
Into a Pigeon.

Dar. Come, pray leaue theſe croſſe capers,
Let's make ſome better vſe of precious time.
See, here's *Cornelio*: come, Lad, ſhall we to dice?

Cor. Any thing I.

Clau. Well ſayd, how does thy wife?

Cor. In health, God ſaue her.

Val. But where is ſhe, man?

Cor. Abroad about her busineſſe.
Val. Why, not at home?
Foot, my maſters, take her to the Court,
And this rare Lad her husband: and doeſt heare?
Play me no more the miſerable Farmer,
But be aduiſde by friends, ſell all ith countrey,
Be a flat Courtier, follow ſome great man,
Or bring thy wife there, and ſheele make thee great.
Cor. What, to the Court? then take me for a Gull.
Val. Nay, neuer ſhun it to be cald a Gull:
For I ſee all the world is but a Gull:
One man Gull to another in all kinds:
A Marchant to a Courtyer is a Gull:
A Clyent to a Lawyer is a Gull:
A marryed man to a Bacheler, a Gull:
A Bacheler to a Cuckold is a Gull:
All to a Poet, or a Poet to himſelfe.
Cor. Hark *Dariotto*, ſhall we gull this Guller?
Dar. He gulls his father, man, we cannot gull him.
Cor. Let me alone. Of all mens wits aliue,
I moſt admyre *Valerioes*, that hath ſtolne,
By his meere induſtry, and that by ſpurts,
Such qualities, as no wit elſe can match,
With plodding at perfection euery houre;
Which, if his father knew eche gift he has,
Were like enough to make him giue all from him:
I meane beſides his dycing and his wenching,
He has ſtolne languages, th' Italian, Spaniſh,
And ſome ſpice of the French, beſides his dauncing,
Singing, playing on choyce Inſtruments:
Theſe has he got, almoſt againſt the hayre.
Clau. But haſt thou ſtolne all theſe, *Valerio*?
Val. Toyes, toyes, a pox; and yet they be ſuch toyes
As euery Gentleman would not be without.
Cor. Vayne glory makes yee iudge on lyte yfayth.
Dar. Afore heauen I was much deceyu'd in him:

But hee's the man indeed that hides his gifts,
And sets them not to sale in euery presence.
I would have sworne, his soule were far from musike;
And that all his choyce musike was to heare
His fat beastes bellow.

Cor. Sir, your ignorance
Shall eftsoone be confuted. Prythee *Val*,
Take thy *Theorbo* for my sake a little.

Val. By heauen, this moneth I toucht not a *Theorbo.*

Cor. Toucht a *Theorbo*? marke the very word.
Sirra, goe fetch. *Exit Page.*

Val. If you will haue it, I must needs confesse,
I am no husband of my qualityes.

He vntrusses and capers.

Cor. See what a Caper there was!

Claud. See agayne.

Cor. The best that euer; and how it becomes him!

Dar. O that his father saw these qualityes!

Enter a Page with an Instrument.

Cor. Nay, that's the very wonder of his wit,
To carry all without his fathers knowledge.

Dar. Why, we might tell him now.

Cor. No but we could not,
Although we think we could: his wit doth charme vs.
Come sweet *Val*, touch and sing.

Dar. Foote, will you heare
The worst voyce in Italy? *Enter Rinaldo.*

Cor. O God, sir. *He sings.* Courtiers, how ike you this?

Dar. Beleeue it excellent.

Cor. Is it not naturall?

Val. If my father heard me,
Foot, hee'd renounce me for his naturall sonne.

Dar. By heauen, *Valerio*, and I were thy father,
And lou'd good qualities as I doe my life,
Ide disinherit thee: for I neuer heard
Dog howle with worse grace.

Cor. Go to, Signeur Courtier,
You deale not courtly now to be ſo playne,
Nor nobly, to diſcourage a young Gentleman,
In vertuous qualityes, that has but ſtolne vm.
Clau. Call you this touching a *Theorbo*?
Omn. ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt all but Val. and Rin.

Val. How now, what's heere?
Rin. Zoones, a plot layd to gull thee.
Could thy wit thinke the voyce was worth the hearing?
This was the Courtiers and the Cuckolds proiect.
Val. And iſt eene ſo? 'tis very well, maſt
Courtier, & Dan Cornuto, ile cry quit with both:
And firſt, ile caſt a iarre betwixt them both,
With firing the poore cuckolds ieloufy.
I haue a tale will make him madde,
And turne his wife diuorced looſe amongſt vs.
But firſt let's home, and entertayne my wife.
O father, pardon, I was borne to gull thee.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus ſecundi.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

Enter Fortunio, Bellanora, Gratiana, Goſtanzo following cloſely.

Fort. How happy am I, that by this ſweet meanes
I gayne acceſſe to your moſt loued ſight,
And therewithall to vtter my full loue,
Which but for vent would burne my entrayles vp!
Goſt. Byth maſſe they talke too ſoftly.
Bell. Little thinks
The auſtere mind my thrifty father beares,
That I am vowd to you, and ſo am bound
From him: who for more riches he would force
On my diſliking fancy.
Fort. Tis no fault,
With iuſt deeds to defraud an iniury.
Goſt. My daughter is perſwading him to yeeld
In dutifull ſubmiſſion to his father.
Enter Valerio.
Val. Do I not dreame? do I behold this ſight
With waking eyes? or from the Iuory gate
Hath *Morpheus* ſent a viſion to delude me?
Iſt poſsible that that I a mortall man,
Should ſhrine within mine armes ſo bright a Goddeſſe,
The fayre *Gratiana*, beautyes little world!
Goſt. What haue we heere?
Val. My deareſt Myne of Gold,
All this that thy white armes enfold,
Account it as thine owne free-hold.
Goſt. Gods my deare ſoule, what ſuddē change is here!
I ſmell how this geare will fall out yfayth.
Val. *Fortunio*, ſiſter; come, let's to the garden.
Exeunt.

Goft. Sits the wind there, yfayth ? fee what example
Will worke vpon the dulleft appetite.
My fonne laft day fo bafhfull, that he durft not
Looke on a wench, now courts her; and by lady,
Will make his friend *Fortunio* weare his head
Of the right moderne fafhion. What, *Rinaldo.*

Enter Rin.

Rin. I feare I interrupt your priuacy.

Goft. Welcome, *Rinaldo*, would 'thad bin your hap
To come a little fooner, that you might
Haue feene a handfome fight: but let that paffe,
The fhort is that your fifter *Gratiana*
Shall ftay no longer here.

Rin. No longer, fir?
Repent you then fo foone your fauour to her,
And to my brother?

Goft. Not fo, good *Rinaldo*;
But to preuent a mifchiefe that I fee
Hangs ouer your abufed brothers head.
In briefe, my fonne has learn'd but too much courtfhip.
It was my chaunce euen now to caft mine eye
Into a place whereto your fifter entred:
My metamorphofde fonne: I muft conceale
What I faw there: but to be playne, I faw
More then I would fee: I had thought to make
My houfe a kind receypt for your kind brother;
But ide be loth his wife fhould find more kindneffe,
Then fhe had caufe to like of.

Rin. What's the matter?
Perhaps a little complement or fo.

Goft. Wel, fir, fuch complement perhaps may coft
Married *Fortunio* the fetting on:
Nor can I keepe my knowledge; He that lately
Before my face I could not get to looke
Vpon your fifter; by this light, now kift her,
Embrac't and courted with as good a grace,
As any Courtyer could: and I can tell you

(Not to disgrace her) I perceyu'd the Dame
Was as far forward as himselfe, byth masse.

Rin. You should have schoold him for 't.

Gost. No, Ile not see 't:
For shame once found, is lost; Ile haue him thinke
That my opinion of him is the same
That it was euer; it will be a meane,
To bridle this fresh humour bred in him.

Rin. Let me then schoole him; foot, ile rattle him vp.

Gost. No, no, *Rinaldo*, th' onely remedy,
Is to remoue the cause; carry the obiect
From his late tempted eyes.

Rin. Alas, sir, whither?
You know, my father is incenst so much,
Heele not receyue her.

Gost Place her with some friend
But for a time, till I reclayme your father:
Meane time your brother shall remaine with me.

To himselfe. *Rin.* The care's the lesse then, he has still his longing,
To be with this Gulls daughter.

Gost. What resolue you?
I am resolu'd she lodges here no more:
My friends sonne shall not be abusde by mine.

Rin. Troth, sir, ile tell you what a sudden toy
comes in my head; what think you if I brought her home to my fathers house?

Gost. I mary, sir;
Would he receyue her?

Rin. Nay, you heare not all:
I meane, with vse of some deuice or other.

Gost. As how, *Rinaldo*?

Rin. Mary sir, to say,
She is your sonnes wife, maryed past your knowledge.

Gost. I doubt, last day he saw her, and will know
her to be *Fortunioes* wife.

Rin. Nay, as for that
I wil pretend she was euen then your sonnes wife,

But faynde by me to be *Fortunioes*,
Onely to try how he would take the matter.
Gost. 'Fore heauen 'twere pretty.
Rin. Would it not doe well?
Gost. Exceeding well in ſadneſſe.
Rin. Nay, good ſir,
Tell me vnfaynedly, do ye lik 't indeed.
Gost. The beſt that ere I heard.
Rin. Amd do you thinke
Heele ſwallow downe the Gudgion?
Gost. A my life,
It were a groſſe gob would not downe with him,
An honeſt knight, but ſimple, not acquainted
With the fine ſlights and policies of the world,
As I my ſelfe am.
Rin. Ile go fetch her ſtrait:
And this ieſt thriue, 'twill make vs princely ſport:
But you muſt keepe our counſell, ſecond all,
Which to make likely, you muſt needs ſometimes
Giue your ſonne leaue (as if you knew it not)
To ſteale and ſee her at my fathers houſe.
Gost. I, but ſee you then that you keepe good gard
Ouer his forward new begun affections:
For by the Lord, heele teach your brother elſe,
To ſing the Cuckooes note: ſpirit will breake out,
Though neuer ſo ſuppreſt and pinioned.
Rin. Eſpecially your ſonnes: what would he be,
If you ſhould not reſtrayne him by good counſell?
Gost. Ile haue an eye on him, I warrant thee.
Ile in and warne the Gentlewoman to make ready.
Rin. Wel, ſir, & Ile not be long after you.
Exit Gost.
Heauen, heauen, I ſee theſe Politicians,
(Out of blind Fortunes hands) are our moſt fooles.
'Tis ſhe that giues the luſtre to their wits,
Still plodding at traditionall deuices:
But take vm out of them to preſent actions,
A man may grope and tickle vm like a Trowt,

And take vm from their clofe deere holes, as fat
As a Phifician; and as giddy-headed,
As if be myracle heauen had taken from them,
Euen that which commonly belongs to fooles.
Well, now let's note what black ball of debate,
Valerioes wit hath caft betwixt *Cornelio*,
And the inamoured Courtyer; I beleeue
His wife and he will part: his ieloufy
Hath euer watcht occafion of diuorce,
And now Valerioes villany will prefent it.
See, here comes the twyn-Courtier his companiō.

Enter Claud.

Clau. *Rinaldo*, well encountred.

Rin. Why? what newes?

Clau. Moft fudden and infortunate, *Rinaldo*:
Cornelio is incenft fo 'gainft his wife,
That no man can procure her quiet with him.
I haue affayd him, and made *Marc Antonio*,
With all his gentle Rethorike fecond me,
Yet all I feare me will be caft away.
See, fee, they come: ioyne thy wit, good *Rinaldo*,
And helpe to pacify his yellow fury.

Rin. With all my heart, I confecrate my wit
To the wifht comfort of diftreffed Ladies.

Enter Cornelio, Marc Ant. Valerio, Page.

Cor. Will any man affure me of her good behauiour?

Val. Who can affure a ielous fpirit? you may be afrayd of the fhaddow of your eares, & imagine thê to be hornes: if you will affure yourfelfe, appoynt keepers to watch her.

Cor. And who fhall watch the keepers?

Mar. To be fure of that, be you her keeper.

Val. Well fayd, and fhare the hornes your felfe: For that's the keepers fee.

Cor. But fay I am gone out of town, & muft truft others; how fhall I know if thofe I truft be trufty to me?

Rin. Mary, fir, by a fingular inftinct, giuen natur-

ally to all you maryed men, that if your wiues play legerdeheele, though you bee a hundred miles off, yet you ſhall be ſure inſtantly to find it in your forheads.

Cor. Sound doctrine I warrant you: I am reſolu'd, ifaith.

Pag. Then giue me leaue to ſpeak, ſir, that hath all this while bene ſilent: I haue heard you with extreme patience, now therefore pricke vp your eares, and vouchſafe me audience.

Clau. Good boy, a mine honour.

Cor. Pray what are you, ſir?

Pag. I am here, for default of better, of counſel with the fayre *Gazetta*, and though her ſelfe had bene beſt able to defend her ſelfe, if ſhe had bin here, and would haue pleaſd to put forth the Buckler, which Nature hath giuen all women, I meane her tongue.

Val. Excellent good boy.

Pag. Yet ſince ſhe either vouchſafes it not, or thinks her innocence a ſufficient ſhield againſt your ielous accuſations, I wil preſume to vndertake the defence of that abſent & honorable Lady, whoſe ſworne Knight I am; and in her of all that name (for Lady is growne a common name to their whole ſex) which ſex I haue euer loued frō my youth, and ſhall neuer ceaſe to loue, till I want wit to admire.

Mar. An excellent ſpoken boy.

Val. Give eare, *Cornelio*, heere is a yong *Mercurio* ſent to perſwade thee.

Cor. Well, ſir, let him ſay on.

Pag. It is a heauy caſe, to ſee how this light ſex is tūbled and toſt from poſt to piller, vnder the vnſavory breath of euery humourous Peaſant: *Gazetta*, you ſayd, is vnchaſte, diſloyall, and I wot not what; Alas, is it her fault? is ſhee not a woman? did ſhe not ſuck it (as others of her ſex doe) from her mothers breſt? and will you condemne that, as her fault, which is her Nature? Alas, ſir, you muſt conſider, a woman is an vnfiniſht Creature, deliuered haſtyly to the world, be-

fore Nature had set to that Seale which should haue made them perfect. Faultes they haue (no doubt) but are wee free? Turne your eye into your selfe (good Signeur *Cornelio*) and weygh your owne imperfections with hers: If shee be wanton abroad, are not you wanting at home? if she be amorous, are not you ielous? if she be high set, are not you taken downe? if she be a Courtizan, are not you a Cuckold?

Cor. Out you rogue.

Rin. On with thy speech, boy.

Marc. You do not well, *Cornelio*, to discourage the bashfull youth.

Clau. Forth, boy, I warrant thee.

Pag. But if our owne imperfections will not teach vs to beare with theirs; yet let their vertues perswade vs: let vs indure their bad qualities for their good; allow the prickle for the Rose; the bracke for the Veluet; the paring for the cheese, and so forth: if you say they range abroad, consider it is nothing but to auoyd idlenesse at home; their nature is still to be doing; keepe vm a doing at home; let them practise one good quality or other, either sowing, singing, playing, chiding, dauncing or so, & these will put such idle toyes out of their heads into yours: but if you cannot find them variety of businesse within dores, yet at least imitate the ancient wise Citizens of this City, who vsed carefully to prouide their wiues gardens neere the towne, to plant, to graft in, as occasion serued, onely to keepe vm from idlenesse.

Val. Euerlasting good boy.

Cor. I perceyue your knauery, sir, and will yet haue patience.

Rin. Forth, my braue Curio.

Pag. As to her vnquietnesse (which some haue rudely tearm'd shrewishnesse) though the fault be in her, yet the cause is in you. What so calme as the sea of it own nature? Arte was neuer able to equall it: your dycing tables, nor your bowling alleys are not comparable to it; yet if a blast of wind do but crosse

it, not ſo turbulent & violent an element in the world: So (nature in lieu of womens ſcarcity of wit, hauing indued them with a large portion of will) if they may (without impeach) injoy their willes, no quieter creatures vnder heauen: but if the breath of their husbāds mouthes once croſſe their wils, nothing more tempeſtuous. Why thē, ſir, ſhould you husbands croſſe your wiues wils thus, conſidering the law allowes thē no wils at all at their deaths, becauſe it intended they ſhould haue their willes while they liued?

Val. Anſwere him but that, *Cornelio.*

Cor. All ſhall not ſerue her turne, I am thinking of other matters.

Mar. Thou haſt halfe wonne him, Wag; ply him yet a little further.

Pag. Now (ſir) for theſe Cuckooiſh ſongs of yours, of Cuckolds, hornes, grafting, and ſuch like; what are they, but meere imaginary toyes, bred out of your owne heads, as your owne, and ſo by tradition deliuered from man to man, like Scar-crowes, to terrify fooles from this earthly paradice of wedlock, coyn'd at firſt by ſome ſpent Poets, ſuperannated Bachelers, or ſome that were ſcarce men of their hands; who, like the Foxe, hauing loſt his taile, would perſwade others to loſe theirs for company? Agayne, for your Cuckold, what is it but a meere fiction? ſhew me any ſuch creature in nature; if there be, I could neuer ſee it, neyther could I euer find any ſenſible difference betwixt a Cuckold and a Chriſten creature. To conclude, let Poets coyne, or fooles credit what they liſt; for mine owne part, I am cleere of this opinion, that your Cuckold is a meere *Chymæra*, and that there are no Cuckoldes in the world, but thoſe that haue wiues: and ſo I will leaue them.

Cor. Tis excellent good, ſir; I do take you, ſir, d'ye ſee? to be, as it were baſtard to the ſawcy Courtier, that would haue me father more of your fraternity, d'ye ſee? & ſo are inſtructed (as we heare) to ſecond

that villayne with your toung, which he has acted with his Tenure piece, d'ye see?

Pag. No such matter, a my credit, sir.

Cor. Wel, sir, be as he may, I scorn to set my head against yours, dy'e see? when in the meane time I will fircke your father, whether you see or no.

Exit drawing his rapier.

Rin. Gods my life, *Cornelio.* *Exit.*

Val. Haue at your father ifaith, boy, if he can find him.

Mar. See, he comes here, he has mist him.

Enter Dariot.

Dar. How now, my hearts, what, not a wench amongst you?
Tis a signe y' are not in the grace of wenches,
That they will let you be thus long alone.

Val. Well, *Dariotto*, glory not too much,
That for thy briske attyre and lips perfumde,
Thou playest the Stallyon euer where thou com'st;
And like the husband of the flocke, runn'st through
The whole towne heard, and no mans bed secure:
No womans honour vnattempted by thee.
Thinke not to be thus fortunate for euer:
But in thy amorous conquests at the last
Some wound will slice your mazer: *Mars* himselfe
Fell into *Vulcans* snare, and so may you.

Dar. Alas, alas, fayth I haue but the name:
I loue to court and wynne; and the consent,
Without the act obtayn'd, is all I seeke.
I loue the victory that drawes no bloud.

Clau. O, tis a high desert in any man
To be a secret Lecher; I know some,
That (like thy selfe) are true in nothing else.

Mar. And, me thinks, it is nothing, if not told;
At least the ioy is neuer full before.

Val. Well, *Dariotto*, th' hadst as good confesse,
The Sunne shines broad vpon your practises.
Vulcan will wake and intercept you one day.

Dar. Why, the more ielous knaue and coxcombe he.
What, ſhall the ſhaking of his bed a little
Put him in motion? It becomes him not;
Let him be duld and ſtald, and then be quiet.
The way to draw my coſtome to his houſe,
Is to be mad and ielous; tis the ſauce
That whets my appetite.

Val. Or any man's:
Sine periculo friget luſus.
They that are ielous, vſe it ſtill of purpoſe
To draw you to their houſes.

Dar. I, by heauen,
I am of that opinion. Who would ſteale
Out of a common Orchard? Let me gayne
My loue with labour, and inioy 't with feare,
Or I am gone.

Enter Rinaldo.

Rin. What, *Dariotto* here?
Foot, dar'ſt thou come neere *Cornelioes* houſe?

Dar. Why? is the Bull run mad? what ayles he, trow?

Rin. I know not what he ayles; but I would wiſh you
To keepe out of the reach of his ſharpe hornes
For by this hand heele gore you.

Dar. And why me,
More then thyſelfe, or theſe two other whelps?
You all haue baſted him as well as I.
I wonder what's the cauſe.

Rin. Nay, that he knowes,
And ſweares withall, that whereſoere he meets you,
Heele marke you for a marker of mens wiues.

Val. Pray heauen he be not ielous by ſome tales
That haue bin told him lately: did you neuer
Attempt his wife? hath no Loues Harbenger,
No looks, no letters paſt twixt you and her?

Dar. For looke I cannot anſwere; I beſtow them
At large, and careleſly, much like the Sunne:

If any be so foolish to apply them
To any priuate fancy of their owne,
(As many doe) it's not my fault, thou knowest.

Val. Well, *Dariotto*, this set face of thine,
(If thou be guilty of offence to him)
Comes out of very want of wit and feeling
What danger haunts thee: for *Cornelio*
Is a tall man, I tell you; and 'twere best
You shund his sight awhile, till we might get
His patience, or his pardon: for past doubt
Thou dyest if he but see thee.

Enter Cornelio.

Rin. Foot, he comes.

Dar. Is this the Cockatrice that kils with sight?
How doest thou boy? ha?

Cor. Well.

Dar. What, lingring still
About this paltry towne? hadst thou bin rulde
By my aduice, thou hadst by this time bene
A gallant Courtyer, and at least a Knight:
I would have got thee dubd by this time certayne.

Cor. And why then did you not your selfe that honour?

Dar. Tush, tis more honour still to make a Knight,
Then tis to be a Knight: to make a Cuckold,
Then tis to be a Cuckold.

Cor. Y'are a villayne.

Dar. God shield man: villayne?

Cor. I, ile proue thee one.

Dar. What, wilt thou proue a villayne? By this light thou deceyu'st me, then.

Cor. Well, sir, thus I proue it. *Drawes.*

Omn. Hold, hold, rayse the streets.

Clau. *Cornelio.*

Rin. Hold, *Darioto*, hold.

Val. What, art thou hurt?

Dar. A scratch, a scratch.

Val. Goe sirra, fetch a Surgeon.

Co. Youle set a badge on the ielous fooles head, sir; Now set a Coxcombe on your owne.

Val. What's the cauſe of theſe warres, *Darioto*?

Dar. Foot, I know not.

Cor. Well, ſir, know and ſpare not; I will preſently bee diuorſt, and then take her amongſt ye.

Rin. Diuorſt? nay good *Cornelio.*

Cor. By this ſword I will, the world ſhall not diſſwade me. *Exit.*

Val. Why this has bin your fault now *Darioto*,
You youths have faſhions when you haue obtei'nd
A Ladies fauour, ſtraight your hat muſt weare it,
Like a Iacke-daw that when he lights vpon
A dainty morſell, kaas and makes his brags,
And then ſome kite doth ſcoope it from him ſtraight,
When if he fed without his dawiſh noiſe,
He might fare better, and haue leſſe diſturbance:
Forbeare it in this caſe; and when you proue,
Victorious ouer faire *Gazettas* Forte,
Do not for pittie ſound your trumpe for ioy,
But keepe your valour cloſe, and ti's your honour.

Enter Page and Pock.

Poc. God ſaue you Signior *Darioto*,

Dar. I know you not Sir, your name I pray?

Poc. My name is *Pock* Sir; a practitioner in Surgery.

Dar. *Pock* the Surgeon, y' are welcome Sir, I know a Doctor of your name maiſter *Pocke.*

Poc. My name has made many Doctors Sir.

Rinal. Indeede tis a worſhipfull name.

Val. Mary is it, and of an auncient diſcent.

Poc. Faith Sir I could fetch my pedigree far, if I were ſo diſpoſ'd.

Rin. Out of France at leaſt.

Poc. And if I ſtood on my armes as others doe,

Dar. No doe not *Pock*, let other ſtand a their armes, and thou a thy legs as long as thou canſt.

Poc. Though I liue by my bare practiſe, yet I could ſhew good cardes for my Gentilitie..

Val. Tuſh thou canſt not ſhake off thy gentry *Pock*, tis bred i' th bone; but to the maine *Pock*,

what thinkeſt thou of this gentlemans wound, *Pock*, canſt thou cure it *Pock.*

Poc. The inciſion is not deepe, nor the Orifice exorbitant, the Pericranion is not diſlocated, I warrant his life for forty crownes, without periſhing of any joynt.

Dar. Faith *Pock*, 'tis a ioynt I would be loath to looſe, for the beſt joynt of Mutton in Italy.

Rin. Would ſuch a ſcratch as this hazards a mans head?

Poc. I Byr-lady Sir, I have knowen ſome haue loſt there heads for a leſſe matter I can tell you, therefore ſir you muſt keepe good dyet: if you pleaſe to come home to my houſe till you be perfectly cur'd, I ſhall haue the more care on you.

Val. Thats your onely courſe to haue it well quickly.

Poc. By what time would he haue it well ſir.

Dari. A very neceſſary queſtion, canſt thou limit the time.

Pock. O ſir, cures are like cauſes in law, which may be lengthned or ſhortned at the diſcretion of the Lawyer, he can either keepe it greene with replications or reioinders, or ſometimes ſkinne it faire a' th outſide for faſhion ſake, but ſo he may be ſure 'twill breake out againe by a writt of error, and then has he his ſuite new to begin, but I will couenant with you, that by ſuch a time Ile make your head as ſound as a Bell, I will bring it to ſuppuration, and after I will make it coagulate and growe to a perfect *Cycatrice*, and all within theſe ten dayes, ſo you keepe a good dyet.

Dar. Well come *Pock*, weele talke farther on't within, it drawes neere dinner time; what's aclock boye?

Page. By your clock ſir it ſhould be almoſt one, for your head rung noone ſome halfe houre agoe.

Dar. Iſt true ſir?

Val. Away let him alone, though he came in at

the window he fets the gates of your honor open I can tell you.

Dar. Come in *Pock*, come, apply; and for this deede
Ile giue the Knaue a wound fhåll neuer bleed:
So fir I thinke this knock rings lowd acquittance,
For my ridiculoufe.

Exeunt all but Rinal. & Valer.

Ryn. Well fir to turne our heads to salue your licence,
Since you have vfd the matter fo vnwifely,
That now your father has difcern'd your humor,
In your too carelefse vfage in his houfe,
Your wife muft come from his houfe to *Antonios*,
And he, to entertaine her muft be tould
She is not wife to his fonne ,but to you:
Which newes will make his fimple wit triumphe
Ouer your father; and your father thinking
He ftill is guld, wil ftill account him fimple:
Come fir, prepare your villanous witt to faine
A kinde fubmiffion to your fathers fury,
And we fhall fee what harty policie,
He will difcouer, in his fained Anger,
To blinde *Antonios* eyes, and make him thinke,
He thinkes her hartely to be your wife.

Val. O will I gull him rarely with my wench,
Lowe kneeling at my heeles before his furie,
And iniury fhalbe falu'd with iniurie.

Finis Actus 3.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 1.

Marc-Ant: *Goſtanzo.*

Marc-Ant. You ſee how too much wiſdome euermore,
Out-ſhootes the truth: you were ſo forwards ſtill,
To taxe my ignorance, my greene experience
In theſe gray haires, for giuing ſuch advantage,
To my ſonnes ſpirit, that he durſt vndertake.
A ſecret match, ſo farre ſhort of his woorth:
Your ſonne ſo ſeaſoned with obedience,
Euen from his youth, that all his actions reliſh
Nothing but dutie, and your angers feare,
What ſhall I ſay to you, if it fall out
That this moſt precious ſonne of yours, has plaide
A part as bad as this, and as rebellious:
Nay, more, has groſely guld your witt withall.
What if my ſonne has vndergone the blame
That appertain'd to yours? and that this wench
With which my ſonne is charg'd, may call you father:
Shall I then ſay you want experience?
Y' are greene, y' are credulous; eaſie to be blinded.

Goſt. Ha, ha, ha,
Good *Marc-Antonio*, when 't comes to that;
Laugh at me, call me foole, proclaime me ſo,
Let all the world take knowledge I am an Aſſe.

Marc. O the good God of Gods,
How blinde is Pride? what Eagles we are ſtill,
In matters that belong to other men?
What Beetles in our owne? I tell you Knight,
It is confeſt to be as I haue tould you;
And *Gratiana*, is by young *Rinaldo*,
And your white ſonne, brought to me as his wife:
How thinke you now Sir?

Goſt. Euen iuſt as before,
And haue more cauſe to thinke honeſt *Credulity*,
Is a true Loadſtone to draw on *Decrepity*:

You have a hart to open to imbrace,
All that your eare receiues: alas good man,
All this is but a plot for entertainment
Within your houſe, for your poore ſonnes yong wife
My houſe without huge danger cannot holde:

Mar. Iſt poſſible, wht danger Sir I pray?

Goſt. Ile tell you Sir, twas time to take her thence:
My ſonne that laſt day you ſaw could not frame,
His lookes to entertaine her, now bir-lady
Is grone a Courtier: for my ſelfe vnſeene,
Saw when he courted her, imbrac't and kiſt her,
And I can tell you left not much vndone,
That was the proper office of your ſonne.

Mar. What world is this?

Goſt. I tolde this to *Rinaldo*,
Aduiſing him to fetch her from my houſe,
And his yong wit not knowing where to lodge her
Vnleſſe with you: and ſaw that could not be,
Without ſome wyle: I preſently ſuggeſted
This queint deuiſe, to ſay ſhe was my ſonnes:
And all this plot, good *Marc-Antonio*,
Flow'd from this fount, onely to blinde our eyes.

Mar. Out of how ſweete a dreame haue you awak't me?
By heauen, I durſt haue laid my part in heauen
All had bin true; it was so liuely handled,
And drawne with ſuch a ſeeming face of trueth:
Your ſonne had caſt a perfect vaile of griefe
Ouer his face, for his ſo raſh offence,
To ſeale his loue with act of marriage,
Before his father had ſubſcrib'd his choyce:
My ſonne (my circumſtance leſſening the fact)
Intreating me to breake the matter to you,
And ioyning my effectuall perſwaſions,
With your ſonnes penitent ſubmiſſion,
Appeaſe your fury; I at firſt aſſented,
And now expect their comming to that purpoſe.

Goſt. T'was well, t'was well, ſeeme to beleeue it ſtill,

Let Art end what Credulitie began,
When they come, fuite your words and lookes to theirs,
Second my fad Sonnes fain'd fubmiffion,
And fee in all points how my braine will anfwere,
His difguifde griefe, with a fet countenance
Of rage and choller; now obferue and learne
To fchoole your fonne by me.

Intrant Rynaldo, Val: Grat:

Mar. On with your maske; here come the other maskers fir,

Rinal. Come on I fay,
Your father with fubmiffion willbe calm'd;
Come on; downe a your knees.

Gost. Villaine durft thou
Prefume to gull thy Father? dooft thou not
Tremble to fee my bent and cloudy browes
Ready to thunder on thy graceleffe head,
And with the bolt of my difpleafure cut
The thred of all my liuing from thy life,
For taking thus a beggar to thy wife?

Val. Father, if that part I haue in your blood,
If teares. which fo aboundantly diftill
Out of my inward eyes: and for a neede,
Can drowne thefe outward (lend me thy hand-kercher)
And being indeed as many drops of blood,
Iffuing from the Creator of my hart,
Be able to beget fo much compaffion,
Not on my life, bfit on this louely Dame,
Whom I hold dearer?

Gost. Out vpon thee villaine.

Marc. Nay good *Gostanzo*, thinke you are a Father.

Gost. I will not heare a word; out, out vpon thee:
Wed without my aduife, my loue, my knowledge,
I, and a begger too, a trull, a blowfe?

Rinal. You thought not fo laft day, when you offerd her
A twelue months boord for one nights lodging with her.

Gost. Goe too, no more of that, peace good *Rinaldo*,

It is a fault that onely ſhe and you know.

Rin. Well ſir, go on I pray.

Goſt. Haue I fond wretch,
With vtmoſt care and labour brought thee vp,
Euer inſtructing thee, omitting neuer
The office of a kinde and carefull Father,
To make thee wiſe and vertuous like thy father:
And haſt thou in one acte euerted all?
Proclaim'd thy ſelfe to all the world a foole?
To wedde a begger?

Val. Father, ſay not ſo,

Goſt. Nay ſhees thy owne, here, riſe foole, take her to thee,
Liue with her ſtill, I know thou countſt thy ſelfe
Happy in ſoule, onely in winning her:
Be happy ſtill, heere, take her hand enioy her,
Would not a ſonne hazard his Fathers wrath,
His reputation in the world? his birth-right,
To haue but ſuch a meſſe of broth as this?

Marc: Be not ſo violent, I pray you good *Goſtanzo,*
Take truce with paſſion, licence your ſad ſonne,
To ſpeake in his excuſe.

Goſt. What? what excuſe?
Can any orator in this caſe excuſe him?
What can he ſay? what can be ſaid of any?

Val. Ahlas ſir, heare me, all that I can ſay
In my excuſe, is but to ſhew loues warrant.

Goſt. Notable wagge.

Val. I know I haue committed
A great impiety, not to mooue you firſt
Before the dame, I meant to make my wiſe
Conſider what I am, yet young, and greene,
Beholde what ſhe is, is there not in her
I, in her very eye, a power to conquer,
Euen age it ſelfe and wiſdome, call to mind,
Sweete Father, what your ſelfe being young haue bin,
Thinke what you may be, for I doe not thinke
The world ſo farre ſpent with you, but you may
Looke back on ſuch a beauty, and I hope

To ſee you young againe, and to liue long
With young affections, wiſdome makes a man
Liue young for euer: and where is this wiſdome
If not in you? ahlas I know not what
Reſts in your wiſedome to ſubdue affections,
But I proteſt it wrought with me ſo ſtrongly,
That I had quite bin drownd in ſeas of teares
Had I not taken hold in happy time
Of this ſweete hand, my hart had beene conſum'de
T' a heape of Aſhes with the flames of loue,
Had it not ſweetly bin aſſwag'd and cool'd,
With the moiſt kiſſes of theſe ſugred lippes.

Goſt. O puiſant wag, what huge large thongs he cuts
Out of his friend *Fortunios* ſtretching leather.

Marc. He knows he does it but to blinde my eyes.

Goſt. O excellent, theſe men will put vp any thing.

Val. Had I not had her, I had loſt my life,
Which life indeed I would haue loſt before,
I had diſpleaſd you, had I not receau'd it
From ſuch a kinde, a wiſe, and honour'd Father.

Goſt. Notable Boy.

Val. Yet doe I here renounce
Loue, life and all, rather then one houre longer
Indure to haue your loue eclipſed from me.

Gra. O I can hold no longer, if thy words
Be vſ'd in earneſt my *Valerio*,
Thou woundſt my hart, but I know tiſt in ieſt.

Goſt. No ile be ſworne ſhe has her lyripoope too.

Grat. Didſt thou not ſweare to loue, ſpight of Father, & all the world
That nought ſhould ſeuer vs but death it ſelfe.

Val. I did, but if my father
Will haue his ſonne foreſworne, vpon his ſoule,
The blood of my black periurie ſhall lye,
For I will ſeeke his fauour tho' I dye.

Goſt. No, no, liue ſtill my ſonne, thou well ſhalt know,
I haue a fathers hart, come ioyne your hands,

Still keepe thy vowes, and liue together ſtill,
Till cruell death ſet foote betwixt you both.

Val. O ſpeake you this in earneſt?

Goſt. I by heauen.

Val. And neuer to recall it?

Goſt. Not till death.

Rinal. Excellent ſir, you haue done like your ſelfe·
What would you more *Valerio*?

Val. Worſhipful Father.

Rinal. Come ſir, come you in, and celebrate your ioyes. *Exeunt all ſaue the old men.*

Goſt. O *Marc-Antonio*,
Had I not armd you with an expectation,
Would not this make you pawne your very ſoule,
The wench had bin my ſonnes wife?

Marc. Yes by heauen:
A knauerie thus effected might deceiue
A wiſer man then I, for I ah las,
Am noe good polititian, plaine beleeuing
Simple honeſty, is my policy ſtill.

Goſt. The viſible markes of folly, honeſty,
And quick Credulitie his yonger brother.
I tell you, *Marc Antonio* there is mutch
In that young boy my Sonne.

Marc. Not much honeſty, if I may ſpeake without offence to his father.

Goſt. O God you cannot pleaſe me better ſir,
H'as honeſty enough to ſerue his turne,
The leſſe honeſty euer the more wit,
But goe you home, and vſe your daughter kindly,
Meane time Ile ſchoole your ſonne: and do you ſtill
Diſſemble what you know, keepe off your ſonne,
The wench at home muſt ſtill be my ſonnes wife,
Remember that, and be you blinded ſtill.

Marc. You muſt remember too, to let your ſonne
Vſe his accuſtom'd viſitations,
Onely to blinde my eyes.

Goſt. He ſhall not faile:
But ſtill take you heede, haue a vigilant eye,

On that ſlie childe of mine, for by this light,
Heele be too bould with your ſonnes forhead els.
Marc. Well ſir let me alone, Ile beare a braine.
Exeunt.

Enter Valerio, Rynaldo.

Val. Come they are gone.
Ryn. Gone, they were farre gone heere.
Val. Guld I my father, or guld he himſelfe?
Thou toldſt him *Gratiana* was my wife,
I haue confeſt it, he has pardoned it.
Ryn. Nothing more true, enow can witneſſe it.
And therefore when he comes to learne the truth,
(As certainly for all theſe ſlie diſguiſes,
Time will ſtrip Truth into her nakedneſſe)
Thou haſt good plea againſt him to confeſſe,
The honor'd Action, and to claime his pardon.
Val. Tis true, for all was done he deeply ſwore
Out of his hart.
Ryn. He has much faith the whiles,
That ſwore a thing, ſo quite againſt his hart:
Val. Why this is pollicie.
Ryn. Well ſee you repaire,
To *Gratiana* daily, and enioy her
In her true kinde; and now we muſt expect
The reſolute and ridiculous diuorce,
Cornelio hath ſued againſt his wedlock.
Val. I thinke it be not ſo; the Aſſe dotes on her.
Ryn. It is too true, and thou ſhalt anſwere it,
For ſetting ſuch debate twixt man and wife:
See, we ſhall ſee the ſolemne maner of it.

Enter Cor: Darioto. Claud. Notarie, Page, Gazetta. Bell: Gratiana.

Bell. Good Signior *Cornelio* vs poore Gentlewomen intreate you to forbeare.
Cor. Talke no more to me, Ile not be made Cuckold in my owne houſe: Notarie read me the diuorce.
Gazet. My deare *Cornelio*, examine the cauſe better before you condemne me.

Cor. Sing to me no more Syren, for I will heare thee no more, I will take no compaſſion on thee.

Page. Good Signior *Cornelio* be not too mankinde againſt your wife, ſay y'are a cuckold (as the beſt that is may be ſo at a time) will you make a trumpet of your owne hornes?

Cor. Goe too ſir, y'are a raſcall, ile giue you a fee for pleading for her one day, *Notary*, doe you your office.

Val. Goe too Signior looke better to your wife, and be better aduiſed, before you grow to this extremitie.

Cor. Extremity? go too, I deale but too mercifully with her, If I ſhould vſe extremitie with her I might hang her, and her copeſmate my drudge here, how ſay you, M. *Notary*, might I not doe it by law?

Not. Not hang am, but you may bring them both to a white ſheete.

Cor. Nay by the maſſe they haue had too much of the ſheete already.

Not. And beſides you may ſet capitall letters on their foreheads.

Cor. What's that to the capitall letter thats written in minde, I ſay for all your law, maiſter *Notary* that I may hang am, may I not hang him that robs me of mine honour, as well as he that robs me of my horſe?

Not. No ſir your horſe is a chattell.

Cor. Soe is honour, a man may buy it with his peny, and if I may hang a man for ſtealing my horſe (as I ſay) much more for robbing mee of my honour; for why? if my horſe be ſtolne, it may bee my owne fault; for why? eyther the ſtable is not ſtrong enough, or the paſture not well fenc't, or watcht, or so foorth: But for your wife that keepes the ſtable of your honour: Let her be lockt in a brazen towre, let *Argus* himſelfe keepe her, yet can you neuer bee ſecure of your honour, for why? ſhe can runne through all with her ſerpent nodle: beſides you may hang a locke vpon your horſe, and ſo can you not vpon your wife.

Rin. But I pray you Sir what are the presumptions on which you would build this diuorce?

Cornelio. Presumption enough Sir, for besides their intercourse, or commerce of glances that past betwixt this cocknill-drone, and her, at my table the last Sunday night at supper, their winckes, their beckes, due gard, their treads a' the toe (as by heauen I sweare she trode once vpon my toe instead of his) This is chiefly to be noted, the same night she would needs lie alone; and the same night her dog barkt, did not you heare him, *Valerio*?

Val. And vnderstand him too, Ile be sworne of a booke.

Cornelio. Why very good, if these be not manifest presumptions now, let the world be iudge: Therefore without more ceremony, Maister *Notarie* plucke out your Instrument.

Notary. I will sir, if there be no remedie.

Corn. Haue you made it strong in law, Maister *Notary*? haue you put in words enough?

Notary. I hope so sir, it has taken me a whole skinne of Parchment you see.

Cornelio. Very good, and is Egresse and Regresse in?

Nota. Ile warrant you sir, it is *forma Iuris.*

Corn. Is there no hoale to be found in the Ortography?

Nota. None in the world sir.

Corn. You haue written *Sunt* with an *S* haue you not?

Nota. Yes that I haue.

Corn. You have done the better for quietnesse sake: and are none of the Autenticall dashes ouer the head left out? if there be Maister *Notary* an error will lye out.

Nota. Not for a dashe ouer head sir I warrant you, if I should ouersee; I haue seene that tryed in *Butiro & Caseo*, in *Butler* and *Casons* case, *Decimo sexto* of Duke *Anonimo.*

Rinal. Y'aue gotten a learned Notarie *Signior Cornelio.*

Corn. Hees a ſhroad fellow indeed, I had as leeve haue his head in a matter of fellony, or Treaſon, as any Notary in *Florence*, read out Maiſter *Notary*, harken you miſtreſſe, Gentlemen marke I beſeech you.

Omnes. We will all marke you ſir, I warrant you.

Nota. I thinke it would be ſomething tedious to read all, and therfore Gentlemen the ſumme is this. That you *Signior Cornelio* Gentlemen, for diuers & ſundry waighty and mature conſiderations, you eſpecially mouing, ſpecifying all the particulars of your wiues enormities in a ſcedule hereunto annexed, the the tranſcript whereof is in your owne tenure, cuſtodie, occupation, & keeping: That for theſe the aforeſaid premiſes, I ſay, you renounce, diſclaime and diſcharge *Gazetta* frō being your leeful, or your lawfull wife: And that you eſtſoones deuide, diſioyne, ſeperate, remoue, & finally eloigne, ſequeſter, & diuorce her, frō your bed & your boord; That you forbid her all acceſſe, repaire, egreſſe or regreſſe to your perſon, or perſons, manſion or manſions, dwellings, habitations, remainences or abodes, or to any ſhop, ſellar, Sollar, eaſements chamber, dormer, and ſo forth, now in the tenure, cuſtody, occupation or keeping of the ſaid *Cornelio*; notwithſtanding all former contracts, couenants, bargaines, conditions, agreements, compacts, Promiſes, vowes, affiances, aſſurances, bonds, billes, indentures, pole-deedes, deeds of guift, defeſances, feoffments, endowments, vowchers, double vowchers, priuie entries, actions, declarations, explications, reioinders, ſurreioinders, rights, intereſts, demands, claymes, or titles whatſoeuer, heretofore betwixt the one and the other party, or parties, being had, made, paſt, couenanted & agreed, from the beginning of the world, till the day of the date hereof, giuen the 17. of

Nouember 1500. and ſo forth, here Sir you muſt ſet to your hand.

Cor. What els maiſter Notary, I am reſolute ifaith.

Gaz. Sweete husband forbeare.

Cor. Auoyde, I charge thee in the name of this diuorce: Thou mightſt haue lookt to it in time yet this I will doe for thee; if thou canſt ſpie out any other man that thou wouldeſt cuckolde, thou ſhalt haue my letter to him: I can do no more: more Inke maiſter *Notary*, I wright my name at large.

Not. Here is more Sir.

Cor. Ah aſſe that thou could not know thy happineſſe till thou hadſt loſt it, how now? my noſe bleed? ſhall I write in blood? what onely three drops? Sfoote thi's Omninous: I will not ſet my hand toot now certaine, maiſter *Notary* I like not this abodement: I will deferre the ſetting too of my hand till the next court day: keepe the diuorce I pray you, and the woman in your houſe together.

Om. Burne the diuorce, burne the diuorce.

Cor. Not ſo Sir, it ſhall not ſerue her turne M. *Notary*, keep it at your perill, & gentlemen you may be gone a Gods name, what haue you to doe to flocke about me thus? I am neither *Howlet* nor *Cuckooe*: gentlewomen for gods ſake medle with your owne caſes, it is not fit you ſhould haunt theſe publike aſſembles.

Om. well, farewell *Cornelio*.

Val. Vſe the gentlewoman kindely maiſter *Notary*,
As mine owne wife, I aſſure you Sir. *Exeunt.*

Clau. Signor *Cornelio* I cānot but in kindenes tell you that *Balerio* by counſaile of *Rinaldo* hath whiſpered all this iealoſie into your eares, not that he knew any iuſt cauſe in your wife, but only to be reuenged on you, for the gull, you put vpon him, when you drew him with his glory to touch the *Theorbo*.

Cor. May I beleeue this?

Clau. As I am a gentleman: and if this accident of your nose had not falne out, I would haue told you this before you set too your hand.

Cor. It may well be, yet haue I cause enough
To perfect my diuorce, but it shall rest,
Till I conclude it with a Counterbuffe,
giuen to these noble rascals: *Claudio* thankes:
What comes of this, watch but my braine a little,
And yee shall see, if like two partes in me,
I leaue not both these gullers wits Imbrierd,
Now I perceiue well where the wilde winde sits,
Heres Gull for Gull, and wits at warre with wits.

Exeunt.

ACTVS QVINTI: SCŒNA PRIMA.

Rinaldo ſolus.

Fortune the great commandreſſe of the world,
Hath diuers wayes to aduance her followers:
To ſome ſhe giues honour without deſeruing,
To other ſome deſeruing without honour,
Some wit, ſome wealth: and ſome wit without wealth:
Some wealth without wit, ſome, nor wit nor wealth
But good ſmocke-faces: or ſome qualities,
by nature without iudgement, with the which
They liue in ſenſuall acceptation,
And make ſhow onely, without touche of ſubſtance;
My fortune is to winne renowne by Gulling,
Goſtanzo, Darioto, and *Cornelio*:
All which ſuppoſe in all their different kindes,
Their witts entyre, and in themſelues no piece,
All at one blow: my helmet yet vnbruiſde,
I haue vnhorſt, laid flat on earth for Guls;
Now in what taking poore *Cornelio* is,
Betwixt his large diuorce, and no diuorce,
I long to ſee, and what he will reſolue:
I lay my life he cannot chew his meate,
And lookes much like an Ape had ſwallowed pilles,
And all this comes of booteleſſe iealouſie:
And ſee where bootleſſe iealouſie appeares.

Enter Cornel.

Ile bourd him ſtraight; how now *Cornelio*?
Are you reſolu'd on the diuorce or no?
Cor. What's that to you? looke to your owne affaires,
The time requires it; are not you engag'd
In ſome bonds forfeit for *Valerio*?

Rinal. Yes, what of that?

Corn. Why so am I my selfe,
And both our dangers great, he is arrested
On a recognizance, by a vsuring slaue.

Rinal. Arrested? I am sorry with my hart,
It is a matter may import me much,
May not our bayle suffize to free him thinke you?

Cor. I thinke it may, but I must not be seene in't,
Nor would I wish you, for we both are parties,
And liker farre to bring our selues in trouble,
Then beare him out: I haue already made
Meanes to the officers to sequester him
In priuate for a time, till some in secret
Might make his Father vnderstand his state,
Who would perhaps take present order for him,
Rather then suffer him t' endure the shame
Of his imprisonment; Now, would you but goe
And breake the matter closely to his Father,
(As you can wisely doo't) and bring him to him,
This were the onely way to saue his credit,
And to keepe off a shrowd blow from our selues.

Rinal. I know his Father will be moou'd past measure.

Corn. Nay if you stand on such nice ceremonies,
Farewell our substance: Extreame diseases
Aske extreame remedies, better he should storme
Some little time, then we be beate for euer
Vnder the horred shelter of a prison,

Rinal. Where is the place?

Corn. Tis at the halfe Moone Tauerne,
Hast, for the matter will abide no staye.

Rin. Heauen send my speed be equall with my hast. *Exit.*

Corn. Goe shallow scholler, you that make all Guls,
You that can out see cleere-ey'd ieolousie,
Yet make this slight a Milstone, where your braine
Sticks in the midst amazd: This Gull to him

And to his fellow Guller, ſhall become
More bitter then their baiting of my humour:
Heere at this Tauerne ſhall *Goſtanzo* finde,
Fortunio, Darioto, Claudio,
And amongſt them, the ringleader his ſonne
His husband, and his Saint *Valerio,*
That knowes not of what faſhion Dice are made,
Nor euer yet lookt towards a red Lettice,
(Thinkes his blinde Sire) at drinking and at Dice,
Withall their wenches, and at full diſcouer
His owne groſe folly, and his ſonnes diſtempers,
And both ſhall know (although I be no ſcholler)
Yet I haue thus much Latin, as to ſay
Iam ſumus ergo pares. *Exit.*

Enter Valerio, Fortunio, Claudio, Page, Grat: Gazetta, Bellanora. A Drawer or two, ſetting a Table.

Val. Set me the Table heere, we will ſhift roomes,
To ſee if Fortune will ſhift chances with vs:
Sit Ladies, ſit, *Fortunio* place thy wench,
And *Claudio* place you *Dariotos* miſtreſſe,
I wonder where that neate ſpruce ſlaue becomes:
I thinke he was ſome Barbers ſonne by th' maſſe,
'Tis ſuch a picked fellow, not a haire
About his whole Bulke, but it ſtands in print,
Each Pinne hath his due place, not any point,
But hath his perfect tie, faſhion, and grace;
A thing whoſe ſoule is ſpecially imployde
In knowing where beſt Gloues, beſt Stockings, Waſe-
cotes,
Curiouſly wrought are ſolde; ſacks Milleners ſhops
For all new tyres and faſhions, and can tell yee
What new deuices of all ſorts there are:
And that there is not in the whole *Rialto,*
But one new-faſhion'd Waſt-cote, or one Nightcap,
One paire of Gloues, pretty or well perfum'd,
And from a paire of Gloues of halfe a crowne,
To twenty crownes: will to a very ſcute

Smell out the price: and for thefe womanly parts
He is efteem'd a witty Gentleman.

Enter Darioto.

Fortunio. See where he comes.

Dari. God faue you louely Ladies.

Val. I well faid louely *Paris*, your wall eye,
Muft euer firft be gloting on mens wiues,
You thinke to come vpon vs, being halfe drunke,
And fo to part the frefheft man amongft vs,
But you fhall ouertake vs, Ile be fworne.

Dario. Tufh man where are your dice? lets fall to them.

Clau. We haue bin at am, Drawer, call for more.

Vale. Firft lets haue Wine, Dice haue no perfect edge,
Without the liquid whetftone of the Sirrope.

Fort. True, and to welcome *Darioto's* latenes,
He fhall (vnpledg'd) carouze one crowned cup
To all thefe Ladies health.

Dar. I am well pleafd.

Val. Come on, let vs varie our fweete time
With fundry excercifes, Boy? Tabacco.
And Drawer, you muft get vs mufique too,
Calls in a cleanly noyfe, the flaues grow lowzy.

Drawer. You fhall haue fuch as we can get you fir. *Exit.*

Dariot. Let's haue fome Dice: I pray thee, they are clenly.

Val. Page, Let mee fee that Leafe?

Page. It is not Leafe Sir, Tis pudding cane *Tabacco*:

Val. But I meane, your Linftock fir, what leafe is that, I pray

Page. I pray you fee fir, for I cannot read.

Val. Sfoote a francke ftincking Satyre: this had been
Enough to have poyfned euerie man of vs.

Dari. And now you ſpeake of that, my Boy once lighted
A pipe of Cane *Tabacco* with a peece
Of a vild Ballad, and Ile ſweare I had
A ſinging in my head a whole weeke after.

Val. Well, th' old verſe is, *A potibus incipe io-c-um.*

Enter Drawer with Wine and a Cupp.

Vall. Drawer, fill out this Gentlemans Carowſe,
And harden him for our ſocietie.

Dariot. Well, Ladies heere is to your honourd healths.

For. What *Dariotto*, without hat or knee?

Val. Well ſaid *Fortunio*: O y'are a rare Courtier,
Your knee good Signior, I beſeech your knee.

Dariot. Nay pray you, lets take it by degrees, *Valerio*; on our feete firſt, for this will bring's too ſoone vpon our knees.

Vall. Sir, there are no degrees of order in a Tauerne,
Heere you muſt, I chargd yee runne all a head,
Slight, Courtier, downe;
I hope you are no Elephant, you haue Ioynts?

Dari. Well Sir, heere's to the Ladies on my knees.

Vall. Ile be their pledge.

Enter Goſtanzo & Rinaldo.

Fort. Not yet, *Valerio*,
This hee muſt drinke vnpledgd.

Vall. Hee ſhall not, I will giue him this aduantage.

Goſt. How now? whats heere? are theſe the Officers?

Rin. Slight, I would all were well.

Enter Cornelio.

Vall. Heere is his pledge:
Heere's to our common friend *Cornelioes* health.

Clau. Health to *Gazetta*, Poyſon to her husband.

He kneeles.

Cor. Excellent Gueſtes: theſe are my dayly Gueſtes.

Val. Drawer, make euen th' impartiall ſkales of Iuſtice,
Giue it to *Claudio*, and from him fill round.
Come *Dariotto*, ſett mee, let mee reſt,
Come in when they haue done the Ladyes right.

Gost. Sett mee, doe you know what belongs to ſetting?

Rin. What a dull ſlaue was I to be thus gull'd.

Cor. Why *Rinald*, what meant you to intrap your friend,
And bring his Father to this ſpectacle?
You are a friend in deed.

Rin. Tis verie good Sir,
Perhaps my friend, or I, before wee part,
May make euen with you.

Fort. Come, letts ſett him round.

Vall. Doe ſo; at all. A plague vpon theſe Dice.
Another health, sfoote I ſhall haue no lucke,
Till I be druncke: come on, heere's to the comfort,
The Caualier my Father ſhould take in mee,
If he now ſaw mee, and would do me right.

Fort. Ile pledge it, and his health *Valerio*.

Goſt. Heere's a good Husband.

Rin. I pray you haue patience Sir.

Val. Now haue at all, an 'twere a thouſand pound.

Goſt. Hold Sir, I barr the Dice.

Val. What Sir, are you there?
Fill's a freſh pottle, by this light, Sir Knight,
You ſhall do right.

Enter Marc. Ant.

Gost. O thou vngratious villaine,
Come, come, we ſhall haue you now thunder foorth
Some of your thriftie ſentences, as grauely:
For as much *Valerius* as euery thing has time, and a Pudding has two: yet ought not ſatisfaction to ſwerue,

ſo much from defalcation of well diſpoſ'd people, as that indemnitie ſhould preiudice what ſecuritie doth inſinuate: atryall yet once againe.

Marc. An. Heere's a good ſight, y' are well encountred ſir,
Did not I tell you you'd oreſhoote your ſelfe
With too much wiſdome.

Val. Sir, your wiſeſt do ſo.
Fill the old man ſome wine.

Goſt. Heere's a good Infant.

Marc. Why Sir: Ahlas Ile wager with your wiſedome,
His conſorts drew him to it, for of him ſelfe
He is both vertuous, baſhfull, innocent:
Comes not at Cittie: knowes no Cittie Art,
But plies your Husbandrie; dares not view a Wench.

Val. Father, hee comes vpon you.

Goſt. Heere's a Sonne.

Marc. Whoſe wife is *Gratiana* now I pray?

Goſt. Sing your old ſong no more, your braine's too ſhort
To reach into theſe pollicies.

Marc. 'Tis true,
Mine eyes ſoone blinded: and your ſelfe would ſay ſo,
If you knew all: Where lodg'd your Sonne laſt night?
Doe you know that with all your pollicie?

Goſt. Youle ſay he lodg'd with you, and did not I
Foretell you: all this muſt for cullour ſake
Be brought about, onely to blinde your eyes?

Marc. By heauen I chaunc't this morne, I know not why
To paſſe by *Gratianas* bed-chamber,
And whom ſaw I faſt by her naked ſide,
But your *Valerio*?

Goſt. Had you not warning giuen?
Did not I bidd you watch my Courtier well,
Or hee would ſet a Creſt a your Sonnes head?

Marc. That was not all, for by them on a stoole,
My Sonne sate laughing, to see you so gull'd,
Gost. Tis too too plaine.
Mar. Why Sir, do you suspect it the more for that?
Gost. Suspect it? is there any
So grosse a wittoll, as if t'were his wife,
Would sit by her so tamelie?
Mar. Why not Sir, To blind my eyes?
Gost. Well Sir, I was deceiu'd,
But I shall make it prooue a deare deceipt
to the deceiuer.
Rin. Nay Sir, lets not haue
A new infliction, set on an old fault:
Hee did confesse his fault vpon his knees,
You pardned it, and swore twas from your hart.
Gost. Swore; a great peece of worke, the wretch shall know
I haue a Daughter heere to giue my land too,
Ile giue my Daughter all: the prodigall
Shall not haue one poore House to hide his head in.
Fort. I humblie thanke you Sir, and vow all duetie
My life can yeelde you.
Gost. Why are you so thankfull?
Fort. For giuing to your Daughter all your Lands,
Who is my Wife, and so you gaue them mee.
Gost. Better, and better.
Fort. Pray Sir be not moou'd,
You drew mee kindlie to your house, and gaue mee
Accesse to woe your Daughter, whom I lou'd:
And since (by honord mariage) made my wife.
Gost. Now all my Choller flie out in your witts:
Good trickes of Youth y'faith, no *Indecorum*,
Knights sonne, Knights daughter; *Marc. Antonio*

Giue mee your hand, There is no remedie,
Mariage is euer made by Destenie.

Rin. Scilence my Maisters, now heere all are pleas'd,
Onelie but *Cornelio*, who lackes but perswasion
To reconcile himselfe to his faire wife:
Good sir will you (of all men our best speaker)
Perswade him to receiue her into grace?

Gost. That I will gladlie, and he shalbe rul'd good *Cornelio*: I haue heard of your wayward Ielosie, and I must tell you plaine as a friend, y' are an Asse: you must pardon me, I knew your Father.

Rin. Then you must pardon him, indeed Sir.

Gost. Vnderstand mee: put case *Dariotto* lou'd your wife, whereby you would seeme to refuse her; would you desire to haue such a Wife as no man could loue but your selfe?

Mar. Answere but that *Cornelio.*

Gost. Vnderstand mee: Say *Dariotto* hath kist your wife, or perform'de other offices of that nature, whereby they did conuerse togeather at bedd and at boord, as friendes may seem to doe:

Mar. Marke but the now vnderstand mee.

Gost. Yet if there come no proofes, but that her actions were cleanlie, or indiscreete priuate, why t'was a signe of modestie: and will you blow the Horne your selfe, when you may keepe it to your selfe? Goe to, you are a Foole, vnderstand mee?

Val. Doe vnderstand him *Cornelio.*

Gost. Nay *Cornalio* I tell you againe, I knew your Father; Hee was a wise Gentleman, and so was your Mother: mee thinkes I see her yet, a lustie stoute Woman, bore great Children, you were the very skundrell of am all; but let that passe: as for your Mother, shee was wise, a most flippant tongue she had, and could set out her Taile with as good grace as any shee in *Florence*, come cut and long-tayle; and she was honest enough too: But yet by your leaue she would

tickle *Dob* now and then, as well as the beſt on am; by *Ioue* it's true *Cornelio*, I ſpeake it not to flatter you: your Father knew it well enough, and would he do as you do thinke you? ſet Raſcalles to vndermine her, or looke to her water (as they ſay)? No, when he ſaw twas but her humour (for his owne quietneſſe ſake) hee made a Backe-doore to his houſe for conuenience, gott a Bell to his fore doore, and had an odd faſhion in ringing, by which ſhee and her Mayde knew him; and would ſtand talking to his next neighbour to prolong time, that all thinges might be ridde clenly out a the way before he came, for the credite of his Wife: This was wiſedome now, for a mans owne quiet.

Mar. Heere was a man *Cornelio.*

Goſt. What I ſay? Young men thinke olde men are fooles; but old men know young men are fooles.

Cor. Why harke you, you two Knights; Doe you thinke I will forſake *Gazetta*?

Goſt. And will you not?

Cor. Why theer's your wiſedome; why did I make ſhew of Diuorce thinke you?

Marc. Pray you why Sir?

Cor. Onelie to bridle her ſtout ſtomack: and how did I draw on the cullour for my diuorce? I did traine the Woodcocke *Dariotto* into the net, drew him to my houſe, gaue him opportunitie with my wife (as you ſay my Father dealt with his wiues friendes) onely to traine him in; let him alone with my wife in her bedchamber; and ſometimes founde him a bedd with her, and went my way backe againe ſoftlie, onlie to draw him into the Pitte.

Goſt. This was well handled in deed *Cornelio.*

Marc. I marrie Sir, now I commend your wiſedome.

Corn. Why, if I had been ſo minded as you thinke, I could haue flung his Pantable downe the ſtaires, or doone him ſome other diſgrace: but I winckt at it, and drew on the good foole more and more, onelie to bring him within my compaſſe.

Goſt. Why, this was pollicie in graine.

Cor. And now ſhal the world ſee I am as wiſe as my father.

Val. Is't come to this ? then will I make a ſpeech in praiſe of this reconcilement, including therein the praiſe and honor of the moſt faſhionable and autenticall *HORNE:* ſtande cloſe Gentles, and be ſilent.

He gets into a chaire.

Goſt. Come on, lets heare his wit in this potable humour.

Valerio.

The courſe of the world (like the life of man) is ſaid to be deuided into ſeuerall ages: As wee into Infancie, Childhood, Youth, and ſo forward to Old-age: So the World into the Golden age, the Siluer, the Braſſe, the Iron, the Leaden, the Wooden; and now into this preſent age, which wee tearme the *Horned age*: not that but former ages haue injoyde this benefite as well as our times; but that in ours it is more common, and neuertheleſſe pretious. It is ſaid, that in the Golden age of the world, the vſe of Gold was not then knowne: an argument of the ſimplicitie of that age, leaſt therefore ſucceeding ages ſhould hereafter impute the ſame fault to vs, which wee lay vpon the firſt age; that wee liuing in the Horned age of the world, ſhould not vnderſtand the vſe, the vertue, the honour, and the very royaltie of the Horne; I will in briefe ſound the prayſes thereof, that they who are alreadie in poſſeſsion of it, may beare their heades aloft, as beeing proud of ſuch loftie acowtrementes: And they that are but in poſsibilitie, may be rauiſht with a deſire to be in poſſeſsion.

A Trophey ſo honorable, and vnmatchably powerfull, that it is able to raiſe any man from a Beggar to an Emperours fellow, a Dukes fellow, a Noble-mans fellow, Alderman's fellow; ſo glorious, that it deſerues to be worne (by moſt opinions) in the moſt conſpicuous

place about a man: For what worthier Creſt can you beare then the Horne? which if it might be ſeene with our mortall eyes, what a wonderfull ſpectacle would there be? and how highly they would rauiſh the beholders? But their ſubſtaunce is incorporall, not falling vnder ſence, nor mixt of the groſſe concretion of Elementes, but a quinteſſence beyond them; a ſpirituall eſſence inuiſible, and euerlaſting.

And this hath been the cauſe that many men haue called their beeing in queſtion, whether there be ſuch a thing in *rerum natura*, or not; becauſe they are not to be ſeene: as though nothing were that were not to be ſeene? Who euer ſaw the Winde? yet what wonderfull effectes are ſeene of it? It driues the cloudes, yet no man ſees it: it rockes the Houſe, beares downe Trees, Caſtles, Steeples, yet who ſees it? In like ſort does your Horne, it ſwelles the Forehead, yet none ſees it; it rockes the Cradle, yet none ſees it: ſo that you plainely perceiue Sence, is no Iudge of Eſſence. The Moone to any mans ſence, ſeemes to be Horned; yet who knowes not the Moone to be euer perfectly round: So likewiſe your Heades ſeeme euer to be round, when indeed they are oftentimes Horned: for their originall, it is vnſearchable: Naturall they are not; for there is Beaſt borne with Hornes more then with Teeth: Created they were not, for *Ex nihilo nihil fit*; Then will you aſke mee, How came they into the world? I know not; but I am ſure Women brought them into this part of the world, howſoeuer ſome Doctors are of opinion that they came in with the Diuell. and not vnlike; for, as the Diuell brought Sinne into the worlde; but the Woman brought it to the Man: ſo it may very well be that the Diuell brought Hornes into the world; but the Woman brought them to the man.

For their power, it is generall ouer the world, no Nation ſo barbarous, no Countrey ſo proude, but doth

equall homage to the Horne. *Europa* when shee was carried through the Sea by the *Saturnian* Bull, was said (for feare of falling) to haue held by the Horne: and what is this but a plaine shewing to vs, that all *Europa*, which tooke name from that *Europa*, should likewise hold by the Horne: So that I say, it is vniuersall ouer the face of the world, general ouer the face of *Europe*, and common ouer the face of this Countrey. What Cittie, what Towne, what Village, what Streete? nay what House can quit it selfe of this prerogatiue? I haue read that the Lion once made a proclamation through all the Forrest, that all Horned Beastes should depart foorthwith vpon paine of death: If this Proclamation should be made through our Forrest, Lord what pressing, what running, what flying, would there be euen from all the parts of it? he that had but a bunch of Flesh in his head would away: and some foolishly fearefull, would imagine the shadow of his Eares to be Hornes: Ahlas how desart would this Forrest be left?

To conclude for there force it is irreuitable, for were they not irreuitable, then might eyther propernesse of person secure a man, or wisedome preuent am; or greatnesse exempt, or riches redeeme them, but present experience hath taught vs, that in this case, all these stand in no steade: for we see the properst men take part of them, the best wits cannot auoide them (for then should Poets be no cuckolds) nor can money redeeme them, for then would rich-men fine for their hornes, as they do for offices: But this is held for a maxime, that there are more rich cuckolds then poore, lastly, for continuance of the horne it is vndeterminable till death: Neither doe they determine with the wiues death, (howsoeuer ignorant writers hol le opinion they doe) For as when a knight dies, his Ladie still retaines the title of Ladie; when a company is cast yet the Captaine still retaines the title of Captaine; So though the wife die by whom this title came to her husband, yet by the curtesie of the City, he shalbe a cuckold

during life, let all ignorant asses prate what they list.

Gost. Notable wag, come sir shake hands with him,
In whose high honour you haue made this speech.

Mar. Ant. And you sir come, ioyne hands, y' are one amogst thê.

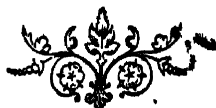
Gost. Very well done, now take your seuerall wiues,
And spred like wilde-geese, though you now grow tame:
Liue merrily together and agree,
Hornes cannot be kept off with iealousie.

FINIS.



Epilogue.

Since all our labours are as you can like,
We all ſubmit to you; nor dare preſume,
To thinke ther's any reall worth in them:
Sometimes feaſtes pleaſe the Cookes, and not the gueſtes,
Sometimes the gueſtes, and curious Cookes contemne them,
Our diſhes we intirely dedicate
To our kinde gueſtes, but ſince yee differ ſo,
Some to like onely mirth without taxations,
Some to count ſuch workes trifles, and ſuch-like,
We can but bring you meate, and ſet you ſtooles,
And to our beſt cheere ſay, you all are ( ) welcome.



MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

Comedie, as it vvas ſundrie times acted by her *Maieſties children at the Blacke-* Friers.

By George Chapman.



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MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

ACTVS PRIMI.

Scæna Prima.

VANDOME with feruants and faylors laden, VAVMONT, another way walking.

Vand.

COnuey your carriage to my brother in Lawes,
Th'Earle of Saint *Anne*, to whome and to my
Sifter,
Commend my humble feruice, tell them both
Of my arriuall, and intent t'attend them:
When in my way, *I* haue performd fit duties,
To Count *Vaumont*, and his moft honoured Counteffe.
Ser. We will Syr, this way, follow honeft *Saylors.*
Exeunt Seruants
Vand. Our firft obferuance, after any abfence
Muft be prefented euer to our Miftreffe:
As at our parting fhe fhould ftill be laft,
Hinc Amor vt circulus, from hence tis faid
That loue is like a circle, being th'efficient
And end of all our actions; which excited
By no worfe abiect then my matchleffe miftreffe
Were worthy t'employ vs to that likeneffe;
And be the onely Ring our powers fhould beate,
Noble fhe is by birth, made good by vertue,
Exceeding faire, and her behauiour to it,
Is like a fingular Mufitian
To a fweete *I*nftrument, or elfe as doctrine
*I*s to the foule, that puts it into Act,

And prints it full of admirable formes
Without which twere an emptie, idle flame
Her eminent iudgement to dispose these parts,
*S*its on her browe and holds a siluer *S*cepter,
with which she keepes time to the seuerall musiques,
*P*lac't in the sacred consort of her beauties :
Loues compleat armorie is managde in her.
To stirre affection, and the discipline
To checke and to affright it from attempting
Any attaint might disproportion her,
Or make her graces lesse then circular ;
Yet her euen carriage, is as farre from coynesse
As from *I*mmodestie, in play, in dancing,
*I*n suffering court ship : in requiting kindnesse.
*I*n vse of places, houres, and companies
Free as the *S*unne, and nothing more corrupted,
As circumspect as *Cynthia*, in her vowes,
And constant as the Center to obserue them,
Ruthfull, and bountious neuer fierce nor dull,
*I*n all her courses euer at the full.
These three yeares, *I* haue trauaild, and so long
Haue beene in trauaile with her dearest sight,
Which now shall beautifie the enamour'd light.
This is her house, what? the gates shut and cleere
Of all attendants? Why, the house was wont
To hold the vsuall concourse of a Court,
And see, me thinks through the encourtaind windowes
(*I*n this high time of day) I see light Tapers,
This is exceeding strange, *B*ehold the Earle
Walking in as strange sort before the dore,
*I*le know this wonder sure : My honoured Lord
Vau. Keepe of *S*ir and beware whom you embrace,
Vand. Why flyes your Lordship back ?
Vau. You should be sure
To knowe a man your friend ere you embrac't him.
Vand. *I* hope my knowledge cannot be more sure
Then of your Lordships friendship.
Vau. No mans knowledge
Can make him sure of anything without him,

Or not within his power to keepe, or order.

Vand. I comprehend not this; and wonder much
To see my most lou'd Lord so much estrang'd.

Vau. The truth is, *I* haue done your knowne deserts
More wrong, then with your right should let you greet me
And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,
And in your honour, which still makes it worse.

Vand. If this be all my Lord, the discontent
You seeme to entertaine, is meerly causlesse:
Your free confession, and the manner of it,
Doth liberally excuse what wrong soeuer,
Your mis-conceit could make you lay on me.
And therefore, good my Lord discouer it,
That we may take the spleene and corsey from it.

Vau. *T*hen heare a strange report and reason, why
I did you this repented iniurie.
You know my wife is by the rights of courtship,
Your chosen Mistresse, and she not dispofde
(As other Ladies are) to entertaine
Peculiar termes, with common acts of kindnesse:
But (knowing in her, more then womens iudgement,
*T*hat she should nothing wrong her husbands right,
*T*o vse a friend onely for vertue, chosen
With all the rights of friendship) tooke such care
After the solemne parting to your trauaile,
And spake of you with such exceeding passion,
*T*hat *I* grew iealous, and with rage excepted
Against her kindnesse, vtterly forgetting
I should haue waied so rare a womans words,
As duties of a free and friendly iustice:
Not as the head-strong and incontinent vapors
Of other Ladies bloods, enflamed with lust,
Wherein I iniured both your innocencies,
Which *I* approue, not out of flexible dotage,
By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
But in impartiall equitie, made apparant
Both by mine owne well-waid comparison

Of all her other manifest perfections,
With this one onely doubtfull leuitie,
And likewise by her violent apprehension
Of her deepe wrong and yours, for she hath vowde,
Neuer to let the common Pandresse light,
(Or any doome as vulgar) censure her
In any action she leaues subiect to them,
Neuer to fit the day with her attire,
Nor grace it with her presence ; Nourish in it,
(Vnlesse with sleepe) nor stir out of her chamber :
And so hath muffled and mewd vp her beauties
In neuer-ceasing darkenesse, Neuer sleeping,
But in the day transform'd by her to night :
With all Sunne banisht from her smoothered graces :
And thus my deare and most vnmatched wife,
That was a comfort and a grace to me,
In euery iudgement, euery companie,
I, by false Iealousie, haue no lesse then lost,
Murtherd her liuing, and entoomd her quicke.

Vand. Conceit it not so deepely, good my Lord,
Your wrong to me or her, was no fit ground
To beare so waightie and resolu'd a vowe,
From her incensed and abused vertues.

Vau. There could not be a more important cause,
To fill her with a ceaslesse hate of light,
To see it grace grose lightnesse with full beames,
And frowne on continence with her oblique glances,
As nothing equalls, right to vertue done,
So is her wrong past all comparison.

Vand Vertue is not malitious, wrong done her
Is righted euer when men grant they Erre,
But doth my princely mistresse so contemne
The glorie of her beauties, and the applause
Giuen to the worth of her societie,
To let a voluntarie vowe obscure them;

Vau. See all her windowes, and her doores made fast,
And in her Chamber lights for night enflam'd,
Now others rise, she takes her to her bed.

Vaud. This newes is strange, heauen grant it be encounterd
With better tydings of my other friendes,
Let me be bold my Lord t'enquire the state
Of my deare sister, in whose selfe and me,
Suruiues the whole hope of our familie,
Together with her deare and princely husband
Th'Earle of Saint *Anne.*

Vau Vnhappie that I am,
I would to heauen your most welcome steppes
Had brought you first vpon some other friend,
To be the sad Relator of the changes
Chanc't your three yeares most lamented absence,
Your worthy sister, worthier farre of heauen
Then this vnworthy hell of passionate Earth,
Is taken vp amongst her fellow *Starres.*

Vand. Vnhappie man that euer *I* returnd
And perisht not ere these newes pierst mine eares.

Vau. Nay be not you that teach men comfort, grieued,
I know your iudgement will set willing shoulders
To the knowne burthens of necessitie:
And teach your wilfull brother patience,
Who striues with death, and from his caues of rest
Retaines his wiues dead Corse amongst the liuing,
For with the rich sweetes of restoring Balmes,
He keepes her lookes as fresh as if she liu'd,
And in his chamber (as in life attirde)
She in a Chaire sits leaning on her arme,
As if she onely slept: and at her feete
He like a mortified hermit clad,
Sits weeping out his life, as hauing lost
All his lifes comfort: And that she being dead
(Who was his greatest part) he must consume,
As in an Apoplexy strooke with death.
Nor can the Duke nor Dutchesse comfort him,
Nor messengers with consolatory letters,
From the kinde King of France, who is allyed
To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts

Vp to another world, where ſhe expects him,
He feedes his eares with foule-exciting muſicke.
Solemne and Tragicall, and ſo Reſolues
In thoſe ſadde accents to exhale his ſoule.

Van. O what a ſecond Ruthles Sea of woes
Wracks mee within my Hauen, and on the Shore?
What ſhall I doe? mourne, mourne, with them that mourne,
And make my greater woes their leſſe expell,
This day Ile conſecrate to ſighes and teares,
And this next Euen, which is my miſtreſſe morning
Ile greete her, wondring at her wilfull humours,
And with rebukes, breaking out of my Loue,
And duetie to her honour, make her ſee
How much her too much curious vertue wrongs her.

Vau. Sayd like the man the world hath euer held you,
Welcome, as new liues to vs, our good. Now
Shall wholly be aſcrib'de and truſt to you.

Exeunt.

Enter Rhoderique *and* Mugeron.

Mug. See, ſee, the vertuous Counteſſe hath bidden our day
Good night, her ſtarres are now viſible: when was any Ladie ſeene to be ſo conſtant in her vowe, and able to forbeare the ſociety of men ſo ſincerely?

Rho. Neuer in this world, at leaſt exceeding ſeldome. What ſhame it is for men to ſee women ſo farre ſurpaſſe them: for when was any man knowne (out of iudgement) to performe ſo ſtaied an abſtinēce, from the ſociety of women.

Mug. Neuer in this world.

Rhoderique. What an excellent creature an honeſt woman is? I warrant you the Counteſſe, and her Virgine ſiſter, ſpend all their times in Contemplation, watching to ſee the ſacred Spectacles of the night, when other Ladies lye drowned in ſleepe or ſenſualitie, Iſt not ſo think'ſt?

Mug. No queſtion.

Rhoderic. Come, come, lets forget we are Courtiers, and talke like honeſt men, tell truth, and ſhame all trauaylers and tradeſmen : Thou beleeu'ſt alls naturall beautie that ſhewes faire, though the Painter enforce it, and ſufferſt in ſoule I know for the honorable Ladie.

Mug. Can any heart of Adamant not yeeld in compaſſion to ſee ſpotleſſe Innocencie ſuffer ſuch bitter penance ?

Rhoder. A very fitte ſtocke to graffe on : Tuſh man thinke what ſhe is, thinke where ſhe liues, thinke on the villanous cunning of theſe times, Indeed did we liue now in old *Saturnes* time : when women had no other art, than what Nature taught am (and yet there needes little Art I wiſſe to teach a woman to diſſemble) when Luxurie was vnborne, at leaſt vntaught, the art to ſteale from a forbidden tree : when Coaches, when Perwigges, and painting, when Maskes, and Masking : in a word when Court and Courting was vnknowne, an eaſie miſt might then perhappes haue wrought vpon my ſence as it does now on the poore Counteſſe and thine.

Mug. O world !

Rho. O fleſh !

Mug. O Diuell !

Rhod. I tell thee *Mugeron*, the Fleſh is growne ſo great with the Diuell, as theres but a little Honeſtie left ith world. That, that is, is in Lawyers, they ingroſſe all : S'foote what gaue the firſt fire to the Counts Iealouſie ?

Mug. What but his miſconſtruction of her honourable affection to *Vandome.*

Rho. Honorable affection ? firſt ſhees an ill huſwife of her honour, that puts it vpon conſtruction : but the preſumption was violent againſt her, no ſpeeche but of *Vandome*, no thought but of his memorie, no myrth but in his companie, beſides the free entercourſe of Letters, Fauours, and other entertainments,

too too manifest signes that her heart went hand in hand with her tongue.

Mug. Why, was shee not his mistresse?

Rhod. I, I, a Court tearme, for I wotte what, slight *Vandome* the Stallion of the Court, her deuoted Seruant, and forsoothe loues her honourablie: Tush, hees a foole that beleeues it: for my part *I* loue to offende in the better part still, and that is, to iudge charitablie: But now forsoothe to redeeme her Honour, shee must by a laborious and violent kinde of *P*urgation, Rubbe off the *S*kinne, to wash out the spotte, Turne her *C*hamber to a *C*ell, the *S*unne into a Taper, And (as if shee liu'd in another worlde among the *Antipodes*,) make our night her day, and our day her night, that vnder this curtaine, shee may laye his iealousie a sleepe, whiles shee turnes poore *Argus* to *Acteon*, and makes his *S*heets common to her *S*eruaunt *Vandome*.

Mug. *Vandome*? Why hee was mette i'th streete but euen now, newly arriv'd after three yeares trauaile.

Rhod. Newely arriv'd? hee has beene arriv'd this twelue-month, and has euer since lyne close in his mistresse cunning darkenesse, at her seruice.

Mug. *F*ye a the Deuill, who will not enuie slaunder? O the miserable condition of her Sexe: borne to liue vnder all construction. If shee be courteous, shees thought to be wanton: if shee be kinde, shees too willing: if coye, too wilfull: if shee be modest: shees a clowne, if shee bee honest, shees a foole: And so is hee.

Enter D'oliue.

Rhod. What *Monsieur D'olive*, the onely admyrer of wit and good words.

D'ol. Morrowe wits, morrowe good wits: my little parcell of wit, *I* haue Roddes in pisse for you; how doest *I*acke, may *I* call thee *S*yr *I*ack yet?

Mug, You may Syr: Syrs as commendable an addition as *I*acke, for ought *I* knowe.

D'ol. I know it Iacke, and as common too.

Rho: Go too, you may couer; wee haue taken notice of your embroydered Beuer;

D'ol. Looke you: by Heauen tha'art one of the maddest bitter slaues in *Europe*, *I* doe but wonder how *I* made shifte to loue thee all this while.

Rho. Go too what might such a parcell guilt couer be worth?

Mug. Perhappes more then the whole peece besides.

D'ol. Good ysaith, but bytter, O you madde slaues, I thinke you had *Satyres*, to your syres, yet *I* must loue you, *I* must take pleasure in you, and ysaith tell mee, how ist? liue *I* see you doe, but how? but how? witts?

Rno. Faith as you see, like poore younger Brothers.

D'ol. By your wittes?

Mug. Nay not turnd Poets neither.

D'ol. Good soothe: but indeede to say truth, Time was when the sonnes of the *Muses* had the priuiledge to liue onlie by their wits, but times are altered, *Monopolies* are nowe calld in, & wits become a free trade for all sorts to liue by, Lawyers liue by wit and they liue worshipfully: Souldiers liue by wit, and they liue honourably: Panders liue by wit, and they liue honestlie. *In* a word there are fewe trades but liue by wit, onely bawdes and Midwifes liue by Womens labours, as Fooles and *Fidlers* do by making myrth, Pages and Parasits by making legges: Paynters and Players by making mouthes and faces; ha doest well wits?

Rho. Faith thou followest a figure in thy iests, as countrey Gentlemen followe fashions when they bee worne threed-bare.

D'ol. Well, well, lets leaue these wit skirmishes, and say when shall we meete?

Mug. How thinke you, are we not met now?

D'ol. Tush man, I meane at my chamber, where we may take free vse of our selues, that is, drinke Sacke, and talke *Satyre*, and let our wits runne the wilde

Goose chase ouer Court and Countrey, I will haue my chamber the Rende-vous of all good wits, the shoppe of good wordes, the Mint of good iestes, an Ordinary of fine discourse, Critickes, Essayists, Linguists, Poets, and other professors of that facultie of wit, shall at certaine houres ith day resort thither, it shall be a second *Sorbonne*, where all doubts or differences of Learning, Honour, Duellisme, Criticisme, and Poetrie shall be disputed: and how wits, do ye follow the Court still?

Rhod. Close at heeles sir, and I can tell you, you haue much to aunswere for your starres, that you doe not so too.

D'ol. As why wits? as why?

Rhod. VVhy sir, the Court's as twere the stage: and they that haue a good suite of parts and qualities, ought to presse thither to grace them, and receiue their due merite.

Dol. Tush, let the Court follow me: he that soares too neare the sunne, melts his wings many times: as I am, I possesse my selfe, I enioy my libertie, my learning, my wit, as for wealth and honor let am go, Ile not loose my learning to be a Lord, nor my wit to be an Alderman.

Mug. Admirable *D'oliue.*

Dol. And what! you stand gazing at this Comet here, and admire it, I dare say.

Rhod. And do not you?

D'ol. Not I, I admire nothing but wit.

Rhod. But I wonder how she entertaines time in that solitarie Cell: does she not take *Tabacco* thinke you?

D'ol. She does, she does: others make it their Physicke, she makes it her foode: her sister and she take it my turne, first one, then the other, and *Vandome* ministers to them both.

Mug. How sayest thou by that *Helene* of Greece, the Countesses sister, there were a Paragon *Monsieur D'oliue*, to admire and marrie too.

D'ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No, what acceptions lies againſt the choiſe.

D'ol. Tuſh, tell me not of choiſe, if I ſtood affected that way, I would chuſe my wife as men do *Valentines*, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for ſo I ſhall be ſure not to be deceiued in chooſing: for take this of me, there's ten times more deceipt in women then in Horſe-fleſh: and I ſay ſtill, that a prettie well pac'd Chambermaid is the only faſhion, if ſhe grow full or fulſome, giue her but ſix pence to buy her a handbasket, and ſend her the way of all fleſh, theres no more but ſo.

Mug. Indeed thats the ſauingſt way.

D'ol. O me! what a hell tis for a man to be tied to the continuall charge of a Coach, with the appurtenances, horſe, men, and ſo forth; and then to haue a mans houſe peſtered with a whole countrey of Gueſts, Groomes, Panders, wayting maides? &c. I carefull to pleaſe my wife, ſhe careleſſe to diſpleaſe me, ſhrewiſh if ſhe be honeſt, intolerable if ſhee be wiſe, imperious as an Empereſſe, all ſhe does muſt be law, all ſhee ſayes Goſpell: O what a pennance tis to endure her, I glad to forbeare ſtill, all to keepe her loyall, and yet perhappes when all's done, my heyre ſhall be like my Horſe-keeper: Fie on't', the very thought of marriage were able to coole the hotteſt liuer in France.

Rhod. VVell, I durſt venture twice the price of your guilt Connies wooll, we ſhall haue you change your coppy ere a tweluе moneths day.

Mug. We muſt haue you dubd ath order thers no remedie, you that haue vnmarryed, done ſuch honourable ſeruice in the common-wealth, muſt needes receyue the honour due t'oot in marriage.

Rho. That hee may doe, and neuer marrie.

D'ol. As how wits, yfaith as how?

Rho. For if hee can prooue his father was free ath order, and that hee was his fathers ſonne, then by the laudable cuſtome of the Cittie, hee may bee a cuckold by his fathers coppie, and neuer ſerue fort.

D'ol. Euer good yfaith:

Mug. Nay howe can hee pleade that, when t'is as well knowne his father dyed a batcheler.

D'ol. Bitter, in verity, bitter. *B*ut good ſtill in it kinde.

Lho. *G*oe too, we muſt haue you follow the lanthorne of your forefathers.

Mug. His forefathers? S'body had hee more fathers then one.

D'ol. Why this is right: heers wit canuaſt out ans coate, into's Iacket: the ſtring ſounds euer well, that rubs not too much ath frets: *I* muſt loue your Wits, *I* muſt take pleaſure in you. Farewell good wits, you know my lodging, make an Errand thether now and than, and ſaue your ordinarie, doe wits, doe.

Mug. Wee ſhall be troubleſome tee.

D'ol. O God Syr, you wrong mee, to thinke *I* can, bee troubled with wit, *I* loue a good wit, as *I* loue my ſelfe, if you neede a brace or two of *C*rownes at any time Addreſſe but your Sonnet, it ſhall bee as ſufficient as your bonde at all times, *I* carrie half a ſcore byrdes in a *C*age, ſhall euer remaine at your call: Farewell wits, farewell good wits. *Exijt.*

Rho. Farewell the true mappe of a gull: by Heauen hee ſhall too'th Court: t'is the perfect model of an impudent vpſtart: the compound of a Poet, and a Lawyer, hee ſhall ſure too'th Court.

Mug. Naye for *G*ods ſake, letts haue no fooles at Court.

Rho. Hee ſhall too't thats certaine, the Duke had a purpoſe to diſpatch ſome one or other to the French King, to entreat him to ſend for the bodie of his Neece, which the melancoly Earle of *Saint Anne*, her husband hath kept ſo long vnburied, as meaning one graue ſhould entombe himſelfe and her together.

Mug. A very worthy ſubiect for an Ambaſſage, as *D'oliue* is for an Ambaſſador Agent, and t'is as ſutable to his braine, as his parcell guilt Beuer to his fooles head.

Rho. Well it ſhall goe hard but hee ſhall bee employd, O tis a moſt accompliſht aſſe, the mugrill of a *Gull*, and a villaine, the very eſſence of his ſoule is pure villany: The ſubſtance of his braine-foolery: one that beleeues nothing from the ſtarres vpward. A Pagan in beleefe, an Epicure beyond beleefe, *Prodigious* in luſt, *Prodigall* in waſtfull expence, in neceſſary moſt penurious, his wit is to admire and imitate, his grace is to cenſure, and detract; he ſhall to'th Court, yſaith hee ſhall thither, I will ſhape ſuch employement for him, as that hee himſelfe ſhall haue no leſſe contentment, in making myrth to the whole. *Court*, then the Duke and the whole Court ſhall haue pleaſure in enioying his preſence. A knaue if hee be riche, is fit to make an Officer, As a Foole if hee bee a knaue is fit to make an Intelligencer.

Exeunt.

Actus secundi Scena prima.

Enter Digue, Licette, with Tapers.

Dig. What an order is this? Eleuen a clocke at night is our Ladies morning, and her houre to rise at, as in the morning it is other Ladies houre: these Tapers are our Sunnes, with which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee *Licette* what makes the virgin Ladie, my Ladies sister, breake wind so continually, and sigh so tempestuously, I beleeue shees in loue?

Lycet. With whom, can you tell?

Dig. Not very well, but certes thats her disease, a man may cast her water in her face: The truth is, t'is no matter what she is, for there is little goodnesse in her, I could neuer yet finger one Cardicue of her bountie: And indeed all bountie now adayes is dead amongst Ladies. This same *Bonitas* is quite put downe amongst am. But see, Now we shall discouer the heauinesse of this virgine Ladie, Ile eauesdroppe, and if it be possible, heare who is her Louer: For when this same amorous spirit possesses these young people, they haue no other subiect to talke of.

Enter Marcellina and Euryone.

Eur. O sister, would that matchlesse Earle euer haue wrongd his wife with iealousie?

Mar. Neuer.

Eury. Good Lord what difference is in men? but such a man as this was euer seen to loue his wife, euen after death so dearely, to liue with her in death? To leaue the world and all his pleasures: all his friends

and honours, as all were nothing, now his wife is gone, is not ſtrange ?

MAR. Exceeding ſtrange.

EVRY: But ſiſter ſhould not the noble man be Chronicled if he had right, I pray you ſiſter, ſhould he not ?

Mar: Yes, yes he ſhould.

EVRY: But did you euer heare of ſuch a Noble gentleman: did you ſiſter ?

MAR: I tell you no:

EVRY: And doe not you delight to heare him ſpoken of ? and praiſ'd, and honord ?
Doe you not Madame ?

MAR. What ſhould I ſay ? I doe;

EVRY: Why very well: and ſhould not euery woman that loues the Soueraigne honour of her Sexe, delight to heare him praiſd as well as wee ?
Good Maddam anſwere hartely ?

MAR: Yet againe, who euer heard one talke ſo ?

EVRY: Talk ſo ? Why ſhould not euery Lady talke ſo ?

You thinke belike I loue the Noble man:
Heauen is my iudge if I: indeede his loue
And honour to his Wife ſo after death:
Would make a Fayry loue him, yet not loue,
But thinke the better of him, and ſometimes,
Talke of his loue or ſo; But you know Maddam:
I cald her ſiſter, and if I loue him,
It is but as my Brother I proteſt.

An other within.

VAND. Let me come in; Sir you mvſt not enter:

MAR. What rude diſordred noiſe is that within ?

LVCIT. I know not Maddam,

DIQ. How now;

SIC: Whers my Lady ?

MAR. What haſt with you ?

SIC: Maddame thers one at doore that aſkes to ſpeake with you, admittes no anſwere but will enforce his paſſage to your honor.

MAR. what infolent gueft is that?
EVRY. Who fhould he be;
That is fo ignorant of your worth and cuftome:
Enter an other Seruant.
2 LEC. Maddam hers one hath drawne his rapier on vs and will come in he fayes.
MAR. Tis is ftrange Rudenes,
What is his name, doe you not know the man?
SIG. No Maddam, tis too darke.
MAR. Then take a light,
See if you know him, if not raife the ftreetes.
Exit LYCITTE walkes with a candle,
EVRY. And keepe the doore fafe: what night-walker' this, that hath not light enough to fee his rudenes.
Exit LYCITTE in haft.
LYCYT. O Maddame tis the Noble gentleman,
Monfieur VANDOME your Seruant.
EVRY: Is it he? is he returnd?
MAR: Haft commend me to him tel him I may not nor will not fee him: for I haue vowd the contrary to all.
LYCIT. Maddam, we told him fo a hundred times yet he will enter: [within]
Within: Hold, hold, keepe him backe there:
MAR: What rudenes what ftrange infolence is this:
Enter VANDOME.
VAND: What hower is this? what fafhion? what fad life?
What fuperftition of vnholy vow?
What place is this? O fhall it ere be faid
Such perfect Iudgement fhould be drownd in Humor?
Such beauty confecrate to Batts and Owles:
Here lyes the weapon that enforft my paffage,
Sought in my loue, fought in regard of you:
For whom I will indure a thoufand deaths,
Rather then fuffer you to perifh thus
And be the fable of the fcornefull world;

Yf I offend you Lady kill me now,

MAR: What ſhall I ſay? Ahlas my worthy Seruant,
I would to God I had not liu'd to be
A fable to the worlde, a ſhame to thee.

VAND Deare miſtris heare me & forbeare theſe humors.

M.AR Forbeare your vaine diſſwaſions

VAND. ſhall your iudgement?

MAR. I will not heare a word. EXIT MARD:

VAND. Strange will in women; EXIT MARC.
What ſayes my honorable virgin ſiſter?
How is it you can brooke, this Batt-like life?
And ſit as one withovt life?

EVRY: Would I were,
If any man would kill me, I'de forgiue him,

VAN. O true fit of a maiden Melancholy?
Whence comes it, louely ſiſter?

EVR: In my minde:
Your ſelfe hath ſmall occaſion to be merry:
That are arriu'd on ſuch a haples Shore:
As beares the dead waight of ſo deare a Siſter:
For whoſe deceaſe being my deare Siſter vow'd.
I ſhall for euer leade this deſolate life.

VAN. Now heauen forbid; women in Loue with women;
Loues fire ſhines with too mutuall a refraction,
And both wayes weakens his colde beames too much:
To pierce ſo deeply tis not for her I know
that you are thus impaſſiond.

EVR: For her I would be ſworne and for her huſband,

VAN: I mary Sir, a quick man may doe much,
In theiſe kinde of impreſſions.

EVR. See how Idely.
You vnderſtand me? theiſe ſame travailers,
That can liue any where, make ieſts of any thing:
And caſt ſo farre from home, for nothing elſe:
But to learne how they may caſt of their friends,
She had a huſband does not caſt her of ſo:

O tis a rare, a Noble gentleman.
Well, well, there is ſome other Humor ſtirring,
In your young bloud then a dead womans Loue :
EVRY: No, ile be ſworne :
VAND: Why is it poſſible ?
That you, whoſe frolicke breſt was euer filde,
With all the ſpirits of a mirthfull Lady :
Shovld be with ſuch a ſorrow ſo tranſform'd ?
Your moſt ſweet hand in touch of Inſtruments :
Turnd to pick ſtrawes, and fumble vpon Ruſhes ;
Your heauenly voice, turnd into heauy ſighes,
And your rare wit to in a manner tainted.
This cannot be, I know ſome other cauſe,
Faſhions this ſtrange effect, and that my ſelfe :
Am borne to find it out and be your cure :
In any wound it forceth whatſoeuer,
But if you wil not, tell me at your perill.
EVRY: Brother.
VAND. Did you call ?
EVRY: No tis no matter.
VAND: So then :
EVRY. Doe you heare ?
Aſſur'd you are my kind and honor'd Brother,
Ile tell you all :
VAND: O will you doe ſo then ?
EVRY. you will be ſecret ?
VAND: Secret ? iſt a ſecret ?
EVRY: No tis a trifle that torments one thus :
Did euer man aſke ſuch a queſtion,
When he had brought a woman to this paſſe ?
VAND: What tis no Treaſon is it ?
EVRY: Treaſon quoth he ?
VAND: Well if it be, I will engage my quarters
With a faire Ladies euer, tell the ſecret.
EVRY: Attending oftentimes the Duke & Dutcheſſe,
To viſit the moſt paſſionate Earle your Brother ;
That Noble Gentleman.
VAND: Well ſaid put in that,
EVRY Put it in ? why ? y'faith y'are ſuch a man,

Ile tell no further, you are changed indeede.
A trauaile quoth you?
VAND: Why what meanes this?
Come Lady fourth, I would not loose the thankes
The credit and the honor I shall haue:
For that most happy Good I know in Fate,
I am to furnish thy desires withall:
For all this house in Gold,
EVRY Thanke you good Brother:
Attending (as I say) the Duke and Dutchesse
To the sad Earle.
VAND: That noble gentleman.?
EVRY: Why I, is he not?
VAND: Beshrew my hart else,
The Earle quoth you, he cast not of his Wife.
EVRY: Nay looke you now,
VAND: Why does he pray?
EVRY: Why no:
VAN. Foorth then I pray, you louers are so captious
EVRY: When I obseru'd his constancie in Loue:
His honor of his deere wiues memory,
His woe for her, his life with her in death:
I grew in loue, euen with his very mind.
VAND: O with his mind?
EVR: I by my soule no more,
VAND: A good mind certainly is a good thing:
And a good thing you know.
EVR. That is the chiefe:
The body without that, Ahlas is nothing:
And this his mind cast such a fier into me:
That it hath halfe consum'd me, since it lou'd
His Wife so dearely, that was deere to me.
And euer I am saying to my selfe:
How more then happy should that woman be:
That had her honor'd place in his true loue:
But as for me, I know I haue no reason.
To hope for such a honor at his hands.
VAND: What at the Earles hands: I thinke so indeede,

Heauen I beseech thee was your loue so simple :
T' nflame it selfe with him ? why hee's a husband :
For any Princesse any Queene or Empresse :
The Ladies of this land would teare him peece-meale :
(As did the drunken Froes, the THRATIAN HARPER)
To mary but a lymbe, a looke of him,
Heauens my sweet comfort : Set your thoughts on him ?

EVR. O cruell man, dissembling trauailer,
Euen now you took vpon you to be sure
It was in you to satisfie my longings,
And whatsoeuer t'were, you would procure it,
O you were borne to doe me good, you know.
You would not loose the credit and the honor.
You should haue by my satisfaction ?
For all this house in Gold the very Fates,
And you were all one in your power to help me.
And now to come and wonder at my folly.
Mocke me ? and make my Loue impossible
Wretch that I was, I did not keepe it in,

VAN. Alas poore sister ; when a greefe is growne.
Full home, and to the deepest then it breakes.
And ioy (Sunn like] out of a black cloude shineth.
But couldst thou thinke ysaith I was in earnest :
To esteeme any man without the reach
Of thy far-shooting beauties any name ?
Too Good to subscribe to EVRIONE :
Here is my hand, if euer I were thought
A gentleman or would be still esteemd so
I will so vertuously solicite for thee :
And with such cunning wind into his heart,
That I sustaine no doubt I shall dissolue
His setled Melancholy be it nere so grounded.
On rationall loue, and grave Philosophy,
I know my sight will cheere him at the heart :
In whom a quick forme of my deare deade Sister
Will fire his heauy spirrits. And all this
May worke that change in him, that nothing else

Hath hope to ioy in, and ſo farewel Siſter
Some few dayes hence, ile tell thee how I ſpeed.
EVR, Thankes honord Brother: but you ſhall not goe
before you dine with your beſt loued Miſtris.
Come in ſweet Brother:
VAND: In to dinner now?
Midnight would bluſh, at that farewell, farewell:
EVR. Deere Brother doe but drinke or taſt a Banquet
y-faith I haue moſt excellent conſerues
You ſhall come in, in earneſt, ſtay a little
Or will you drinke ſome Cordial ſtilld waters,
After your trauel, pray thee worthy brother
Vpon my loue you ſhall ſtay? ſweet now enter.
VAND: Not for the world, commend my humble ſeruice.
And vſe all meanes to bring abroad my Miſtris.
EVR: I will in ſadnes; fareweell happy brother.
Exeunt.

¶ ENTER PHILLIP. GVEAQ. IERONNIME. & MVGERON. GVEAQ. & IERO. ſit down to worke

PHIL. Come MVGERON, where is this worthy ſtateſ(man,
That you and Rhoderique would perſwade:
To be our worthy Agent into France,
The couller we ſhal lay on it t'inter,
The body of the long deceaſed Counteſſe,
The French Kings neece, whom her kind husband keepes
With ſuch great coſt, and care from buriall:
Will ſhew as probable as can be thought.
Thinke you he can be gotten to performe it
MVG: Feare not my Lo: The wizzard is as forward,
To vſurpe greatnes, as all greatnes is:
To abuſe vertue, or as riches honor.
You cannot loade the Aſſe with too much honor,
He ſhall be yours my Lord Rhoderique and I,
Will giue him to your highnes for your foote-cloth:
PHIL: How happens it, he liud conceald ſo long,

MVG. It is his humor sir; for he sayes ſtill,
His iocund mind loues pleaſure aboue honor,
His ſwindge of liberty, aboue his life,
It is not ſafe (ſayes he] to build his neſt
So neere the Eagle, his mind is his Kingdome
His chamber is a Court, of all good witts,
And many ſuch rare ſparkes of Reſolution,
He bleſſeth his moſt loued ſelfe withall,
As preſently, your excellence ſhall heare.
But this is one thing I had halfe forgotten.
With which your highnes needs muſt be prepar'd,
I haue diſcourſt with him about the office:
Of an Ambaſſador, and he ſtands on this.
That when he once hath kiſt your Highnes hand,
And taken his diſpatch he then preſents:
Your Highnes parſon, hath your place and power,
Muſt put his hat on, vſe you, as you him:
That you may ſee before he goes how well,
He can aſſume you preſence and your greatnes

PHIL. And will he practiſe his new ſtate before vs?

MVG: I and vpon you too; and kiſſe your Dutcheſſe,
As you vſe at your parting.

PHIL: Out vpon him, ſhe will not let him kiſſe her

MVG: He will kiſſe her, to doe your parſon right,

PHIL: It will be excellent:
She ſhall not know this till he offer it:

MVG: See ſee, he comes,

Enter Rhod Monſ: Doliue & Pacque.

RHO. Heere is the gentleman
Your highnes doth deſire to doe you honor
In the preſenting of your princely parſon
And going Lord Ambaſſador to'th French King,
PHIL: Is this the gentleman whoſe worth ſo highly
You recommend to our election?

AMBO: This is the man my Lord

PHIL: Wee vnderſtand Sir:

We haue beene wrongd, by being kept ſo long
From notice of your honorable parts
Wherein your country claimes a deeper intreſt
Then your meere priuate ſelfe; what makes wiſe Nature
Faſhion in men thieſe excellent perfections
Of haughty courage, great wit, wiſedome incredible
DOLI: It pleaſeth your good excellence to ſay ſo
PHI: But that ſhe aymes therein at publique good
And you in duty thereto of your ſelfe
Ought to haue made vs tender of your parts
And not entombe them tirant-like aliue
RHO. We for our parts, my Lord are not in fault,
For we haue ſpurnd him forward euermore
Letting him know how fit an inſtrument
He was to play vpon in ſtately Muſique.
MVG. And if he had bin ought elſe but an Aſſe
Your Grace tere his time long had made him great
Did not we tell you this?
DOLI: Oftentimes,
But ſure my honord Lord the times before
Were not as now they be thankes to our fortune
That we inioy ſo ſweet and wiſe a prince
As is your gratious ſelfe; for then t'was pollicie
To keepe all wits of hope ſtill vnder hatches
Farre from the Court, leaſt their exceeding parts
Should ouer ſhine thoſe that were then in place
And t'was our happines, that we might liue ſo
For in that freely chooſ'd obſcuritie
Wee found our ſafetie, which men moſt of Note
Many times loſt, and I ahlas for my part,
Shrunk my deſpiſed head in my poore ſhell
For your learnd excellence, I know knows well.
' Qui bene latuit, bene vixit, ſtill.
PHI. T was much you could containe your ſelfe, that had
So great meanes to haue liu'd in greater place
DOL: Faith Sir I had a poore roofe, or a paint-houſe
To ſhade me from the Sunne, and three or foure tyles
To ſhrow'd me from the Rayne, and thought my ſelfe

As privatè as I had King Giris Ring
And could haue gone inviſible, yet ſaw all
That paſt our ſtates rough Sea both neere and farre,
There ſaw I our great Galliaſſes toſt
Vpon the wallowing waues, vp with one billow
And then downe with another : Our great men
Like to a Maſſe of clowds that now ſeeme like
An Elephant, and ſtraight wayes like an Oxe
And then a Mouſe, or like thoſe changeable creatures
That liue in the Burdello, now in Satten
To morrow next in Stammell.
When I ſate all this while in my poore cell
Secure of lightning, or the ſodaine Thunder
Conuerſt with the poore Muſes gaue a ſcholler
Forty or fiftie crownes a yeare to teach me
And prate to me about the predicables
When indeede my thoughts flew to a higher pitch
Then Genus and Species as by this taſt
I hope your highnes happyly perceiues
And ſhall hereafter more at large approue
If any worthy oportunitie
Make but her fore topp ſubiect to my hold
And ſo I leaue your Grace to the tuition
Of him that made you.
RHO : Soft good Sir I pray :
What ſayes your Excellence to this gentleman ?
Haue I not made my word good to your highnes ?
PHI : Well Sir, how euer Enuious policie
Hath rob'd ? my prediceſſors of your ſeruice
You muſt not ſcape my hands, that haue deſign'd
preſent employment for you ; and tis this
T'is not vnknowne vnto you ; with what griefe
Wee take the ſorrow of the Earle Saint Anne
For his deceaſed wife ; with whoſe dead ſight
Hee feeds his paſſion, keeping her from right
Of chriſtian buriall, to make his eyes
Doe pennance by their euerlaſting teares
For looſing the deare ſight of her quick bewties

DOL. Well ſpoke y-faith, your grace muſt giue me
leaue
To praiſe your witt, for faith tis rarely ſpoken
PHIL. The better for your good commendation
But Sir your Ambaſſy to the French King
Shall be to this effect; thus you ſhall ſay
DOL: Not ſo, your Excellence ſhall pardon me
I will not haue my tale put in my mouth
If you'le deliuer me your mind in groſe
Why ſo I ſhall expreſſe it as I can
I warrant you t'wilbe ſufficient.
PHIL: T'is very good, then Sir my will in groſe
Is that in pitty of the ſad Countes caſe
The King would aske the body of his Neece
To giue it Funerall fitting her high blood,
Which (as your ſelfe requires and reaſon wills)
I leaue to be enforſt and amplyfied
With all the Ornaments of Arte and Nature
Which flowes I ſee in your ſharp intellect
DOL: Ahlas you cannot ſee't in this ſhort time
But there be, ſome not far hence that haue ſeene
And heard me too ere now: I could haue wiſht
Your highnes preſence in a priuat Conuenticle
At what time the high point of ſtate was handled?
PHIL: What was the point?
DOL: It was my happ to make a number there
My ſelfe (as euery other Gentleman)
Beeing intereſted in that graue affayre
Where I deliuer'd my opinion: how well?
DOL: What was the matter pray
The matter, Sir.
Was of an autient ſubiect, and yet newly
Cald into queſtion; And t'was this in breeſe
We ſate as I remember all in rowt,
All ſorts of men together,
A Squier and a Carpenter, a Lawier and a Sawier,
A Marchant and a Broker, a Iuſtice and a peaſant
and ſo forth without all difference
PHIL: But what was the matter?

DOL, Faith a ſtale argument though newly handled
And I am fearefull I ſhall ſhame my ſelfe:
The ſubiect is ſo thred bare

PHIL: Tis no matter be as it will go to y'point I pray,

DOL: Then thus it is: the queſtion of eſtate
(Or the ſtate of the queſtion) was in briefe
whether in an Ariſtocratie
Or in a Democriticall eſtate
Tobacco might be brought to lawfull vſe
But had you heard the excellent ſpeeches there
Touching this part.

MVG: RHO: Pray thee to the point

DOL: Firſt to the point then,
Vpſtart a weauer, blowne vp b'inſpiration
That had borne office in the congregation
A little fellow and yet great in ſpirit
I neuer ſhall forget him; for he was
A moſt hot liuer'd enemie to Tobacco
His face was like the ten of Diamonds
Pointed each where with puſhes, and his Noſe
Was like the Aſe of clubs (which I muſt tell you
Was it that ſet him, and Tobacco firſt at ſuch hot Enmitie for that noſe of his (according to the Puritannick cut] hauing a narrow bridge, and this Tobacco: being in drink durſt not paſſe by and finding ſtopt his narrow paſſage fled backe as it came and went away in Pett.

MVG: Iuſt cauſe of quarrell

PHI: But pray thee briefely ſay, what ſaid the weauer

DOL: The weauer Sir much like a virginall iack
Start nimbly vp; the culler of his beard
I ſcarſe remember; but purblind he was
With the GENEVA print, and wore one eare
Shorter then tother for a difference

PHI: A man of very open note it ſeemes

DOL: He was ſo Sir, and hotly he envaid
Againſt Tobacco (with a moſt ſtrong breath
For he had eaten garlicke the ſame morning

As t'was his vse partly againſt ill ayres
Partly to make his ſpeeches ſauorie
Said t'was a pagan plant, a prophane weede
And a moſt ſinful ſmoke, that had no warrant
Out of the word ; inuented ſure by Sathan
In theiſe our latter dayes, to caſt a miſt
Before mens eyes, that they might not behold
The groſenes of olde ſuperſtition
Which is as t'were deriu'd into the church
From the fowle ſinke of Romiſh popery
And that it was a iudgement on our land
That the ſvbſtantiall commodities :
And mighty bleſſings of this Realme of France
Bells, Rattles, hobby horſes and ſuch like
Which had brought ſo much wealth into the Land
Should now be chang'd into the ſmoke of vanitie
The ſmoke of ſuperſtition ; for his owne part
He held a Garlick cloue being ſanctifyed
Did edifie more the body of a man
Then a whole tun of this prophane Tobacco
Being tane without thankeſ-giuing ; in a word
He ſaid it was a ragge of Popery ?
And none that were truely regenerate would
Prophane his Noſthrils with the ſmoke thereof
And ſpeaking of your grace behind your back,
He charg'd and coniur'd you to ſee the vſe,
Of vaine Tobacco baniſht from the land
Forfeare leaſt for the great abuſe thereof
Or candle were put out ; and therewithall
Taking his handker-chiefe to wipe his mouth
As he had told a lie, he tun'd his noiſe
To the olde ſtraine as if he were preparing
For a new exerciſe, But I my ſelfe
[Angry to heare this generous Tabacco
The Gentlemans Saint and the ſouldiers idoll
So ignorantly poluted] ſtood me vp
Tooke ſome Tabacco for a complement
Brake ſleame ſome twice or thrice, then ſhooke mine
eares

And lickt my lipps, as if I begg'd attention
and ſo directing me to your ſweet Grace
Thus I replyed,

RHO: MVG: Rome for a ſpeach there. Silence

DOL. I am amuſed, or I am in a quandarie gentleman [for in good faith I remember not well whether of them was my words]

PHI: 'Tis no matter either of them will ſerue the turne

DOL: Whether I ſhould (as the Poets ſayes) eloquar, an filiam? whether by anſwering a foole I ſhould my ſelfe ſeeme no leſſe; or by giuing way to his winde (for words are but winde) might betray the cauſe; to the maintaynance whereof, all true Troyans (from whoſe race we claime our decent] owe all their patrimonies; and if neede be their deareſt blood, and their ſweeteſt breath, I would not be tedious to your highnes:

PHI: You are not Sir: Proceede:

DOL. TABACCO that excellent plant, the uſe whereof [as of fift Element] the world cannot want, is that little ſhop of Nature, wherein her whole workeman-ſhip is abridg'd, where you may ſee Earth kindled into fier, the fire breath out an exhalation which entring in at the mouth walkes through the Regions of a mans brayne, driues out all ill Vapours but itſelfe drawes downe all bad Humors by the the mouth, which in time might breed a Scabbe ouer the whole body if already they haue not; a plant of singvlar vſe, for on the one ſide, Nature being an Enemie to Vacuitie and emptines, and on the other, there beeing ſo many empty braines in the World as there are, how ſhall Natures courſe be continued? How ſhall thieſe empty braines be filled, but with ayre Natures immediate inſtruments to that purpoſe? If with ayre, what ſo proper as your fume: what fume ſo healthfull as your perfume? what perfume ſo soueraigne as Tabacco? Beſides the excellent edge it giues a mans wit, [as they can beſt iudge that haue beene preſent at a feaſt of Tobacco where

commonly all good witts are consorted] what varietie of discourse it begetts? What sparkes of wit it yeelds, it is a world to heare: as likewise to the courage of a man, for if it be true, that Iohannes de sauo et sauo et writes, that hee that drinkes Veriuice pisseth vinegere, Then it must needs follow to be as true, that hee that eates smoke, farts fire; for Garlicke I will not say because it is a plant of our owne country? but it may cure the diseases of the country, but for the diseases of the Court, they are out of the Element of Garlick to medicine; to conclude as there is no enemy to Tabacco but Garlick, so there is no friend to Garlick, but a sheeps head and so I conclude.

PHIL: Well Sir, Yf this be but your Naturall vaine
I must confesse I knew you not indeede
When I made offer to instruct your brayne
For the Ambassage, and will trust you now
It t'were to send you foorth to the great Turke
With an Ambassage

DOL: But Sir in conclusion
T'was orderd for my speach, that since Tobacco
Had so long bin in vse, it should thence foorth
Be brought to lawfull vse; but limitted thus
That none should dare to take it but a gentleman
Or he that had some gentlemanly humor
The Murr, the Head-ach, the Cattar, the bone ach
Or other branches of the sharpe salt Rhewme
Fitting a gentleman.

RHO: Your grace has made choise
Of a most simple Lo: Ambassador

PHI: Well Sir you neede not looke for a commission
My hand shall well dispatch you for this busines
Take now the place and state of an Anbassador
Present our parson and performe our charge
And so farewell good Lord Ambassador

DOL: Farewell good Duke and GVEAQVIN to thee

GVE: How now you foole? out you presumptious gull

D'OL. How now you baggage? ſfoote, are you ſo coy
To the Dukes parſon, to his ſecond ſelfe?
are you to good dame to enlarge your ſelfe
Vnto your yroper obiect? ſlight twere a good deede

GVE: What meanes your grace to ſuffer me abuſ'd thus

PHI: Sweet Loue be pleaſ'd; you do not know this Lord
Giue me thy hand my Lord:

DOL: And giue me thine

PHIL: Farewell againe

D'OL: Farewell againe to thee

PHI: Now go thy ways for an ambaſſador

DOL: Now goe thy wayes for a Duke

Exiunt PHIL Gueaq; Iero:

MVG: RHO: Moſt excellent Lord,

RHO. Why this was well performd and like a Duke
Whoſe parſon you moſt naturally preſent

D'OL: I told you I would doo't, now ile begin
To make the world take notice I am noble
The firſt thing I will doe ile ſweare to pay
No debts vpon my honor

MVG: A good cheape proofe of your Nobilitie

D'ol. But if I knew where I might pawne mine honor,
For ſome odd thouſand Crownes, it ſhalbe layd:
Ile pay't againe when I haue done withall:
Then twill be expected I ſhalbe of ſome Religion,
I muſt thinke of ſome for faſhion, or for faction ſake,
As it becomes great perſonages to doe:
Ile thinke vpon't betwixt this and the day.

Rho. Well ſayd my Lord; this Lordſhip of yours wil worke a mighty alteration in you: do you not feele it begins to worke alreadie?

D'ol. Fayth onely in this; it makes mee thinke, how they that were my Companions before, ſhall now be my fauorites: They that were my Friends before, ſhall now be my followers: They that were my Ser-

uants before, ſhall now be my knaues: But they that were my Creditors before, ſhall remaine my Creditors ſtill.

Mug. Excellent Lord; Come, will you ſhew your Lordſhip in the Preſence now?

D'ol. Faith I do not care, if I go and make a face or two there, or a few gracefull legges; ſpeake a little Italian, and away; there's all a Preſence doth require.

FINIS ACTVS SECVNDI.

ACTVS TERTII. Sæna prima.

Enter Vandome, and St. Anne.

St. Anne.

YOu haue enclinde me more to leaue this life,
Then I ſuppoſde it poſsible for an Angell;
Nor is your iudgement to ſuppreſſe your paſsion:
For ſo deare lou'd a Siſter (being as well
Your blood and fleſh, as mine) the leaſt enforcement
Of your diſswaſiue arguments. And beſides,
Your true reſemblance of her, much ſupplies
Her want in my affections; with all which,
I feele in theſe deepe griefes, to which I yeeld
A kind of falce ſluggiſh (and rotting ſweetnes,)
Mixt with an humour where all things in life,
Lie drownd in ſower, wretched, and horred thoughts:
The way to cowardly deſperation opened,
And whatſoeuer vrgeth ſoules accurſt.
To their deſtruction, and ſometimes their plague,

So violently gripes me, that I lie
Whole dayes and nightes bound at his tirranous feete?
So that my dayes are not like life or light,
But bittereſt death, and a continuall night.
Vand. The ground of all is vnſuffiſed Loue,
Which would be beſt eaſd with ſome other obiect:
The generall rule of *Naſo* being autentique
Quod ſucceſsore nouô vincatur omnis Amor:
For the affections of the minde drawne foorth
In many currents, are not ſo impulſiue
In anie one; And ſo the *Perſian* King
Made the great Riuer *Ganges* runn diſtinctly
In an innumerable ſort of Channels;
By which meanes, of a fierce and dangerous Flood,
He turnd it into many pleaſing Riuers:
So likewiſe is an Armie disarayd,
Made penetrable for the aſſaulting foe:
So huge Fiers being deffuſed, grow aſſwadgd:
Laſtly, as all force being vnite, increaſeth;
So being diſpearſt, it growes leſſe ſharpe, and ceaſeth.
S. Anne. Ahlas, I know I cannot loue another,
My hart accuſtomd to loue onely her,
My eyes accuſtomd to view onely her,
Will tell me whatſoeuer is not her, is foule and hatefull.
Vand. Yet forbeare to keepe her
Still in your ſight: force not her breathles body
Thus againſt Nature to ſuruiue, being dead:
Let it conſume, that it may reaſſume
A forme incorruptible; and refraine
The places were you vſde to ioy in her:
Heu fuge dilectas terras, fuge littus Amatum:
For how can you be euer ſound or ſafe,
Where in ſo many red ſteps of your wounds,
Gaſpe in your eyes? with change of place be ſure,
Like ſicke men mending, you ſhall find recure.

Enter the Duke, D'oliue, Gueaquin, Ieronime, Muge, Rhod. to ſee the dead Counteſſe that is kept in her attire vnburied.

D'ol. Fayth Madam, my companie may well be ſpard at ſo mournefull a viſitation: For, by my ſoule, to ſee *Pigmalion* dote vpon a Marble Picture, a ſenceles Statue, I ſhould laugh and ſpoyle the Tragedie.

Gur. Oh, tis an obiect full of pittie my Lord.

D'ol. Tis pittie in deed, that any man ſhould loue a woman ſo conſtantly.

Duke. Bitterly turnd my Lord: we muſt ſtill admire you.

D'ol. Tuſh my Lord, true Manhood can neither mourne nor admire: It's fitt for Women, they can weepe at pleaſure, euen to admiration.

Gur. But men vſe to admire rare things, my Lord,

D'ol. But this is nothing rare; Tis a vertue common for men to loue their Wiues after death: The value of a good Wife (as all good things elſe) are better knowne by their want, then by their fruition: for no man loues his Wife ſo well while ſhe liues, but he loues her ten times better when ſhee's dead.

Rho. This is found Philoſophie, my Lord.

D'ol. Faith, my Lord, I ſpeake my thoughts; and for mine owne part, I ſhould ſo ill indure the loſſe of a Wife (alwayes prouided, I lou'd her) that if I loſt her this weeke, I'de haue another by the beginning a'th next: And thus reſolu'd, I leaue your Highnes to deale with *Atropos*, for cutting my Ladyes threed: I am for *France*; all my care is for Followers to Imp out my Traine: I feare I muſt come to your Grace for a Preſſe; for I will be followed as becomes an honorable Lord; and that is, like an honeſt Squire. for with our great Lords, followers abrod, and Hoſpitalitie at home, are out of date: The world's now grown thriftie: He that fils a whole Page in folio, with his Stile; thinkes it verieſt Noble, to be mand with one bare Page and a *Pandare*; and yet *Pandare* in auntient time, was the name of an honeſt Courtier; what tis now, *Viderit vtilitas*: Come Witts, let's to my Chamber. *Exeunt. Manent Vando. S. An.*

Vando. Well now my Lord, remember all the reaſons

And arguments I vsde at first to you,
To draw you from your hurtfull passions:
And therewithall, admit one further cause,
Drawne from my loue, and all the powers I haue;
Euryone, vow'd sister to my sister,
Whose vertues, beauties, and perfections,
Adorne our Countrie, and do neerest match
With her rich graces, that your loue adores,
Hath wounded my affections; and to her
I would intreat your Lordships gracefull word:
S. Anne. But is it true? Loues my dear brother now?
It much delights me, for your choyce is Noble:
Yet need you not vrge me to come abrode,
Your owne worth will suffize for your wisht speed.
Vand. I know my Lord, no man aliue can winn
Her resolu'd iudgment from virginitie,
Vnlesse you speake for him, whose word of all Dames
Is held most sweet, and worthie to perswade them.
S. Anne. The world will think me too phantasticall,
To ope so sodenly my vow'd obscurenes.
Vand. My Lord, my loue is suddaine, and requires
A suddaine remedie: If I be delayed,
Consider Loues delay breedes desperation,
By waighing how strongly Loue workes in your selfe.
S. Anne. Deare Brother, nothing vnderneath the Starres,
Makes mee so willing to pertake the ayre,
And vndergo the burden of the world,
As your most worthy selfe, and your wisht good:
And glad I am that by this meanes I may
See your descent continued, and therein
Behold some new borne Image of my wife:
Deare life, take knowledge that thy Brothers loue,
Makes me dispaire with my true zeale to thee:
And if for his sake I admit the Earth
To hide this treasure of thy pretious beauties;
And that thy part suruiuing, be not pleasd,
Let it appeare to mee ye iust assisters
Of all intentions bent to soueraigne iustice;

And I will follow it into the Graue,
Or dying with it; or preferue it thus,
As long as any life is left betwixt vs.

Exeunt.

Enter Monfeuer, D'oliue, Rhoderique.

D'ol. But didft note what a prefence I came of with-all?

Rho. Sfoot, you drew the eyes of the whole prefence upon you:
There was one Ladie a man might fee her hart
Readie to ftart out of her eyes to follow you.

D'ol. But *Monfeuer Mustapha* there kept ftate,
When I accofted him; s'light the Brafen head lookt to be
Worfhipt I thinke: No Ile commit no Idolatrie for the proudeft Image of'am all, I.

Rho. Your Lordfhip has the right garbe of an excellent Courtier, refpects a Clowne, fupple ioynted, courtefies a verie peagoofe; tis ftiffe ham'd audacity that carries it; get once within their diftance, and you are in their bofoms inftantly.

D'ol. S'hart doe they looke? I fhould ftande aloofe, like a Scholares, & make leggs at their greatnes: No Ile none of that; come vp clofe to him, giue him a clap a'th fhoulder fhall make him crie oh againe: it's a tender place to deale withal, and fay, Well encounterd noble *Brutus.*

Rho. Thats the onely way indeed to be familiar.

D'ol. S'foot Ile make leggs to none, vnleffe it be to a Iuftice of peace when he fpeakes in's Chaire, or to a Cunftable when he leanes on's Staffe, thats flat: foftnes and modeftie fauors of the Cart, tis boldnes boldnes does the deed in the Court: and as your Camelion varries all cullours a'th Rainebow both white and red, fo muft your true Courtier be able to varrie his countenance through all humors; State, Strangnes, Scorne, Mirth, Melanchollie, Flatterie, and fo foorth: fome cullours likewife his face may change vpon occafion, Blacke or Blew it may, Tawnie it may; but Redd and

White at no hand, auoyde that like a Sergeant: keepe your cullour ſtiffe, vnguiltie of paſsion or diſgrace, not changing White at ſight of your Mercer, nor Red at ſight of your Surgeon: aboue all ſinnes, heauen ſheild mee from the ſinne of bluſhing; it does ill in a young Waighting-woman, but monſtrous monſtrous, in an old Courtier.

Rho. Well, all this while your Lordſhip forgets your Ambaſſage; you haue giuen out, you will be gone within this moneth, and yet nothing is readie.

D'ol. Its no matter, let the Moone keepe her courſe: and yet to ſay trueth, t'were more then time I were gone, for by heauen I am ſo haunted with Followers, euerie day new offers of Followers: But heauen ſhield me from any more Followers.
How now, whats the newes?

Enter Muge and two others.

Mug. My Lord, heere's two of my ſpeciall Friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honorable action.

D'ol. S'foote, my eares are double lockt againſt Followers, you know my number's full, all places vnder mee are beſtowde: Ile out of towne this night tha'ts infallible; Ile no more Followers, a mine honour.

Mug. S'light Lord, you muſt entertaine them, they haue paid me their income, and I haue vndertaken your Lordſhippe ſhall grace them.

D'ol. Well my Maiſters, you might haue come at a time when your entertainement would haue prooud better then now it is like: but ſuch as it is, vpon the commendation of my Steward here

Mug. A pox a your Lor. Steward?

D'ol. Y'are welcome in a word: deſerue and ſpie out.

Ambo. Wee humbly thanke your Lordſhip.

D'ol. *Mugeron*, let'am be enterd.

Mug. In what rancke my Lord, Gentlemen or Yomen?

D'ol. Gentlemen, Their bearing berayes no leſſe, it goes not alwayes by apparrell: I do alow you to ſuite your ſelues anew in my Cullours at your owne charges.

Amb. Thanke your good Lordſhip.

D'ol. Thy name firſt, I pray thee?

Cor. *Cornelius*, My Lord.

D'ol. What profeſsion:

Cor. A Surgeon an't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

D'ol. I had rather th'hadſt been a Barber, for I thinke there wilbe little blood-ſhed amongſt my Followers, vnleſſe it be of thy letting: Ile ſee their nailes parde before they goe. And yet now I bethinke my ſelfe, our Ambaſſage is into *Fraunce*, there may be employment for thee: haſt thou a Tubbe?

Cor. I would be loth, my Lord, to be dislocated or vnfurniſht of any of my properties.

D'ol. Thou ſpeak'ſt like thy ſelfe *Cornelius*: booke him downe Gentleman.

Mug. Verie well Sir.

D'ol. Now your profeſsion, I pray?

Fripp. *Fripperie*, my Lord, or as ſome tearme it, *Petty Prokery*.

D'ol. An honeſt man Ile warrant thee, I neuer knew other of thy trade.

Frip. Trulie a richer your Lordship might haue,
An honeſter I hope not.

D'ol. I beleeue thee *Pettie Broker*: canſt burne Gold-lace?

Frip. I can do anie thing, my Lord, belonging to my trade.

D'ol. Booke him downe Gentleman, heele do good vpon the voyage I warrant him: prouide thee a Nagge *Pettie Broker*, thou'l finde employment for him doubt not: keepe thy ſelfe an honeſt man, and by our returne I doe not doubt but to ſee thee a rich Knaue:

Farewel *Pettie Broker*, prepare your ſelues againſt the day; this Gentleman shall acquaint you with my Cullours: Farewell *Fripper*, Farewell *Pettie Broker*: Deſerne and ſpie out is my *Motto*. *Exeunt.*

Amb. God continue your Lordship.

Rho. A verie ſeaſonable praier,
For vnknowne to him, it lies now vpon his death-bedd.

D'ol. And how like you my Chamber good Witts?

Rho. Excellent well Sir.

D'ol. Nay beleeue it, it ſhall do well (as you will ſay) when you ſee't ſet foorth ſutable to my proiect: Here ſhall ſtand my Court Cupbord, with it furniture of Plate: Heere ſhall runne a Wind Inſtrument: Heere ſhall hang my baſe Viall: Heere my Theorbo: and heere will I hang my ſelſe.

Amb. Twill do admirable well

D'ol. But how will I hange my ſelfe good witts? Not in perſon, but in Picture; I will be drawne.

Rho. What hangd and drawne too?

D'ol. Good againe: I ſay I wilbe drawne, all in compleat Satten of ſome Courtly cullour, like a Knight of *Cupids* band: On this ſide ſhalbe ranckt Chaires and Stooles, and other ſuch complements of a Chamber: This corner will be a conuenient roome for my Cloſe ſtoole: I acquaint you with all my priuities, you ſee.

Mug. I Sir, we ſmell your meaning.

D'ol. Heere ſhalbe a Peartch for my Parrat, while I remaine vnmarried, I ſhall haue the leſſe miſſe of my Wife: Heere a Hoope for my Munckie when I am married, my wife will haue the leſſe miſſe of mee: Heere will I haue the ſtatue of ſome excellent Poet, and I will haue his Noſe goe with a Vice (as I haue ſeene the experience) And that (as if t'had taken cold i'th head,)

Rho. For want of a guilt Nightcap.

D'ol. Bitter ſtill, ſhall like a Spout runne pure Witt all day long; and it ſhalbe fedd with a Pipe brought

at my charge, from *Helicon*, ouer the Alpes, and vnder the Sea by the braine of ſome great Enginer; and I thinke twill do excellent.

Mug. No queſtion of that, my Lord.

D'ol. Well, now Witts about your ſeueral charges touching my Ambaſſage: *Rhoderique*, is my Speach put out to making?

Rho. Its almoſt done.

D'ol. Tis well, tell him he ſhall haue fourtie Crownes; promiſſe, promiſſe; want for no promiſing: And well remembred, haue I ere a Gentleman Vſher yet; a ſtrange thing, amonſt all my followers, not one has witt enough to be a Gentleman Vſher, I muſt haue one ther's no remedie; Fare-well: haue a care of my Followers, all but my pettie Broker, heele ſhift for him ſelfe.

Rho. Well, let vs alone for your followers. *Exeunt.*

D'ol. Well ſaid, deſerne and ſpie out

Manet D'oliue.

Amb. Me thanke your Lordſhip.

D'ol. Heauen I beſeech thee, what an abhominable ſort of Followers haue I put vpon mee: Theſe Courtiers feed on'am with my countenaunce: I can not looke into the Cittie, but one or other makes tender of his good partes to me, either his Language, his Trauaile, his Intelligence, or ſomething: Gentlemen ſend me their younger Sonnes furniſht in compleat, to learne faſhions for-ſooth; as if the riding of fiue hundred miles, & ſpending 1000. Crownes would make'am wiſer then God meant to make'am. Others with-child with the trauailing humor, as if an Aſſe for going to *Paris*, could come home a Courſer of *Naples*: Others are poſſeſt with the humor of Gallantrie, fancie it to be the onelie happineſſe in this world, to be enabled by ſuch a coolor to carrie a Feather in his Creſt, weare Gold-lace, guilt Spurs, & ſo ſets his fortunes ont: Turnes two or three Tenements into Trunckes, and creepes home againe with leſſe then a Snayle, not a Houſe to hide his head in: Three hundred of theſe

Gold-finches I haue entertaind for my Followers; I can go in no corner, but I meete with some of my Wifflers in their accoutraments; you may heare'am halfe a mile ere they come at you, and smell'am halfe an hower after they are past you; sixe or seauen make a perfect Morrice-daunce; they need no Bells, their Spurs serue their turne: I am ashamd to traine'am abroade, theyle say I carrie a whole Forrest of Feathers with mee, and I should plod afore'am in plaine stuffe, like a writing Schole-maister before his Boyes when they goe a feasting: I am afraid of nothing but I shall be Ballated, I and all my Wifflers: But its no matter, Ile fashion'am, Ile shew'am fashions: By heauen Ile giue three parts of'am the slipp, let'am looke fort: and yet to say trueth, I shall not need, for if I can but linger my Iorney another moneth, I am sure I shall mute halfe my Feathers; I feele'am begin to weare thinne alreadie: There's not tenne Crownes in twentie a their purses: And by this light, I was told at Court, that my greasie Host of the Porcupine last Holiday, was got vp to the eares in one of my Followers Satten suites; And *Vandome* went so farre, that he swore he saw two of them hangd: My selfe indeed passing yesterday by the *Fripperie*, spide two of them hang out at a stall with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder, like a Sheepe that were new flead: Tis not for nothing that this Pettie Broker followes me; The Vulture smels a pray; not the Carcases, but the Cases of some of my deceassed Followers; S'light, I thinke it were my wisest course, to put tenne poundes in stocke with him, and turne pettie Broker; certainelie there's good to be done vpon't; if we be but a day or two out of towne heele be able to load, euerie day a fresh Horse with Satten suites, and send them backe hither: indeed tis like to be hot trauaile, and therefore t'wilbe an ease to my Followers to haue their cloathes at home afore'am; Theyle on, get off how they can: Little know they what Pikes their Feathers must passe: Before they goe the Sergeants, when they come home

the Surgeons: but chuse them, Ile wash my hands on'am. *Exit.*

FINIS ACTVS TERTII.

ACTVS QVARTI. Sæna prima.

Vandome solus.

MY Sisters Exequies are now performed
VVith such pompe as exprest the excellence
Of her Lords loue to her: And firde the enuie
Of our great Duke, who would haue no man equall
The honour he does t'his adored wife:
And now the Earle (as he hath promist mee)
Is in this sad Cell of my honord Mistresse,
Vrging my loue to faire *Euryone*,
VVhich I framde, onely to bring him abrode,
And (if it might succeed) make his affectes
VVith change of obiectes, change his helples sorrow
To helpfull loue. I stood where I obserud
Their wordes and lookes, and all that past betwixt them:
And shee hath with such cunning borne her selfe,
In fitting his affection, with pretending
Her mortified desires: her onely loue
To Vertue and her louers: and, in briefe,
Hath figurd with such life my deare dead Sister,
Enchasing all this, with her heightned Beautie,
That I beleeue she hath entangld him,
And wonn successe to our industrious plot.
If he be toucht, I know it greiues his soule,

That hauing vndertane to speake for mee,
(Imagining my loue was as I fainde)
His owne loue to her, should enforce his tongue
To court her for himselfe, and deceaue mee:
By this time, we haue tried his pasſionate blood:
If he be caught (as heauen vouchsafe he be)
Ile play alittle with his Phantasie.

Enter St. Anne.

S. Anne. Am I alone? Is there no Eye nor Eare
That doth obserue mee? Heauen how haue I graspt,
My Spirrits in my hart, that would haue burst
To giue wisht issue to any violent loue?
Dead Wife excuse me, since I loue thee still,
That liu'st in her, whom I must loue for thee:
For he that is not mou'd with strongest pasſion
In viewing her; that man did ne're know thee:
Shee's thy suruiuing Image: But woo's mee;
Why am I thus transported past my selfe?
Van. Oh, are your dull vxorious spirrits raisd?
One madnesse doth beget another still.
St. Anne. But stay, Aduise mee Soule; why didst thou light me
Ouer this threshold? was't to wrong my Brother?
To wrong my Wife, in wronging of my Brother?
Ile die a miserable man: No villane:
Yet in this case of loue, who is my Brother?
Who is my Father? Who is any kinn?
I care not, I am nearest to my selfe:
I will pursue my Pasſion; I will haue her.
Van. Traytor, I heere arrest thee in the names
Of Heauen, and Earth, and deepest *Acheron*:
Loues traytor, Brothers; traytor to thy Wife.
St. An. O Brother, stood you so neare my dishonour?
Had you forborne awhile, all had been changd:
You know the variable thoughts of Loue,
You know the vse of Honour, that will euer
Retire into it selfe; and my iust blood

Shall rather flow with Honour then with Loue:
Be you a happie Louer, I a friend,
For I will die for loue of her and thee.

Vand. My Lord and brother, Ile not challenge more,
In loue and kindnes then my loue desernes,
That you haue found one whom your hart can like:
And that One, whom we all fought to preferre,
To make you happie in a life renewde:
It is a heauen to mee, by how much more
My hart imbrac't you for my Sisters loue:
Tis true, I did dissemble loue t'*Euryone*,
To make you happie in her deare affection,
Who more dotes on you, then you can on her:
Enioy *Euryone*, shee is your owne,
The same that euer my deare Sister was:
And heauen blesse both your loues as I release
All my faind loue, and interest to you.

S. Anne. How Noblie hath your loue deluded mee?
How iustlie haue you beene vniust to mee?
Let mee embrace the Oracle of my good,
The Aucthor and the Patron of my life.

Vand. Tush, betwixt vs my Lord, what need these tearmes?
As if we knew not one another yet?
Make speed my Lord, and make your Nuptials short,
As they are sodaine blest in your desires.

S Anne. Oh I wish nothing more then lightning hast.

Van. Stay, one word first my Lord; You are a sweet brother
To put in trust, and woo loue for another?

S. Anne. Pray thee no more of that.

Vand. Well then be gone, *Exit S. Anne.*
my Lord, her brother comes. *Enter Vaum.*

Vaum. Most happie Friend,
How hath our plot succeeded?

Vand. Hee's our owne.

His blood was framde for euerie ſhade of vertue,
To rauiſh into true inamourate fire:
The Funerall of my Siſter muſt be held
With all ſolemnitie, and then his Nuptialls,
With no leſſe ſpeed and pompe be celebrate.

Vaum. What wonders hath your fortunate ſpirrite & vertues
Wrought to our comforts? Could you crowne th'enchantments
Of your diuine Witte with another Spell,
Of powre to bring my Wiſe out of her Cell,
You ſhould be our quicke *Hermes*, our *Alcides*.

Vand. Thats my next lobour: come my Lord, your ſelfe
Shall ſtand vnſeene, and ſee by next morns light
(Which is her Beddtime) how my Braines-bould valoure
Will rouſe her from her vowes ſeueritie:
No Will, nor Powre, can withſtand Pollicie. *Exit.*

Enter D'oliue, Pacque, Dique.

D'ol. Welcome little Witts, are you hee my Page *Pacque* here
Makes choice of, to be his fellow Coch-horſe?

Diq. I am my Lord.

D'ol. What Countrie man?

Diq. Borne i'th Cittie.

Pac. But begot i'th Court: I can tell your Lordſhip, he hath had as good Court breeding, as anie Impe in a Countrie: If your Lordſhip pleaſe to examine him in anie part of the Court Accidence, from a Noune to an Interiection, Ile vndertake you ſhall finde him ſufficient.

D'ol. Saiſt thou ſo little Witt: Why then Sir, How manie Pronounes be there?

Diq. Faith my Lord there are more, but I haue learned but three ſorts; the Goade, the Fulham, and the Stop-kater-tre; which are all demonſtratiues, for heere they be: There are Relatiues too, but they are nothing without their Antecedents.

D'ol. Well ſaid, little Witt I'faith, How manie Antecedents are there ?

Diq. Faith my Lord, their number is vncertaine; but they that are, are either Squires, or Gentlemen vſhers.

D'ol. Verie well ſaid : when all is done, the Court is the onely Schoole of good education ; eſpecially for Pages and Waighting women ; *Paris*, or *Padua*, or the famous Schoole of England called *Wincheſter*, famous (I meane) for the Gooſe, Where Schollers weare Petticoates ſo long, till their Penn and Inckhorns knocke againſt their knees : All theſe I ſay, are but Belfries to the Bodie or Schoole of the Court : Hee that would haue his Sonne proceed Doctor in three dayes, let him ſende him thither ; there's the Forge to faſhion all the parts of them : There they ſhall learne the true vſe of their good Partes indeed.

Pac. Well my Lord, you haue ſaid well for the Court, What ſayes your Lordſhippe now to vs Courtiers, Shall we goe the voyage ?

D'ol. My little *Hermophrodites*, I entertaine you heere into my Chamber ; and if need be, nearer : your ſeruice you know. I will not promiſe Mountaines, nor aſſure you Annuities of fourtie or fiftie Crownes ; in a word, I will promiſe nothing : but I will be your good Lord, do you not doubt.

Diq. We do not my Lord, but are ſure you will ſhew your ſelfe Noble : and as you promiſe vs nothing, ſo you will Honorably keepe promiſe with vs, and giue vs nothing.

D'ol. Prettie little Witt, y'faith ; Can he verſe ?

Pac. I and ſett too, my Lord ; Hee's both a *S*etter and a Verſer.

D'ol. Prettie in faith ; but I meane, has he a vaine Naturall ?

Pac. O my Lord, it comes from him as eaſelie,

Diq. As Suites from a Courtier, without money : or money from a Cittizen without ſecuritie, my Lord.

D'o. Wel, I perceiue nature has ſuited your Witts ;

& Ile ſuite you in Guarded coates, anſwerable to your Witts: for Witt's as ſutable to guarded Coates, as Wiſedome is to welted Gownes. My other Followers Horſe themſelues; my ſelfe will horſe you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my boſome) What's the opinion of the many headed Beſt touching my new adition of Honour?

Diq. Some thinke, my Lord, it hath giuen you adition of pride, and outercuidance.

D'ol. They are deceaud that thinke ſo: I muſt confeſſe, it would make a Foole proude; but for me, I am *ſemper idem.*

Pac. We beleeue your Lordſhip.

D'ol. I finde no alteration in my ſelfe in the world, for I am ſure I am no wiſer then I was, when I was no Lord, nor no more bountifull, nor no more honeſt; onely in reſpect of my ſtate, I aſſume a kinde of State; to receiue Suters now, with the Nodd of Nobilitie; not (as before) with the Cappe of courteſie; the knee of Knighthood: And why knee of Knighthood, little Witte? there's another Queſtion for your Court Accidence.

Diq Becauſe Gentlemen, or Yoemen, or Peſſantes, or ſo, receiue Knighthood on their knees.

Pac. The ſignification of the Knee of Knighthood in Heraldie an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, is, that Knights are tyed in honour to fight vp to the knees in blood, for the defence of faire Ladyes.

D'ol. Verie good: but if it be ſo, what honour doe they deſerue, that purchaſe their Knighthood?

Diq. Purchaſe their Knighthood my Lord? Mary I thinke they come truely by't, for they pay well for't.

D'ol. You cut mee off by the knees, little Witte: but I ſay, (if you will heare mee) that if they deſerue to be Knighted, that purchaſe their Knighthood with fighting vp to the knee, What doe they deſerue, that purchaſe their Knighthood with fighting aboue the knee?

Pac. Mary my Lord, I ſay the purchaſe is good, if the conueyance will hold water.

D'ol. VVhy this is excellent: by heauen twentie poundes annuitie ſhal not purchaſe you from my heeles. But foorth how: VVhat is the opinion of the world touching this new Honour of mine? Doe not Fooles enuie it?

Diq. No my Lord, but wiſe men wonder at it: you hauing ſo buried your wiſedome heretofore in Tauerns, and Vaulting-houſes, that the world could neuer diſcouer you to be capable of Honour.

D'ol. As though *Achilles* could hide himſelfe vnder a Womans clothes: was he not diſcouered at firſt? This Honor is like a Woman, or a Crocadile (chuſe you whether) it flies them that follow it; and followes them that flie it: For my ſelfe, how euer my worth, for the time kept his bedd; yet did I euer prophecie to my ſelfe that it would riſe, before the Sun-ſet of my dayes: I did euer dreame, that this head was borne to beare a breadth, this ſhoulder to ſupport a State, this face to looke bigg, this bodie to beare a preſence, theſe feete were borne to be reuellers, and theſe Calues were borne to be Courtiers: In a word, I was borne Noble, and I will die Noblie: neither ſhall my Nobilitie periſh with death; after ages ſhall reſounde the memorie thereof, while the Sunne ſets in the Eaſt, or the Moone in the Weſt.

Pac. Or the Seuen Starres in the North.

D'ol. The Siege of *Bullaine* ſhall be no more a landmarke for Times: Agencourt Battaile, S. Iames his Fielde, the loſſe of Calice, & the winning of Cales, ſhal grow out of vſe: Men ſhal reckon their yeares, Women their mariages, from the day of our Ambaſſage: As, I was borne, or married two, three, or four yeares before the great Ambaſſage. Farmers ſhall count their Leaſes from this day, Gentlemen their Morgages from this day: Saint *Dennis* ſhall be rac't out of the Kallender, and the day of our Enſtalment enterd in redd letters: And as St. *Valentines* day is fortunate to chooſe Louers, St. *Lukes* to chooſe Husbandes; So ſhall this day be to the chooſing of Lordes: It shall

be a Critticall day, a day of Note: In that day it shall be good to quarrell, but not to fight: They that Marrie on that day, shall not repent; marie the morrow after perhappes they may: It shall be holſome to beat a Sergeant on that day: Hee that eates Garlicke on that morning, shall be a rancke Knaue till night.

Diq. What a day will this be, if it hold?

D'ol. Hold? S'foote it shall hold, and shall be helde ſacred to immortalitie: let all the Chroniclers, Ballet makers, and Almanackmungers, do what they dare.

Enter Rhoderique.

Rhod. S'foote (my Lord) al's daſht, your voyage is ouerthrowne.

D'ol. What ayles the franticke Tro?

Rhod. The Lady is entoombde, that was the Subiect of your Ambaſſage: and your Ambaſſage is beraid.

Pac. *Dido* is dead, and wrapt in lead.

Di. O heauy herſe!

Diq. Your Lordſhips honor muſt waite vpon her.

Dig. O ſcuruy verſe! Your Lordſhip's welcome home: pray let's walke your horſe my Lord.

D'ol. A prettie gullery. Why my little wits, doe you beleeue this to be true?

Pac. For my part my Lord, I am of opinion you are guld.

Diq. And I am of opinion that I am partly guiltie of the ſame.

Enter Muge.

Muge. Where's this Lord foole here? S'light you haue made a prettie peece of ſeruice an't: raiſed vp all the countrey in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long ſtay, there's no employment for them.

D'ol. Good ſtill.

Mug. S'light I euer tooke thee to be a hammer of the right feather: but I durſt hane layed my life, no man could euer haue cramd ſuch a Gudgeon as this downe the throate of thee: To create thee a Chriſtmas Lord, and make thee laughter for the whole Court: I am aſhamde of my ſelfe that euer I chuſde ſuch a Groſſeblocke to whet my wits on.

D'ol. Good wit yfaith.

I know all this is but a gullery now: But ſince you haue preſumde to go thus farre with me, come what can come to the State, ſincke or ſwimme, Ile be no more a father to it, nor the Duke; nor for the world wade one halfe ſteppe further in the action.

Pac. But now your Lordſhip is gone, what ſhall become of your followers?

D'ol. Followers? let them follow the Court as I haue done: there let them raiſe their fortunes: if not, they know the way to the pettie Brokers, there let them ſhift and hang. *Exit cum ſuis.*

Rhod. Here we may ſtrike the *Plaudite* to our Play, my Lord foole's gone: all our audience will forſake vs.

Mug. Page, after, and call him againe.

Rho. Let him go: Ile take vp ſome other foole for the Duke to employ: euery Ordinary affoords fooles enow: and didſt not ſee a paire of Gallants ſit not far hence like a couple of Bough-pots to make the roome ſmell?

Mug. Yes, they are gone: But what of them?

Rhod. Ile preſſe them to the Court: or if neede be, our Muſe is not ſo barren, but ſhe is able to deuiſe one tricke or other to retire *D'oliue* to Court againe.

Mug. Indeed thou toldſt me how glorioufly he apprehended the fauour of a great Lady ith Preſence, whoſe hart (he ſaid) ſtood a tipto in her eye to looke at him.

Rhod. Tis well remembred.

Mug. O, a Loue-letter from that Ladie would retriue him as ſure as death.

Rhod. It would of mine honor: Weele faine one from her inſtantly: Page, fetch pen and inke here.

Exit Pag.

Mug. Now do you & your Muſe engender: my barren skonce ſhall prompt ſomething.

Rhod. Soft then: The Lady *Ieronime*, who I ſaid viewed him ſo in the Preſence, is the Venus that muſt enamour him: Weele go no further for that. But in what likeneſſe muſt he come to the Court to her now? As a Lord he may not: in any other ſhape he will not.

Mug. Then let him come in his owne ſhape like a gull.

Rhod. Well, diſguiſde he ſhall be: That ſhall be his miſtriſſes direction: this ſhall be my Helicon: and from this quiuer will I draw the ſhaft that ſhall wound him.

Mug. Come on: how wilt thou begin?

Rhod. Faith thus: Dearely Beloued.

Mug. Ware ho, that's prophane.

Rhod. Go to then: Diuine *D'oliue:* I am ſure that's not prophane.

Mug. Well, forward.

Rhod. I ſee in the powre of thy beauties.

Mug. Breake of your period, and ſay, Twas with a ſigh.

Rhod. Content: here's a full pricke ſtands for a teare too.

Mug. So, now take my braine.

Rhod. Poure it on.

Mug. I talke like a foole, but alas thou art wiſe and ſilent.

Rhod. Excellent: And the more wiſe, the more ſilent.

Mng. That's ſomething common.

Rhod. So ſhould his miſtris be.

Mug. That's true indeed: Who breakes way next?

Rhod. That will I ſir: But alas, why art thou not noble, that thou mighſt match me in Blood?

Mug. Ile anfwer that for her.

Rhod. Come on.

Mug. But thou art noble, though not by birth, yet by creation.

Rhod. Thats not amiffe: forth now: Thy wit proues thee to be a Lord, thy prefence fhowes it: O that word Prefence, has coft me deare.

Mug. Well faid, becaufe fhe faw him ith Prefence.

Rhod. O do but fay thou lou'ft me.

Mug. Soft, there's too many OOs.

Rhod. Not a whit: O's but the next doore to P. And his miftris may vfe her O with with modeftie: or if thou wilt, Ile ftop it with another brachifh teare.

Mug. No, no, let it runne on.

Rhod. O do but fay thou lou'ft me, and yet do not neither, and yet do.

Mug. Well faid, let that laft ftand, let him doe in any cafe: now fay thus, do not appeare at Court.

Rhod. So.

Mug. At leaft in my companie.

Rhod. Well.

Mug. At left before folkes.

Rhod. Why fo?

Mug. For the flame will breake forth.

Rhod. Go on: thou doeft well.

Mug. Where there is fire ith harth:

Rhod. What then?

Mug. There will be fmoke ith chimney.

Rhod. Forth.

Mug. Warme, but burne me not: theres reafon in all things.

Rhod. Well faid, now doe I vie it: Come to my chamber betwixt two and three.

Mug. A very good number.

Rho. But walk not vnder my window: if thou doeft, come difguifde: in any cafe weare not thy tuft taffeta cloke: if thou doeft, thou killeft me.

Mug. Well faid, now to the *L'envoye.*

Rhod. Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet fuch,

as it skils not whose I am if I be thine; *Iesprime:*
Now for a fit Pandar to transport it, and haue at him.
Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI Scæna prima.

Enter Vaumont, and Vandome.

Vand.

COme my good Lord, now will I trie my Braine,
If it can forge another golden chaine,
To draw the poore Recluse, my honord mistris
From her darke Cell, and superstitious vow.
I oft haue heard there is a kind of cure
To fright a lingring Feuer from a man
By an imaginous feare, which may be true,
For one heate (all know) doth driue out another,
One passion doth expell another still,
And therefore I will vse a fainde deuice
To kindle furie in her frozen Breast,
That rage may fire out griefe, and so restore her
To her most sociable selfe againe.

Vau. *Iuno Lucina fer opem,*
And ease my labouring house of such a cure.

Vand. Marke but my Midwifery: the day is now
Some three houres old, and now her night begins:
Stand close my Lord, if she and her sad meany
Be toward sleepe, or sleeping, I will wake them
With orderly alarmes; Page? Boy? sister?

All tong-tied? all asleepe? page? sister?

Vau. Alas *Vandome*, do not disturbe their rest
For pittie sake, tis yong night yet with them.

Vand. My Lord, your onely way to deale with women
And Parrets, is to keepe them waking still.
Page? who's aboue? are you all dead here?

Dig. S'light is hell broke loose? whose there?

Vand. A friend. *He looks out with a light.*

Dig. Then know this Castle is the house of wo,
Here harbor none but two distressed Ladies
Condemn'd to darknesse, and this is their iayle,
And I the Giant set to guard the same:
My name is *Dildo.* *Retrahit se.*

Vand. Sirra leaue your rogerie, and hearken to me: what Page, I say.

Dig. Tempt not disasters: take thy life: Be gone.

Redit cum lumine.

Vau. An excellent villanie.

Vand. Sirra? I haue businesse of waight, to impart to your Ladie.

Dig. If your businesse be of waight, let it waite till the afternoone, for by that time my Ladie will be deliuered of her first sleepe: Be gone, for feare of waterv meteors.

Vand. Go to sir, leaue your villany, and dispatch this newes to your Ladie.

Dig. Is your businesse from your selfe, or from some body besides?

Vand, From no body besides my selfe.

Dig. Very good: then Ile tel her, here's one besides himselfe has businesse to her from no body. *Retrahit se.*

Vau. A perfect yong hempstring.

Van. Peace least he ouer heare you. *Redit Dig.*

Dig. You are not the Constable sir, are you?

Vand. Will you dispatch sir? you know me well enough, I am *Vandome.*

Eury. Whats the matter? who's there? Brother *Vandome.*

Vand. Sister?

Eury. What tempest driues you hither at such an hower?

Vand. VVhy I hope you are not going to bed, I see you are not yet vnready: if euer you will deserue my loue, let it be now, by calling forth my mistris, I haue newes for her, that touch her nearely.

Eur. What ist good brother?

Van. The worst of ils: would any tongue but mine had bene the messenger.

Mar. VVhats that seruant?

Van. O Mistris come downe with all speed possible, and leaue that mournfull cell of yours, Ile shew you another place worthy of your mourning.

Mar. Speake man, my heart is armed with a mourning habit of such proofe, that there is none greater without it, to pierce it.

Vand. If you please to come downe, Ile impart what I know: if not, Ile leaue you.

Eury. VVhy stand you so at gaze sister? go downe to him.

Stay, brother, she comes to you.

Vand. Twill take I doubt not, though her selfe be ice,

Theres one with all her fire, and to her spirit
I must apply my counterfeit deuice:
Stand close my Lord.

Vau. I warrant you, proceed.

Vand. Come silly mistris, where's your worthy Lord?
I know you know not, but too well I know.

Mar. Now heauen graunt all be well.

Vand. How can it be?
VVhile you poore Turtle sit and mourne at home,
Mewd in your cage, your mate he flies abroade,
O heauens who would haue thought him such a man?

Eury. Why what man brother? I beleeue my speeches will proue true of him.

Vand. To wrong such a beautie, to prophane such vertue, and to proue disloyall.

Eury. Disloyall? nay nere gilde him ore with fine

termes, Brother, he is a filthy Lord, and euer was, I did euer say so, I neuer knew any good ath haire, I do but wonder how you made shift to loue him, or what you saw in him to entertaine but so much as a peece of a good thought on him.

Mar. Good sister forbeare.

Eury. Tush sister, bid me not forbeare: a woman may beare, and beare, and be neuer the better thought on neither: I would you had neuer seene the eyes of him, for I know he neuer lou'd you in's life.

Mar. You wrong him sister, I am sure he lou'd me
As I lou'd him, and happie I had bene
Had I then dide, and shund this haplesse life.

Eury. Nay let him die, and all such as he is, he lay a catterwalling not long since: O if it had bene the will of heauen, what a deare blessing had the world had in his riddance?

Vand. But had the lecher none to single out
For obiect of his light lasciuious blood,
But my poore cosin that attends the Dutchesse, Lady *Ieronime*?

Eury. What, that blaberlipt blouse?

Vand. Nay no blouse, sister, though I must confesse
She comes farre short of your perfection.

Eury. Yes by my troth, if she were your cosin a thousand times, shees but a sallow freckld face peece when she is at the best.

Vand. Yet spare my cosin, sister, for my sake,
She merits milder censure at your hands,
And euer held your worth in noblest termes.

Eury. Faith the Gentlewoman is a sweete Gentlewoman of her selfe, I must needs giue her her due.

Vand. But for my Lord your husband, honor'd mistris,
He made your beauties and your vertues too,
But foyles to grace my cosins, had you seene
His amorous letters,
But my cosin presently will tell you all, for she reiects his sute, yet I aduisde her to make a shew she did not.

But point to meet him when you might ſurpriſe him, and this is iuſt the houre.

Eury. God's my life ſiſter, looſe not this aduantage, it wil be a good Trumpe to lay in his way vpon any quarrell: Come, you ſhall go: S'bodie will you ſuffer him to diſgrace you in this ſort? diſpraiſe your beautie! And I do not think too, but he has bin as bold with your Honor, which aboue all earthly things ſhould be deareſt to a woman.

Vand. Next to her Beautie.

Eury. True, next to her beautie: and I doe not thinke ſiſter, but hee deuiſeth ſlaunders againſt you, euen in that high kinde.

Vand. Infinite, infinite.

Eury. And I beleeue I take part with her too: would I knew that yfaith.

Vand. Make your account, your ſhare's as deepe as hers: when you ſee my coſin, ſheele tell you all: weele to her preſently.

Eury. Has ſhe told you, ſhe would tell vs?

Vand. Aſſurde me, on her oath.

Eury. S'light I would but know what he can ſay: I pray you brother tell me.

Vand. To what end? twill but ſtirre your patience.

Eury. No I proteſt: when I know my cariage to be ſuch, as no ſtaine can obſcure, his ſlaunders ſhall neuer moue me, yet would I faine know what he faines.

Van. It fits not me to play the goſſips part: weel to my coſin, ſheele relate all.

Eury. S'light what can ſhe ſay? pray let's haue a taſte an't onward.

Vand. What can he not ſay, who being drunke with luſt, and ſurfetting with deſire of change, regards not what he ſayes: and briefly I will tell you thus much now; Let my melancholy Lady (ſayes he) hold on this courſe till ſhe waſte her ſelfe, and conſume my reuenew in Tapers, yet this is certaine, that as long as ſhe has that ſiſter of hers at her elbow.

Eury. Me? why me? I bid defiance to his foule throate.

Vaum. Hold there *Vandome*, now it begins to take.

Eury. What can his yellow iealousie surmise against me? if you loue me, let me heare it: I protest it shall not moue me.

Vand. Marry forsooth, you are the shooing horne, he sayes, to draw on, to draw on sister.

Eury. The shooing horne with a vengeance? what's his meaning in that?

Vand. Nay I haue done, my cosin shall tell the rest: come shal we go?

Eury. Go? by heauen you bid me to a banquet. sister, resolue your selfe, for you shall go: loose no more time, for you shall abroade on my life: his licorice chaps are walking by this time: but for heauens sweete hope what meanes he by that shooing horne? As I liue it shall not moue me.

Vand. Tell me but this, did you euer breake betwixt my mistris and your sister here, and a certaine Lord ith Court?

Eury. How? breake?

Vand. Go to, you vnderstand me: haue not you a Petrarch in Italian?

Eury. Petrarch? yes, what of that?

Van. Well, he sayes you can your good, you may be waiting womã to any dame in Europe: that Petrarch does good offices.

Eury. Marry hang him, good offices? S'foot how vnderstands he that?

Vand. As when any Lady is in priuate courtship with this or that gallant, your Petrarch helpes to entertaine time: you vnderstand his meaning?

Eury. Sister if you resolue to go, so it is: for by heauen your stay shall be no barre to me, Ile go, that's infallible; it had bene as good he had slandered the diuell: shooing horne? O that I were a man for's sake.

Vand. But to abuse your person and your beautie

too : a grace wherein this part of the world is happie: but I ſhall offend too much.

Eury. Not me, it ſhall neuer moue me.

Vand. But to ſay, ye had a dull eye, a ſharpe noſe (the viſible markes of a ſhrow) a drie hand, which is a ſigne of a bad liuer, as he ſaid you were, being toward a husband too : this was intolerable.

Vaum. This ſtrikes it vp to the head.

Vand. Indeed he ſaid you dreſt your head in a pretie ſtrange faſhion : but you would dreſſe your husbands head in a far ſtranger; meaning the Count of ſaint Anne I thinke.

Eury. Gods precious, did he touch mine honor with him?

Vand. Faith nothing but that he weares blacke, and ſayes tis his miſtris colours: and yet he proteſts that in his eye your face ſhewes well enough by candle light, for the Count neuer ſaw it otherwiſe, vnleſſe twere vnder a maske, which indeed he ſayes becomes you aboue all things.

Evry. Come Page, go along with me, Ile ſtay for no body: Tis at your coſins chamber, is it not?

Vand: Marry is it, there you ſhall find him at it.

Eury. That's enough: let my ſiſter go waſte his reuenew in tapers, twill be her owne another day.

Mar. Good ſiſter, ſeruant, if euer there were any loue or reſpect to me in you both.

Eury. Siſter? there is no loue, nor reſpect, nor any coniuration, ſhall ſtay me: and yet by my part in heauen, Ile not be moued a whit with him : you may retire your ſelfe to your old cell, and there waſte your eyes in teares, your heart in ſighes, Ile away certaine.

Van. But ſoft, let's agree firſt what courſe we ſhal take when we take him.

Eury. Marry euen raiſe the ſtreetes on him, and bring him forth with a flocke of boyes about him, to whoote at him.

Vau. No, that were too great a diſhonor : Ile put him out on's paine preſently. *Stringit enſem.*

Pag. Nay good ſir ſpare his life, cut of the offending part, and ſaue the Count.

Mar. Is there no remedie? muſt I breake my vow?
Stay Ile abroad, though with another aime
Not to procure, but to preuent his ſhame.

Vau. Go Page, march on, you know my coſins chamber,
My company may wrong you, I will croſſe
The nearer way, and ſet the houſe afore you:
But ſiſter ſee you be not mou'd for Gods ſake.

Eury. Not I by heauen: Come ſiſter, be not moued,
But if you ſpare him, may heauen nere ſpare you.

Exeunt. man. Van. & Vau.

Vand. So now the ſolemne votary is reuiu'd.

Vaum. Pray heauen you haue not gone a ſtep too farre,
And raiſde more ſprites, then you can coniure downe.

Vaud. No my Lord, no, t'Herculean labor's paſt,
The vow is broke, which was the end we ſweat for,
The reconcilement will meet of it ſelfe?
Come lets to Court, and watch the Ladies chamber,
Where they are gone with hopefull ſpleene to ſee you.

Enter Roderique, Mugeron, D'oliue in diſguiſe towards the Ladies chamber.

Rhod. See *Mugeron*, our counterfait letter hath taken: who's yonder think'ſt?

Mug. 'Tis not *Doliue*:

Rhod. Ift be not he, I am ſure hee's not farre off: Thoſe be his treſſels that ſupport the motion.

Mug. Tis he by heauen, wrapt in his careleſſe cloke?
See the Duke enters: Let him enioy the benefite of the inchanted Ring, and ſtand a while inuiſible: at our beſt oportunitie weele diſcouer him to the Duke.

Enter Duke, Dutcheſſe, Saint Anne, Vaumont, Vandome, to them Digue, whiſpering Vandome in the eare, and speakes as on the other ſide.

Dig. *Monsieur Vandome*, yonders no Lord to be found: my Ladie stayes at hand and craues your speech.

Vand. Tell her she mistook the place, and conduct her hither: How will she looke when she findes her expectation mockt now? *Exit. Dig.*

Vaum. What's that, *Vandome*?

Vand. Your wife and sister are comming hither, hoping to take you and my cosin together.

Vau. Alas, how shall we appease them, when they see themselues so deluded?

Van. Let me alone, and stand you off my Lord:

Enter Mar: and Eurione.

Madame, y'are welcome to the Court: doe you see your Lord yonder? I haue made him happie by training you forth: In a word, all I said was but a traine to draw you from your vow: Nay, there's no going backe: Come forward and keepe your temper. Sister, cloud not you your forhead: yonder's a Sunne will cleare your beauties I am sure. Now you see the shooing-horne is expounded: all was but a shooing-horne to draw you hither: now shew your selues women, and say nothing.

Phil. Let him alone awhile *Vandome*. who's there? what whisper you?

Vand. Y'aue done? come forward:
See here my Lord, my honorable mistris,
And her faire sister, whom your Highnesse knowes
Could neuer be importunde from their vowes
By prayer, or th'earnest sutes of any friends,
Now hearing false report that your faire Dutchesse
Was dangerously sicke, to visit her
Did that which no friend else could winne her to,
And brake her long kept vow with her repaire.

Duke. Madam you do me an exceeding honor,
In shewing this true kindnesse to my Dutchesse,
Which she with all her kindnesse will requite.

Vand. Now my good Lord, the motion you haue made, *To S. An.*

With ſuch kind importunitie by your ſelfe,
And ſeconded with all perſwaſions
On my poore part, for mariage of this Ladie,
Her ſelfe now comes to tell you ſhe embraces,
And (with that promiſe made me) I preſent her.

Eury. Siſter, we muſt forgiue him.

S. An. Matchleſſe Ladie,
Your beauties and your vertues haue atchieu'd
An action that I thought impoſſible,
For all the ſweete attractions of your ſex,
In your conditions, ſo to life reſembling
The grace and faſhion of my other wife:
You haue reuiu'd her to my louing thoughts,
And all the honors I haue done to her,
Shall be continude (with increaſe) to you.

Mug. Now let's diſcouer our Ambaſſador, my Lord,

Duke. Do ſo. *Exiturus D'oliue.*

Mug. My Lord? my Lord Ambaſſador?

D'ol. My Lord foole, am I not?

Mug. Go to, you are he: you cannot cloke your Lordſhippe from our knowledge.

Rho. Come, come: could *Achilles* hide himſelfe vnder a womans clothes? Greatneſſe will ſhine through clouds of any diſguiſe.

Phil Who's that *Rhoderique*?

Rho. *Monſieur D'oliue*, my Lord, ſtolne hither diſguiſde, with what minde we know not.

Mug. Neuer ſtriue to be gone ſir: my Lord, his habite expounds his heart: twere good he were ſearcht.

D'oliue. Well rooks wel, Ile be no longer a blocke to whet your dull wits on: My Lord, my Lord, you wrong not your ſelfe onely, but your whole ſtate, to ſuffer ſuch vlcers as theſe to gather head in your Court; neuer looke to haue any action ſort to your honor, when you ſuffer ſuch earewigs to creepe into your eares thus.

Phil. What's the matter *Rhoderique*?

Rho. Alas my Lord, only the lightneſſe of his braine, becauſe his hopes are loſt.

Mug. For our parts, we haue bene truſtie and ſecret to him in the whole manage of his ambaſſage.

D'ol. Truſtie? a plague on you both, there's as much truſt in a common whore as in one of you: and as for ſecrecy, there's no more in you then in a profeſt Scriuener.

Vand. Why a Scriuener, *Monſieur D'oliue*?

D'ol. Marry ſir a man cannot truſt him with borrowing ſo much as poore fortie ſhillings, but he will haue it Knowne to all men by theſe preſents.

Vand. Thats true indeed, but you employed theſe gentlemen very ſafely.

D'oliue. Employed? I mary ſir, they were the men that firſt kindled this humor of employment in me: a a pox of employment I ſay: it has coſt me, but what it has coſt me, it skils not: they haue thruſt vpon me a crew of thredbare, vnbutton'd fellowes, to be my followers: Taylers, Frippers, Brokers, caſheerd Clarks, Pettifoggers, and I know not who I: S'light I thinke they haue ſwept all the bowling allies ith citie for them: and a crew of theſe, rakt like old ragges out of dunghils by candle light, haue they preſented to me in very good faſhion, to be gentlemen of my traine, and ſolde them hope of raiſing their fortunes by me: A plague on that phraſe, Raiſing of fortunes, it has vndone more men then ten dicing houſes: Raiſe their fortunes with a vengeance? And a man will play the foole and be a Lord, or be a foole and play the Lord, he ſhall be ſure to want no followers, ſo there be hope to raiſe their fortunes. A burning feuer light on you, and all ſuch followers. S'foote they ſay followers are but ſhadowes, that follow their Lords no longer then the ſun ſhines on them: but I finde it not ſo: the ſunne is ſet vpon my employment, and yet I cannot ſhake off my ſhadowes; my followers grow to my heeles like kibes, I cannot ſtir out of doores for am. And your grace haue any employment for followers, pray entertaine my companie: theyle ſpend their bloud in your ſeruice, for they haue little elſe to ſpend, you may

ſoone raiſe their fortunes.

Phil. Well *Monſieur D'oliue*, your forwardneſſe
In this intended ſeruice, ſhall well know
What acceptation it hath wonne it ſelfe
In our kind thoughts: nor let this ſodaine change
Diſcourage the deſignements you haue laid
For our States good: referue your ſelfe I pray,
Till fitter times: meane time will I ſecure you
From all your followers: follow vs to Court.
And good my Lords, and you my honor'd Ladies,
Be all made happie in the worthy knowledge
Of this our worthy friend *Monſieur D'oliue*

Omnes. Good *Monſieur D'oliue.* *Exeunt*

Finis Actus quinti & vltimi

ACTORS.

Monſieur D'olive.
Philip the Duke.
S. Anne Count
Vaumont Count
Vandome.
Rhodoricke.
Mugeron.
Pacque, } two pages.
Dicque, }
Gueaquin the Dutcheſſe.
Hieronime Ladie.
Marcellina Counteſſe.
Eurione her ſiſter.



THE
GENTLEMAN
VSHER.

By
GEORGE CHAPMAN.



AT LONDON
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1606.



THE GENTLEMAN VSHER.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Strozza, Cynanche, and Pogio.

Strozza.

Aste Nephew, what! a ſluggard? Fie for ſhame,
Shal he that was our morning Cock, turn Owle,
And locke out day light from his drowſie eies?

Pog. Pray pardon mee for once, lord vnkle, for Ile bee ſworne, I had ſuch a dreame this morning: me thought one came with a commiſſion to take a Sorrell curtoll, that was ſtolne from him, whereſoeuer hee could find him. And becauſe I feared he would lay claime to my ſorrell curtoll in my ſtable I ran to the Smith to haue him ſet on his mane againe, and his taile preſently, that the Commiſſion-man might not thinke him a curtoll. And when the Smith would not doe it, I fell a beating of him, ſo that I could not wake for my life til I was reuenged on him.

Cyn. This is your old valure nephew, that will fight ſleeping as well as waking.

Pog. Slud Aunt, what if my dreame had beene true (as it might haue beene for anything I knew) there's neuer a ſmith in Italie, ſhall make an Aſſe of me in my ſleepe, if I can chuſe.

Stroz. Well ſaid, my furious nephew: but I ſee
You quite forget that we muſt rowſe to day
The ſharp-tuſkt Bore: and blaze our huntſmanſhip before the duke.

Pog. Forget Lord vncle? I hope not; you thinke belike my wittes are as brittle as a Beetle, or as ſkittiſh as your Barbarie Mare: one cannot crie wehie, but ſtraight ſhee cries tihi.

Stro. Well gheſt, cooſen *Hysteron Proteron.*

Pog. But which way will the dukes grace hunt to day?

Stro. Toward Count *Laſſos* houſe his Grace will hunt,
Where he will viſit his late honourd miſtreſſe.

Pog. Who, Ladie *Margaret*, that deare yong dame?
Will his antiquitie, neuer leaue his iniq[illegible]e?

Cyn. Why how now nephew? turnd *Parnaſſus* lately?

Pog. *Naſſus?* I know not: but I would I had all the Dukes liuing for her ſake, Ide make him a poore duke, ifaith.

Stro. No doubt of that, if thou hadſt all his liuing.

Pog. I would not ſtand dreaming of the matter as I do now.

Cyn. Why how doe you dreame nephew?

Pog. Mary, all laſt night me thought I was tying her ſhoo-ſtring.

Stro. What all night tying her ſhooſtring?

Pog. I that I was, and yet I tied it not neither; for, as I was tying it, the ſtring broke methought, and then me thought, hauing but one point at my hoſe, me thought, I gaue her that to tie her ſhoo withall.

Cyn A poynt of much kindneſſe, I aſſure you.

Pog. Wheryon in the verie nicke me thought the Count came rushing in, and I ranne rushing out, with my heeles about my hose for haste.

Stro. So; will you leaue your dreaming, and dispatch?

Pog. Mum, not a worde more, Ile goe before, and ouertake you presently. *Exit.*

Cyn. My Lord, I fancie not these hunting sports,
When the bold game you follow turnes againe,
And stares you in the face: let me behold
A cast of Faulcons on their merry wings,
Daring the stooped prey, that shifting flies:
Or let me view the fearefull Hare or Hinde,
Tosst like a musicke point with harmonie
Of well mouthed hounds. This is a sport for Princes,
The other rude Boares yeeld fit game for Boores.

Stro. Thy timorous spirit blinds thy iudgement, wife.
Those are most royall sports that most approue
The huntsmans prowesse, and his hardie minde.

Cyn. My Lord, I know too well your vertuous spirit,
Take heede for Gods loue if you rowse the Bore,
You come not neere him, but discharge aloofe
Your wounding Pistoll, or well aymed Dart.

Stro. I Mary wife this counsaile rightly flowes
Out of thy bosome, pray thee take lesse care,
Let ladies at their tables iudge of Bores,
Lords in the field: And so farewell sweete loue;
Faile not to meete me at Earle *Lassos* house.

Cyn. Pray pardon me for that: you know I loue not
These solemne meetings.

Stro. You must needes, for once
Constraine your disposition; and indeede
I would acquaint you more with Ladie *Margaret*,
For speciall reason.

Cyn. Very good, my Lord.
Then I must needes go fit me for that presence.

Stro. I pray thee doe, farewell. *Exit Cyn.*

Enter Vincentio.

Here comes my friend.

Good day my Lord; why does your grace confront
So cleare a morning with ſo clowdie lookes?

Vin. Aſk'ſt thou my griefes, that knowſt my deſprate loue
Curbd by my fathers ſtern riualitie:
Muſt not I mourne that know not whether yet
I ſhall enioy a ſtepdame or a wife?

Stro. A wiſe prince, neuer doubt it; your deſerts
And youthfull graces haue engag'd ſo farre,
The beauteous *Margaret*, that ſhe is your owne.

Vin. O but the eie of watchfull iealouſie.
Robs my deſires of meanes t'inioy her fauour.

Stro. Deſpaire not: there are meanes enow for you,
Suborne ſome ſeruant of ſome good reſpect,
Thats neere your choice, who though ſhe needs no wooing,
May yet imagine you are to begin,
Your ſtrange yong loue ſute, and ſo ſpeake for you,
Beare your kind letters, and get ſafe acceſſe.
All which when he ſhall do; you neede not feare
His truſtie ſecrecie, becauſe he dares not
Reueale eſcapes, whereof himſelfe is Author,
Whom you may beſt attempt, ſhe muſt reueale;
For if ſhe loues you, ſhe already knowes,
And in an inſtant can reſolue you that.

Vin. And ſo ſhe will, I doubt not: would to heauen
I had fit time, euen now to know her minde:
This counſaile feedes my heart with much ſweet hope.

Stro. Purſue it then; t'will not be hard t' effect:
The Duke haz none for him, but *Medice*
That fuſtian Lord, who in his buckram face,
Bewraies, in my conceit, a map of baſeneſſe.

Vin. I, there's a parcell of vnconſtrued ſtuffe,
That unknowne Minion raiſde to honours height,
Without the helpe of Vertue, or of Art,
Or (to ſay true) nay of honeſt part.
O how ſhe ſhames my father! he goes like
A Princes foote-man, in old faſhioned ſilkes,

And moſt times, in his hoſe and dublet onely,
So miſerable, that his owne few men
Doe beg by vertue of his liuerie;
For he giues none for any ſeruice done him,
Or any honour, any leaſt reward.

Stro. Tis pittie ſuch ſhould liue about a Prince:
I would haue ſuch a noble counterfet, nailde
Vpon the Pillory, and after, whipt,
For his adultery wſth nobilitie,

Vin. Faith I would faine diſgrace him by all meanes,
As enemy to his baſe-bred ignorance,
That being a great Lord, cannot write nor reade.

Stro. For that, wee'le follow the blinde ſide of him,
And make it ſometimes ſubiect of our mirth.

Enter Pogio poſte.

Vin. See, what newes with your Nephew *Pogio*?

Stro. None good I warrant you.

Pog. Where ſhould I finde my Lord Vnckle?

Stro. What's the huge haſte with you?

Pog. O ho, you will hunt to day.

Stro. I hope I will.

Pog. But you may hap to hop without your hope: for the truth is, *Kilbucke* is runne mad.

Stro. Whats this?

Pog. Nay, t'is true ſir: and *Kilbucke* being runne mad, bit *Ringwood* ſo by the left buttocke, you might have turnd your noſe in it.

Vin. Out Aſſe.

Pog. By heauen you might my Lord: d'ee thinke I lie?

Vin. Zwoundes, might I? lets blanket him my Lord: a blanket heere.

Pog. Nay, good my Lord *Vincentio*, by this ruſh I tell you for good will: and *Venus* your brache there, runnes ſo prowd, that your Huntſ-man cannot take her downe for his life.

Stro. Take her vp foole, thou wouldst say.

Pog. Why sir he would soone take her down, and he could take her vp I warrant her.

Vin. Well said, hammer, hammer.

Po. Nay, good now lets alone, and theres your horse, Gray Strozza too haz the staggers, and haz strooke bay-Bettrice, your Barbary mare so, that shee goes halting a this fashion, most filthily.

Stro. What poison blisters thy vnhappy tongue
Euermore braying forth vnhappy newes,
Our hunting sport is at the best my Lord:
How shall I satisfie the Duke your father,
Defrauding him of his expected sport?
See, see, he comes.

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Sarpego, with attendants.

Alph. Is this the copie of the speech you wrote,
Signieur *Sarpego?*

Sar. It is a blaze of wit poeticall,
Reade it, braue Duke, with eyes patheticall.

Alp. We will peruse it strait: well met *Vincentio,*
And good Lord *Strozza,* we commend you both
For your attendance: but you must conceiue,
Tis no true hunting we intend to day,
But an inducement to a certaine shew,
Wherewith we will present our beateous loue,
And therein we bespeake your company.

Vin. We both are ready to attend your Highnesse.

Alp. See then, heere is a Poeme that requires
Your worthy censures; offerd if it like
To furnish our intended amorous shew:
Reade it *Vincentio.*

Vin. Pardon me my Lord:
Lord *Medices* reading, will expresse it better;

Med. My patience can digest your scoffes my Lord.
I care not to proclaime it to the world:
I can nor write, nor reade; and what of that?
I can both see and heare, as well as you.

Alp. Still are your wits at warre: heere, read this poeme.

Vin. The red fac'd Sunne hath firkt the flundering shades,
And cast bright ammell on *Auroraes* brow.

Alp. High words and strange:
Reade on *Vincentio.*

Vin. The busky groues that gag-tooth'd boares do shrowd
With cringle crangle hornes do ring alowd.

Pog. My Lord, my Lord, I haue a speech heere worth ten of this, and yet Ile mend it too.

Alp. How likes *Vincentio*?

Vin. It is strangely good,
No inkehorne euer did bring forth the like,
Could these braue prancing words with Actions spurre,
Be ridden throughly, and managed right,
T'would fright the audience, and perhaps delight.

Sarp. Doubt you of action sir?

Vin. I, for such stuffe.

Sarp. Then know my Lord, I can both act and teach
To any words; when I in *Padua* schoolde it,
I plaid in one of *Plautus* Comedies,
Namely, *Curculio*, where his part I acted,
Proiecting from the poore summe of foure lines,
Forty faire actions.

Alp. Lets see that I pray.

Sarp. Your Highnesse shall commaund
But pardon me, if in my actions heate
Entering in post post haste, I chaunce to take vp
Some of your honord heels;

Po. Y'ad best leaue out that action for a thing that I know sir.

Sarp. Then shal you see what I can do without it.

Alp. See see, he hath his furniture and all.

Sarp. You must imagine, Lords, I bring good newes,
Whereof being princely prowd I scowre the streete

And ouer-tumble euery man I meete.

Exit Sarp.

Pog. Beshrew my heart if he take vp my heeles.

Enter Sarp.

Sarp. *Date viam mihi Noti, atq; Ignoti,*
Dum ego, hîc, officium meum facio.
Fugite omnes atq; abite, & de via seccdite, nequem in cursu; aut capite, aut cubito, aut pectore offendam, aut genu.

Alp. Thankes good *Seigneur Sarpego.*
How like you Lords, this stirring action?

Stro. In a cold morning it were good my Lord,
But something harshe vpon repletion.

Sarp. Sir I haue ventred, being enioynde to eate
Three schollers commons, and yet drewe it neate.

Pogio. Come sir you meddle in too many matters; let vs I pray tend on our owne shew at my lord *Lassos.*

Sarp. Doing obeisance then to euery lord
I now consorte you sir euen *toto corde.*

Exit Sarp. & Pog.

Med. My lord, away with these scholastique wits,
Lay the inuention of your speech on me,
And the performance too; ile play my parte,
that you shall say, Nature yeelds more then Art.

Alp. Bee't so resolu'd; vnartificiall truth
An vnfaind passion can descipher best.

Vin. But t'wil be hard my lord, for one vnlearnd.

Med. Vnlearnd? I cry you mercie sir; vnlearnd?

Vin. I meane, vntaught my lord, to make a speech,
As a pretended Actor, without close,
More gratious then your doublet and your hose.

Alph. What, think you sonne we meane t' expresse a speech
Of speciall weight without a like attire?

Vin. Excuse me then my lord; so stands it well.

Stro. Haz brought them rarely in, to pageant him.

Med. What; thinke you lord; we thinke not of attire?
Can we not make vs ready at this age?
Stro. Alas my lord, your wit must pardon his.
Vin. I hope it will, his wit is pittyfull.
Stro. I pray stand by my Lord; y'are troublesome.
Vin. To none but you; am I to you my Lord?
Med. Not vnto mee.
Vin. Why then you wrong me *Strozza.*
Med. Nay, fall not out, my Lords.
Stro. May I not know
What your speech is my Liege?
Alp. None but my selfe, and the Lord *Medice.*
Med. No, pray my Lord
Let none partake with vs.
Alp No be assur'd,
But for another cause; a word Lord *Strozza,*
I tell you true, I feare Lord *Medice*
Will scarce discharge the speach effectually:
As we goe therefore, ile explaine to you
My whole intent; that you may second him
If neede and his debilitie require.
Stro. Thanks for this grace my Liege.

Vincentio ouerheares.

Med. My Lord; your sonne.
Alp. Why how now sonne? forbeare; yet tis no matter
Wee talke of other businesse *Medice*
And come, we will prepare vs to our shew.

Exeunt.

Stro. Vin. Which as we can, weele cast to ouerthrow.

Enter Lasso, Corteza, Margaret, Bassiolo, Sarpego, two Pages, Bassiolo bare before.

Bas. Stand by there, make place.
Lass. Saie now *Bassiolo*; you on whom relies
The generall disposition of my house,
In this our preparation, for the Duke

Are all our officers at large inſtructed,
For fit diſcharge of their peculiar places?
Baſs. At large my lord inſtructed.
Laſſ. Are all our chambers hung? Thinke you our houſe amplie capacious to lodge all the traine?
Baſſ. Amply capacious: I am paſſing glad.
And now then to our mirth and muſicall ſhew,
Which after ſupper we intend t' indure,
Welcomes cheefe dainties: for choice cates at home,
Euer attend on Princes; mirth abroad,
Are all parts perfect.
Sarp. One I know there is.
Laſſ. And that is yours.
Sarp. Well gueſt in earneſt, lord,
I neede not *erubeſcere*, to take
So much vpon me: That my backe will beare.
Baſſ. Nay, he will be perfection it ſelfe,
For wording well, and dexterous action too.
Laſſ. And will theſe waggiſh pages, hit their ſongs?
2 *Pag.* *Re mi fa ſol la?*
Laſſ. O they are practiſing; good boyes, well done;
But where is *Pogio?* there y' are ouerſhot.
To lay a capitall part vpon his braine,
Whoſe abſence tells me plainely hee'le neglect him.
Baſſ. O no my Lord, he dreames of nothing elſe,
And giues it out in wagers, hee'le excell;
And ſee, (I told your Lo:) he is come.

Enter Pogio.

Pog. How now my Lord, haue you borrowed a Suite for me. Seigneur *Baſſiolo*, can all ſay, are all things ready? the Duke is hard by, and little thinks that Ile be an Actor ifaith, I keepe all cloſe my Lord.
Laſſ. O, tis well done, call all the Ladies in,
Siſter and daughter, come, for Gods ſake come,
Prepare your courtlieſt carriage for the Duke.

Enter Corte, Margarite, and maids.

Corte. And Neece, in any case remember this,
Praise the old man, and when you see him first,
Looke me on none but him, smiling and louingly:
And then, when he comes neere, make beisance low,
With both your hands thus mouing, which not onely
Is as t'were courtly, and most comely too,
But speakes (as who should say) come hither Duke;
And yet saies nothing, but you may denie.

Lass. Well taught sister.

Mar. I, and to much end:
I am exceeding fond to humour him.

Lass. Harke, does he come with musicke? what, and bound?
An amorous deuice: daughter, obserue.

Enter Enchanter, with spirits singing; after them, Medice, like Syluanus, next the Duke bound, Vincentio, Strozza, with others.

Vin. Now lets gull *Medice*, I doe not doubt,
But this attire put on, will put him out.

Stro. Weele doe our best to that end, therefore marke.

Ench. Lady, or Princesse, both your choice commands,
These spirits and I, all seruants of your beautie,
Present this royall captiue to your mercie.

Mar: Captiue to mee a subiect.

Vin. I, faire Nimph;
And how the worthy mystery befell
Syluanus heere, this woodden god, can tell.

Alp. Now my Lord.

Vin. Now tis the time man, speake.

Med. Peace.

Alp. Peace *Vincentio.*

Vin. Swonds my Lord,
Shall I stand by and suffer him to shame you?
My Lord *Medice?*

Stro. Will you not speake my Lord?

Med. How can I?

Vin. But you muſt ſpeake in earneſt:
Would not your Highneſſe haue him ſpeake my Lord?

Med. Yes, and I will ſpeake, and perhaps ſpeake ſo,
As you ſhall neuer mend: I can I know.

Vin. Doe then my good Lord.

Alp. *Medice*, forth.

Med. Goddeſſe, fair goddeſſe, for no leſſe, no leſſe.

Alp. No leſſe, no leſſe? no more, no more: ſpeake you.

Med. Swounds they haue put me out.

Vin. Laugh your faire goddeſſe,
This nobleman diſdaines to be your foole.

Alp. *Vincentio*, peace.

Vin. Swounds my Lord, it is as good a ſhew:
Pray ſpeake Lord *Strozza*.

Stroz. Honourable dame.

Vin. Take heede you be not out I pray, my Lord.

Stro. I pray forbeare my Lord *Vincentio*:
How this deſtreſſed Prince came thus inthralde,
I muſt relate with words of height and wonder:
His Grace this morning viſiting the woods,
And ſtraying farre to finde game for the Chaſe,
At laſt, out of a mirtle groue he rowſde
A vaſt and dreadfull Boare, ſo ſterne and fierce,
As if the Feend fell Crueltie herſelfe
Had come to fright the woods in that ſtrange ſhape.

Alp. Excellent good.

Vin. Too good a plague on him.

Stro. The princely *Sauage* being thus on foote,
Tearing the earth vp with his thundering hoofe,
And with the 'nragde Ætna of his breath,
Firing the ayre, and ſcorching all the woods,
Horror held all vs Huntſmen from purſuit,
Onely the Duke incenſt with our cold feare,
Incouragde like a ſecond *Hercules*.

Vin. Zwounds, too good man.

Stro. Pray thee let me alone:
And like the English ſigne of great Saint *George.*
Vin. Plague of that *Simile.*
Stro. Gaue valorous example, and like fire,
Hunted the monſter cloſe, and chargde ſo fierce,
That he inforc'd him (as our ſence conceiu'd)
To leape for ſoile into a criſtall ſpring,
Where on the ſuddaine ſtrangely vaniſhing,
Nimph-like for him, out of the waues aroſe
Your ſacred figure like *Diana* armde,
And (as in purpoſe of the beaſts reuenge)
Diſchargde an arrow through his Highneſſe breaſt,
Whence yet no wound or any blood appearde:
With which, the angry ſhadow left the light:
And this Enchanter with his power of ſpirits,
Brake from a caue, ſcattering enchanted ſounds,
That ſtrooke vs ſenceleſſe, while in theſe ſtrange bands,
Theſe cruell ſpirits thus inchainde his armes,
And led him captiue to your heauenly eyes,
Th' intent whereof on their report relies.
En. Bright Nimph, that Boare figur'd your crueltie,
Chared by loue, defended by your beautie.
This amorous Huntſman heere, we thus inthral'd,
As the attendants on your Graces charmes,
And brought him hither by your bounteous hands,
To be releaſt, or liue in endleſſe bands.
Laſſ. Daughter, releaſe the Duke: alas my Liege,
What meant your Highneſſe to indure this wrong?
Co. Enlarge him Neece, come dame, it muſt be ſo.
Mar. What Madam, ſhall I arrogate ſo much?
Laſſ. His Highneſſe pleaſure is to grace you ſo.
Alp. Performe it then ſweete loue, it is a deede
Worthy the office of your honor'd hand.
Mar. Too worthie I confeſſe my Lord for me,
If it were ſerious: but it is in ſport,
And women are fit Actors for ſuch pageants.
Alp. Thanks gracious loue; why made you ſtrange of this?

I reſt no leſſe your captiue then before,
For me vntying, you have tied me more.
Thanks *Strozza* for your ſpeech, no thanks to you.

Med. No, thanke your ſonne my Lord.

Laff. T'was very well,
Exceeding well performed on euery part,
How ſay you *Baſſiolo*?

Baſſ. Rare I proteſt my Lord.

Cor. O, my Lord *Medice* became it rarely,
Me thought I likde his manlie being out;
It becomes Noblemen to doe nothing well.

Laff. Now then wil't pleaſe your Grace to grace our houſe,
And ſtill vouchſafe our ſeruice further honour.

Al. Leade vs my Lord, we will your daughter leade. *Exit.*

Vin. You do not leade, but drag her leaden ſteps.

Stro. How did you like my ſpeech?

Vin. O fie vpon't, your Rhetoricke was too fine.

Stro. Nothing at all:
I hope ſaint *Georges* ſigne was groſſe enough:
But (to be ſerious) as theſe warnings paſſe,
Watch you your father, Ile watch *Medice*,
That in your loue-ſuit, we may ſhun ſuſpect:
To which end, with your next occaſion, vrge
Your loue to name the perſon ſhe will chooſe,
By whoſe meanes you may ſafely write or meete.

Vin. Thats our cheefe buſineſſe: and ſee, heere ſhe comes.

Enter Margaret in haste.

Mar. My Lord, I onely come to ſay, y'are welcome,
And ſo muſt ſay, farewell.

Vin. One word I pray.

Mar. Whats that?

Vin. You needes muſt preſently deuiſe,
What perſon truſted chiefely with your guard,
You thinke is apteſt for me to corrupt,
In making him a meane for our ſafe meeting?

Mar. My fathers Vſher, none ſo fit,
If you can worke him well: and ſo farewell,
With thanks my good Lord *Strozza* for your ſpeech.
Exit.

Stro. I thanke you for your patience, mocking Lady.

Vin. O what a fellow haz ſhe pickt vs out?
One that I would haue chooſde paſt all the reſt,
For his cloſe ſtockings onely.

Stro. And why not?
For the moſt conſtant faſhion of his hat?

Vin. Nay then, if nothing muſt be left vnſpoke,
For his ſtrict forme, thus ſtill to weare his cloke.

Stro. Well ſir, he is your owne I make no doubt.
For to theſe outward figures of his minde,
He hath two inward ſwallowing properties
Of any gudgeons; ſeruile Auarice,
And ouerweening thought of his owne worth,
Ready to ſnatch at euery ſhade of glory:
And therefore, till you can directlie boord him,
Waft him aloofe with hats, and other fauours,
Still as you meete him.

Vin. Well, let me alone,
He that is one mans ſlaue, is free from none.
Exeunt.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTVS SECVNDVS SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Medice, Corteza a Page with a cuppe of Sacke, Strozza following close.

Med. Come Lady, sit you heere. Page, fill some Sacke,
I am to worke vpon this aged Dame,
To gleane from her, if there be any cause
(In louing others) of her Neeces coines
To the most gratious loue suite of the Duke:
Heere noble Lady, this is healthfull drinke
After our supper.
Corteza. O, tis that my Lorde,
That of all drinkes keeps life and soule in me.
Med. Heere, fill it Page, for this my worthy loue:
O how I could imbrace this good olde widdow.
Cort. Now lord, when you do thus, you make me thinke
Of my sweete husband; for he was as like you;
Eene the same words, and fashion: the same eies,
Manly, and cholerike, eene as you are iust,
And eene as kinde as you for all the world.
Med. O my sweete widdow, thou dost make me prowd.
Cort: Nay, I am too old for you.
Med. Too old, that's nothing,
Come pledge me wench, for I am drie againe,
And strait will charge your widdowhood fresh ifaith:
Why thats well done.
Cort: Now fie on't, heeres a draught.
Med: O, it will warme your blood: if you should sip,
Twould make you heart-burnd.

Cort: Faith and so they say:
Yet I must tell you, since I plide this geere,
I haue beene hanted with a horson paine heere,
And euery moone almost with a shrewd feuer,
And yet I cannot leaue it: for thanke God,
I neuer was more sound of winde and limbe.

Enter Strozza.

Looke you, I warrant you I haue a leg,

A great bumbasted legge.

Holds out as hansomly.
Med. Beshrew my life,
But tis a legge indeed, a goodly limbe.
Stro. This is most excellent.
Med. O that your Neece
Were of as milde a spirit as yourselfe.
Cort. Alas Lord *Medice*, would you haue a girle,
As well seene in behauiour as I?
Ah shees a fond yong thing, and growne so prowde,
The wind must blow at west stil, or sheele be angry.
Med. Masse so me thinke; how coy shees to the duke?
I lay my life she haz some yonger loue.
Cort. Faith like enough.
Med. Gods me, who should it bee?
Cort. If it be any; *Page*, a little Sacke,
If it be any: harke now; if it be,
I know not, by this Sacke, but if it be,
Marke what I say, my Lord; I drink tee first.
Med. Well said good widdow, much good do thy heart,
So; now what if it be?
Cort. Well, if it be;
To come to that I said, for so I said,
If it be any, Tis the Shrewde yong Prince,
For eies can speake, and eies can vnderstand,
And I haue markt her eies; yet by this cup,
Which I will onely kisse.
Stro. O noble Crone,
Now such a huddle and kettle neuer was.

Cort. I neuer yet haue seene; not yet I say,
But I will marke her after for your sake.

Med. And doe I pray; for it is passing like;
And there is *Strozza*, a slie Counsailor
To the yong boy: O I would giue a limbe,
To haue their knauerie limm'd and painted out.
They stand vpon their wits and paper-learning:
Giue me a fellow with a naturall wit,
That can make wit of no wit; and wade through
Great things with nothing, when their wits sticke fast:
O they be scuruie Lords.

Cort. Faith so they be,
Your Lordship still is of my mind in all,
And eene so was my husband.

Mid. Gods my life,
Strozza hath Euesdropt here, and ouer-heard vs.

Stro. They haue descried me; what, Lord *Medice*
Courting the lustie widow?

Med. I, and why not?
Perhaps one does as much for you at home.

Stro. What, cholericke man? and toward wedlocke too?

Cort. And if he be my Lord; he may do woorse.

Stro. If he be not; madame, he may do better.

Enter Bassiolo with seruants with Rushes; and a Carpet.

Bass. My Lords, and Madame, the Dukes grace intreates you
T' attend his new-made Dutchesse for this night,
Into his presence.

Stro. We are readie sir. *Exeunt.*

Bass. Come strew this roome a fresh; spread here this carpet,
Nay quickly man, I pray thee; this way foole,
Lay me it smoothe, and Euen; looke if he will;
This way a little more: a little there.
Hast thou no forecast? slood me thinks a man
Should not of meere necessitie be an Asse.

Looke how he ſtrowes here too: Come ſir Giles Gooſecap,
I muſt do all my ſelfe, lay me vm thus:
In fine ſmoothe threaues, looke you ſir, thus in threaues.
Perhaps ſome tender Ladie will ſquat here,
And if ſome ſtanding Ruſh ſhould chance to pricke her,
Shee'd ſqueak & ſpoile the ſongs that muſt be ſung.
Stro. See where he is; now to him, and prepare
Your familiaritie.

Enter Vin. and Stroz.

Vin. Saue you maſter *Baſſiolo*,
I pray a word ſir; but I feare I let you.
Baſſ. No my good Lord, no let.
Vin. I thanke you ſir.
Nay pray be couerd; O I crie you mercie,
You muſt be bare.
Baſſ. Euer to you my Lord.
Vin. Nay, not to me ſir,
But to the faire right of your worſhipfull place.
Stro. A ſhame of both your worſhips.
Baſſ. What means your Lordſhip?
Vin. Onely to doe you right ſir, and my ſelfe eaſe.
And what ſir, will there be ſome ſhew to night?
Baſſ. A ſlender preſentation of ſome muſick
And ſome thing elſe my Lord.
Vin. T'is paſſing good ſir,
Ile not be ouerbold t'aſke the particulars.
Baſſ. Yes, if your Lordſhip pleaſe.
Vin. O no good ſir,
But I did wonder much; for as me thought,
I ſaw your hands at work.
Baſſ. Or elſe my Lord,
Our buſines would be but badly done.
Vin. How vertuous is a worthy mans example?
Who is this throne for pray?
Baſſ. For my Lords daughter,
Whom the duke makes to repreſent his dutches.

Vin. T'will be exceeding fit; and all this roome
Is paſſing wel preparde; a man would ſweare,
That all preſentments in it would be rare.
Baſſ. Nay, ſee if thou canſt lay vm thus in threaues.
Vin. In threaues dee call it?
Baſſ. I my Lord in threaues.
Vin. A pretty terme:
Well ſir I thanke you highly for this kindneſſe,
And pray you alwayes make as bold with me
For kindneſſe more then this, if more may bee.
Baſſ. O my Lord this is nothing.
Vin. Sir, tis much.
And now ile leaue you ſir, I know y'are buſie.
Baſſ. Faith ſir a little.
Vin. I commend me tee Sir. *Exit Vin.*
Baſſ. A courteous prince beleeve it; I am ſory
I was no bolder with him; what a phraſe
He vſde at parting! I commend me tee.
Ile h'ate yfaith;

Enter Sarpego halfe dreſt?

Sarp. Good maſter Vſher, will you dictate to me,
Which is the part precedent of this nightcap,
And which poſterior? I do *ignorare*
How I ſhould weare it.
Baſſ. Why ſir, this I take it
Is the precedent part; I, ſo it is.
Sarp. And is all well ſir thinke you?
Baſſ. Paſſing well.

Enter Pogio, and Fungus.

Pog. Why ſir come on; the Vſher ſhal be iudge:
See maſter Vſher: this ſame *Fungus* here,
Your Lords retainer, whom I hope you rule,
Would weare this better Ierkin for the Ruſh-man,
When I doe play the Broome-man; and ſpeake firſt.
Fun. Why ſir, I borrowed it, and I will weare it.
Pog. What ſir, in ſpite of your Lords gentleman Vſher:

Fun. No spite sir, but you haue changde twice already,
And now woulde ha't againe.

Pog. Why thats all one sir,
Gentillitie must be fansasticall.

Bass. I pray thee *Fungus* let master *Pogio* weare it.

Fun. And what shall I weare then?

Pog. Why here is one, that was a Rush-mans Ier kin, and I pray, wer't not absurd then; a Broome-man should weare it?

Fun. •Foe, theres a reason, I will keepe it sir.

Pog. Will sir; then do your office maister Vsher,
Make him put off his Ierkin; you may plucke
His coate ouer his eares, much more his Ierkin.

Bass. *Fungus* y'ad best be rulde.

Fun. Best sir! I care not.

Pog. No sir? I hope you are my Lords retainer.
I neede not care a pudding for your Lord:
But spare not, keepe it, for perhaps Ile play
My part as well in this, as you in that,

Bass. Well said, master *Pogio*; my Lord shall know it.

Enter Cortesa, with the Broom wench, & Rush-wench in their petticotes, clokes ouer them, with hats ouer their head-tyres.

Cort Looke master Vsher, are these wags wel drest?
I haue beene so in labour with vm truly.

Bass. Y'ave had a verie good deliuerance, Ladie:
How I did take her at her labour there,
I vse to gird these Ladies so sometimes.

Enter Lasso, with Syluan and a Nymph, a man Bugge, and a woman.

1. I pray my Lord, must not I weare this haire?

Lass. I pray thee aske my Vsher; Come, dispatch,
The duke is readie: are you readie there?

2. See master Vsher; must he weare this haire?

1. *Bug.* .Pray master Vsher, where must I come in?

2. Am not I well for a *Bug*, master *Vsher*?

Bass. What stirre is with these boyes here, God forgiue me,
If t'were not for the credite on't, I'de see
Your apish trash afire, ere I'de indure this.

1. But pray good master Vsher.

Bass. Hence ye Brats,
You stand vpon your tyte; but for your action
Which you must vse in singing of your songs,
Exceeding dexterously and full of life,
I hope youle then stand like a sort of blocks;
Without due motion of your hands, and heads,
And wresting your whole bodies to your words,
Looke too't, y'are best; and in; Go; All go in:

Pog. Come in my masters; let's be out anon.

Exeunt.

Lass. What, are all furnisht well?

Bass. All well my Lord.

Lass. More lights then here, and let lowd musicke sound.

Bass. Sound Musicke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vincentio, Strozza bare, Margaret, Corteza, and Cynanche bearing her traine. After her the duke whispering with Medice, Lasso with Bassiolo, &c.

Alp. Aduaunce your selfe, faire Dutchesse to this Throne,
As we have long since raisde you to our heart,
Better *decorum* neuer was beheld,
Then twixt this state and you: And as all eyes
Now fixt on your bright Graces thinke it fit,
So frame your fauour to continue it.

Mar. My Lord; but to obey your earnest will,
And not make serious scruple of a toy,
I scarce durst haue presumde this minuts height.

Lass. Vsher, cause other musicke; begin your shew.

Bass. Sound Consort; warne the Pedant to be readie.

Cor. Madam, I thinke you'le see a prettie shew.

Cyn. I can expect no lesse in such a presence.
Alp. Lo what attention and state beautie breedes,
Whose moning silence no shrill herauld needes.

Enter Sarpego.

Sar. Lords of high degree,
And Ladies of low courtesie,
I the Pedant here,
Whom some call schoolmaistere,
Because I can speake best,
Approch before the rest.
Vin. A verie good reason.
Sar. But there are others comming,
Without maske or mumming:
For they are not ashamed,
If need be, to be named,
Nor will they hide their faces,
In any place or places;
For though they seeme to come,
Loded with Rush, and Broome:
The Broomeman you must know,
Is seigneur *Pogio*,
Nephew, as shall appeare,
To my Lord *Strozza* here
Stro. O Lord, I thanke you sir, you grace me much.
And to this noble dame,
Whome I with finger name.
Vin. A plague of that fooles finger.
Sar. And women will ensue,
Which I must tell you true,
No women are indeed,
But Pages made for need
To fill vp women's places.
By vertue of their faces,
And other hidden graces.
A hall, a hall; whist, stil, be mum,
For now with siluer song they come.

Enter Pogio, Fungus, with the song Broome-maid, and Rush-maid. After which, Pogio.

Pog. Heroes, and Heroines, of gallant ſtraine,
Let not theſe Broomes, motes in your eies remaine,
For in the Moone, theres one beares with'red buſhes:
But we (deare wights) do beare greene broomes, green ruſhes,
Whereof theſe verdant herbals cleeped Broome,
Do pierce and enter euerie Ladies roome,
And to proue them high borne, and no baſe traſh,
Water, with which your phiſnomies you waſh,
Is but a Broome. And more truth to deliuer,
Grim *Hercules* ſwept a ſtable with a riuer,
The wind that ſweepes fowle clowds out of the ayre,
And for you Ladies makes the Welken faire,
Is but a Broome : and O Dan *Titan* bright,
Moſt clearkly calld the Scauenger of night,
What art thou, but a verie broome of gold?
For all this world not to be cride nor ſold;
Philoſophy, that paſſion ſweepes from thought,
Is the ſoules Broome, and by all braue wits ſought,
Now if Philoſophers but Broomemen are,
Each Broomeman then is a Philoſopher.
And ſo we come (gracing your gratious Graces)
To ſweepe Cares cobwebs from your cleaſily faces.
Alp. Thanks good maſter Broomeman,
Fun. For me Ruſhman then,
To make Ruſh ruffle in a verſe of ten,
A Ruſh which now your heeles doe lie on here.
Vin. Crie mercie ſir.
Fun. Was whilome vſed for a pungent ſpeare,
In that odde battaile, neuer fought but twice
(As *Homer* ſings) betwixt the frogs and mice,
Ruſhes make True-loue knots; Ruſhes make rings,
Your Ruſh maugre the beard of winter ſprings.
And when with gentle, amorous, layſie lims,
Each Lord with his faire Ladie ſweetly ſwims
On theſe coole Ruſhes; they may with theſe bables,
Cradles for children make; children for cradles,
And leſt ſome Momus here might now crie puſh,
Saying our pageant is not woorth a Ruſh,

Bundles of Rufhes, lo, we hung along,
To picke his teeth that bites them with his tongue.
Stro. See, fee, thats Lord *Medice.*
Vin. Gods me, my Lord,
Haz hee pickt you out, picking of your teeth?
Med. What picke you out of that?
Stro. Not fuch ftale ftuffe
As you picke from your teeth.
Alp. Leaue this warre with Rufhes,
Good mafter pedant; pray forth with your fhew.
Sar. Lo thus farre then (braue duke) you fee,
Meere entertainement; Now our glee
Shall march forth in Moralitie:
And this queint Dutcheffe here fhall fee
The fault of virgine Nicetie,
Firft wooed with Rurall courtefie,
Disburthen them, praunce on this ground,
And make your *Exit* with your Round.

Exeunt.

Well haue they daunc'd, as it is meet,
Both with their nimble heades and feet.
Now, as our country girls held off,
And rudely did their louers fcoft;
Our Nymph likewife fhall onely glaunce
By your faire eies, and looke askaunce
Vpon her female friend that wooes her,
Who is in plaine field forc'd to loofe her.
And after them, to conclude all,
The purlue of our Paftorall.
A female bug, and eke her friend,
Shall onely come and fing, and end.

Bugs fong.

This Lady and Dutcheffe we conclude,
Faire Virgins muft not be too rude:
For though the rurall wilde and antike,
Abufde their loues as they were frantike;
Yet take you in your Iuory clutches,
This noble Duke, and be his Dutches.

Thus thanking all for their *tacete*,
I void the roome, and cry *valete*.

Exit.

Alp. Generally well, and pleaſingly performed.
Mar. Now I reſigne this borrow'd maieſty,
Which ſate vnſeemely on my worthleſſe head,
With humble ſeruice to your Highneſſe hands.
Alp. Well you became it Lady, and I know
All heere could wiſh it might be euer ſo.
Stro. Heeres one ſaies nay to that.
Vin. Plague on you, peace.
Laſſ. Now let it pleaſe your Highneſſe to accept
A homely banquet, to cloſe theſe rude ſports.
Alp. I thanke your Lordſhip much.
Baſſ. Bring lights, make place.

Enter Pogio in his cloke and broome-mans attire.

Pog. How d'ee my Lord?
Alp. O maſter broome man, you did paſſing well.
Vin. A you mad ſlaue you! you are a tickling Actor.
Pog. I was not out like my Lord *Medice.*
How did you like me Aunt?
Cyn. O rarely, rarely.
Stro. O thou haſt done a worke of memory,
And raiſde our houſe vp higher by a ſtory.
Vin. Friend how conceit you my young mother heere?
Cyn. Fitter for you my Lord, than for your father.
Vin. No more of that ſweete friend, thoſe are bugs words. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

ACTVS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA.

Medice after the song, whispers alone with his seruant.

Med. Thou art my trusty seruant, and thou knowst,
I haue beene euer bountifull Lord to thee,
As still I will be: be thou thankfull then,
And doe me now a seruice of import.
Ser. Any my Lord in compasse of my life.
Med. To morrow then the Duke intends to hunt,
Where *Strozza* my despightfull enemie,
Will give attendance busie in the chase,
Wherein (as if by chance, when others shoote
At the wild Boare) do thou discharge at him,
And with an arrow, cleaue his canckerd heart.
Ser. I will not faile my Lord.
Med. Be secret then.
And thou to me shalt be the dear'st of men.

Exeunt.

Enter Vincentio, and Bassiolo.

Vin. Now Vanitie and Policie inrich me
With some ridiculous fortune on this Vsher.
Wheres Master Vsher?
Bass. Now I come my Lord.
Vin. Besides, good sir, your shew did shew so well,
Bass. Did it in deede my Lord?
Vin. O sir, beleeue it,
'Twas the best fashiond and well orderd thing
That euer eye beheld: and there withall,
The fit attendance by the seruants vsde,
The gentle guise in seruing euery guest,
In other entertainements; euery thing
About your house so sortfully disposde,

That euen as in a turne-ſpit calld a Iacke,
One vice aſſiſts another; the great wheeles.
Turning but ſoftly, make the leſſe to whirre
About their buſineſſe; euery different part
Concurring to one commendable end:
So, and in ſuch conformance, with rare grace,
Were all things orderd in your good lordes houſe.

Baſſ. The moſt fit *ſimile* that euer was.

Vin. But ſhall I tell you plainely my conceit,
Touching the man that I thinke cauſde this order?

Baſſ. I good my Lord.

Vin. You note my *ſimile.*

Baſſ. Drawne from the turne-ſpit.

Vin. I ſee you haue me,
Euen as in that queint engine you haue ſeene,
A little man in ſhreds ſtand at the winder,
And ſeemes to put all things in act about him,
Lifting and pulling with a mightie ſtirre,
Yet addes no force to it, nor nothing does:
So, (though your Lord be a braue Gentleman)
And ſeemes to do this buſines, He does nothing;
Some man about him was the feſtiuall robe,
That made him ſhew ſo glorious and diuine.

Baſſ. I cannot tell my Lord, yet I ſhould know
If any ſuch there were.

Vin. Should know quoth you;
I warrant you know: well, ſome there be
Shall haue the fortune to haue ſuch rare men,
(Like braue beaſts to their Armes) ſupport their ſtate,
When others of as high a worth and breede,
Are made the waſtefull food of them they feede:
What ſtate hath your Lord made you for your ſeruice?

Baſſ. He haz beene my good Lord, for I can ſpend
Some fifteene hundred crownes in lands a yeare,
Which I haue gotten ſince I ſeru'd him firſt.

Vin. No more then fifteene hundred crownes a yeare?

Baſſ. It is ſo much as makes me liue my Lord,
Like a poore Gentleman.

Vin. Nay, tis prettie well:
But certainely my nature does esteeme
Nothing enough for vertue; and had I
The Duke my fathers meanes, all should be spent,
To keepe braue men about me: but good sir,
Accept this simple iewell at my hands,
Till I can worke perswasion of my friendship,
With worthier arguments.

Bass. No good my Lord,
I can by no meanes merite the free bounties
You haue bestowed besides.

Vin. Nay, be not strange,
But doe your selfe right, and be all one man
In all your actions, doe not thinke but some
Haue extraordinarie spirits like your selfe,
And wil not stand in their societie,
On birth and riches: but on worth and vertue,
With whom there is no nicenesse, nor respect
Of others common friendship; be he poore
Or basely borne, so he be rich in soule,
And noble in degrees of qualities,
He shall be my friend sooner then a King.

Bass. 'Tis a most kingly iudgement in your lordship,

Vin. Faith sir I know not, but tis my vaine humour.

Bass. O, tis an honour in a Nobleman.

Vin. Y'aue some lords now so politike and prowd,
They skorne to giue good lookes to worthy men.

Bass. O fie vpon vm; by that light my lord,
I am but seruant to a Nobleman,
But if I would not skorne such puppet lords,
Would I weare breathlesse.

Vin. You sir? so you may,
For they will cogge so when they wish to vse men,
With, pray be couerd sir, I beseech you sit,
Whoe's there? waite of Master Vsher to the doore.
O, these be godly gudgeons: where's the deedes?
The perfect Nobleman?

Baff. O good my Lord.

Vin. Away, away, ere I would flatter so,
I would eate rushes like lord *Medici.*

Bass. Well, wel my Lord, would there were more such Princes.

Vin. Alas, twere pitty sir, they would be gulld
Out of their very skinnes.

Baff. Why how are you my lord?

Vin. Who I, I care not:
If I be gulld where I professe plaine loue,
T'will be their faults you know.

Baff. O t'were their shames.

Bin. Well, take my iewell, you shall not be strange,
I loue not manie words.

Baß. My lord, I thanke you, I am of few words too.

Vin. Tis friendlie said,
You proue your selfe a friend, and I would haue you
Aduance your thoughts, and lay about for state,
Worthy your vertues: be the Mineon
Of some great King or Duke: there's *Medici,*
The Minion of my Father: O the Father!
What difference is there? but I cannot flatter
A word to wise men.

Baff. I perceiue your Lordship.

Vin. Your Lordship? talke you now like a friend?
Is this plaine kindnesse?

Baff. Is it not my Lord?

Vin. A palpable flattring figure for men common:
A my word I should thinke, if twere another,
He meant to gull mee.

Baff. Why tis but your due.

Vin. Tis but my due: if youle be still a stranger:
But as I wish to choose you for my friend,
As I intend when God shall call my father,
To do I can tell what: but let that passe,
Thus tis not fit; let my friend be familiar,
Vse not me Lordship, nor yet call me Lord,
Nor my whole name *Vincentio*; but *vince,*

As they call Iacke or Will, tis now in vse,
Twixt men of no equallity or kindnesse.
Bass. I shall be quickely bold enough my Lord.
Vin. Nay, see how still you vse that coy terme, Lord
What argues this, but that you shunne my friendship?
Bass. Nay, pray say not so.
Vin. Who should not say so?
Will you afford me now no name at all?
Bass. What should I call you?
Vin. Nay, then tis no matter.
But I told you *Vince.*
Bass. Why then my sweete *Vince.*
Vin. Whie so then; and yet still there is a fault,
In vsing these kind words, without kinde deedes:
Pray thee imbrace me too.
Bass. Why then sweete *Vince.*
Vin. Why, now I thank you, sblood shall friends be strange?
Where there is plainenesse, there is euer truth:
And I will still be plaine since I am true:
Come let vs lie a little, I am wearie.
Bass. And so am I, I sweare since yesterday.
Vin. You may sir by my faith; and sirra, hark thee,
What lordship wouldst thou wish to haue, ifaith,
When my old father dies?
Bass. Who I? alas.
Vin. O not you, well sir, you shall haue none,
You are as coy a peece as your Lords daughter.
Bass. Who, my mistris?
Vin. Indeede, is she your Mistris?
Bass. I faith sweet *Vince*, since she was three yeare old.
Vin. And are not wee too friends?
Bass. Who doubts of that?
Vin. And are not two friends one?
Bass. Euen man and wife.
Vin. Then what to you sheis, to me she should be.

Bass. Why *Vince*, thou wouldst not haue her?

Vin. O not I: I doe not fancie any thing like you.

Bass. Nay but I pray thee tell me.

Vi. You do not meane to marry her your self?

Bass. Not I by heauen.

Vin: Take heede now, do not gull me.

Bass. No by that candle.

Vin. Then will I be plaine.
Thinke you she dotes not too much on my father?

Bass. O yes, no doubt on't.

Vin. Nay, I pray you speake.

Bass. You seely man you, she cannot abide him.

Vin. Why sweete friend pardon me, alas I knew not.

Bass. But I doe note you are in some things simple,
And wrong your selfe too much.

Vin. Thanke you good friend,
For your playne dealing, I doe meane so well.

Bass. But who saw euer summer mixt with winter?
There must be equall yeares where firme loue is.
Could we two loue so well so soddainely
Were we not some thing equaller in yeares,
Than he and shee are?

Vi. I cry ye mercy sir, I know we could not, but yet be not too bitter,
Considering loue is fearefull. And sweete friend,
I haue a letter t'intreate her kindnesse
Which if you would conuay.

Bass. I, if I would, sir?

Vin. Why fayth, deare friend, I would not requitelesse.

Bass. Would you not so sir?
By heauen a little thing would make me boxe you,
Which if you would conuaie? why not I pray?
Which (friend) thou shalt conuaie.

Vin. Which friend, you shall then.

Bass. Well friend, and I will then.

Vin. And vse some kinde perswasiue wordes for me?
Buff. The best I sweare that my poore toung can forge.
Vin. I, wel said, poore toung: O tis rich in meekenesse;
You are not knowne to speake well? You haue wonne
Direction of the Earle and all his house,
The fauour of his daughter, and all Dames
That euer I sawe, come within your sight,
With a poore tongue? A plague a your sweete lippes.
Baff.. Well, we will doe our best: And faith my *Vince*,
She shall haue an vnweldie and dull soule.
If she be nothing moou'd with my poore tongue,
Call it no better; Be it what it will.
Vin Well said ifaith; Now if I doe not thinke
Tis possible, besides her bare receipt
Of that my Letter, with thy friendly tongue,
To get an answere of it, neuer trust me.
Baff. An answer man? Sbloud make no doubt of that.
Vin. By heauen I thinke so; now a plague of Nature,
That she giues all to some, and none to others.
Baff. How I endeare him to me! Come *Vince*, rise,
Next time I see her, I will giue her this:
Which when she sees, sheele think it wondrous strange
Loue should goe by descent, and make the sonne
Follow the father in his amorous steppes.
Vin. She needes must thinke it strange, that neuer yet saw
I durst speake to her, or had scarce hir sight.
Baff.. Well *Vince*, I sweare thou shalt both see and kisse her.
Vin. Sweares my deere friend? by what?
Baff. Euen by our friendship.
Vin. O sacred oath! which, how long will you keepe?

Baff. While there be bees in *Hybla*, or white swannes
In bright *Meander*; while the banks of *Po*
Shall beare braue lillies; or Italian dames
Be called the Bonerobes of the world.

Vin. Tis elegantly faid: and when I faile,
Let there be found in *Hybla* hiues no bees;
Let no fwannes fwimme in bright *Meander* ftreame,
Nor lillies fpring vpon the banks of *Po*,
Nor let one fat Italian dame be found,
But leane and brawn-falne; I, and fcarfly found.

Baff. It is enough, but lets imbrace with all.

Vin. With all my hart.

Baff. So, now farewell fweet *Vince.* *Exit.*

Vin. Farewell my worthie friend, I thinke I haue him.

Enter Baffiolo.

Baff. I had forgot the parting phrafe he taught me,
I commend me t'ee fir. *Exit instant.*

Vin. At your wifht feruice fir:
O fine friend, he had forgot the phrafe:
How ferious apifh foules are in vaine forme:
Well, he is mine, and he being trufted moft
With my dear loue, may often worke our meeting,
And being thus ingagde, dare not reueale.

Enter Pogio in hasie, Strozza following.

Po. Horfe, horfe, horfe, my lord, horfe, your father is going a hunting.

Vin. My Lord horfe? you affe you, d'ee call my Lord horfe?

Stro. Nay, he fpeakes huddles ftill, lets flit his tongue.

Po. Nay good vnkle now, sbloud, what captious marchants you be; fo the Duke tooke me vp euen now: my lord vnckle heere, and my old lord *Laffo*, by heauen y' are all too witty for me, I am the veriest foole on you all, Ile be fworne.

Vin. Therein thou art worth vs all, for thou knowſt thy ſelfe.

Stro. But your wiſedom was in a pretty taking laſt night; was it not I pray?

Pog. O, for taking my drink a little? ifaith my Lord, for that you ſhall haue the beſt ſport preſently with Madam *Corteza*, that euer was; I haue made her ſo drunke, that ſhe does nothing but kiſſe my Lord *Medice*.

See ſhee comes riding the Duke, ſhees paſſing well mounted, beleeue it.

Enter Alphonſo, Corteza, Cynanche, Baſſiolo firſt, two women attendants. and huntſ-men, Laſſo.

Alph. Good wench forbeare.

Cort. My Lord, you muſt put forth your ſelfe among Ladies, I warrant you haue much in you, if you would ſhew it; ſee, a cheeke a twentie; the bodie of a *George*, a good legge ſtill; ſtill a good calfe, and not flabby, nor hanging I warrant you; a brawne of a thumb here, and t'were a pulld partridge; Neece *Meg*, thou ſhalt haue the ſweeteſt bedfellow on him, that euer call'd Ladie husband; trie him you ſhamefac'd bable you, trie him.

Mar. Good Madame be rulde.

Cort. What a nice thing it is, my Lord, you muſt ſet foorth this gere, and kiſſe her; yfaith you muſt; get you togither and be naughts awhile, get you together.

Alph. Now what a merrie harmleſſe dame it is!

Cort. My Lord *Medice*, you are a right noble man, & wil do a woman right in a wrong matter and neede be; pray do you giue the duke enſample vpon me; you come a wooing to me now; I accept it.

Laſſ. What meane you ſiſter?

Cort. Pray my Lord away; conſider me as I am, a woman.

Pog. Lord, how I haue whittld her?

Cort. You come a wooing to me now; pray thee Duke marke my Lord *Medice*; and do you marke me

virgin ; Stand you aſide, my Lord, all, and you ; giue place ; now, my Lord *Medice* ; put caſe I be ſtrange a little, yet you like a man put me to it. Come kiſſe me my Lord, be not aſhamde,

Med. Not I Madame, I come not a wooing to you.

Cort. Tis no matter my Lord, make as though you did, and come kiſſe me ; I won't be ſtrange a whit.

Laſſ. Fie ſiſter, y' are too blame ; pray will you goe to your chamber.

Cort. Why, harke you brother.

Laſſ. Whats the matter ?

Cort. Dee thinke I am drunke ?

Laſſ. I thinke ſo truly.

Cort. But are you ſure I am drunke ?

Laſſ. Elſe I would not thinke ſo.

Cort. But, I would be glad to be ſure on't.

Laſſ. I aſſure you then.

Cort. Why then ſay nothing ; & Ile begone
God bwy lord, duke Ile come againe anone. *Exit.*

Laſſ. I hope your Grace will pardon her my liege,
For tis moſt ſtrange ; ſhees as diſcreete a dame
As any in theſe countries, and as ſober,
But for this onely humour of the cup.

Alp. Tis good my Lord ſometimes :
Come, to our hunting ; now tis time I thinke.

Omn. The verie beſt time of the day, my Lord.

Alp. Then my Lord, I will take my leaue till night,
Reſeruing thanks for all my entertainment,
Till I returne ; in meanetime, louely dame,
Remember the high ſtate you laſt preſented,
And thinke it was not a mere feſtiuall ſhew,
But an eſſential type of that you are
In full conſent of all my faculties,
And harke you good my Lord.

Vin. & St. haue al this while talked togither a prettie way.

Vin. See now, they whiſper
Some priuate order, (I dare lay my life)

For a forc'd marriage t'wixt my loue and father,
I therefore must make sure: and noble friends,
Ile leaue you all, when I haue brought you forth,
And seene you in the chase; meane-while obserue
In all the time this solemne hunting lasts,
My father and his minion *Medice*,
And note, if you can gather any signe,
That they have mist me, and suspect my being,
If which fall out, send home, my Page before.

Stro. I will not faile my Lord.

Medice whispers with 1. *Huntsman all this while.*

Med. Now, take thy time.

Hunt. I warrant you my Lord, he shall not scape me.

Alp. Now my deere Mistresse, till our sports intended
end with my absence, I will take my leaue.

Lass. *Bassiolo*, attend you on my daughter. *Exeunt.*

Bass. I will my Lord.

Vin. Now will the sport beginne: I think my loue
Will handle him, as well as I haue doone. *Exit.*

Cyn. Madam, I take my leaue, and humblie thanke you. *Exit.*

Mar. Welcome good madam; mayds wait on my Lady.

Bass. So mistris, this is fit.

Mar. Fit, sir, why so?

Bass. Why so? I haue most fortunate newes for you.

Mar. For me sir? I beseech you what are they?

Bass. Merit and Fortune, for you both agree;
Merit what you haue, and haue what you merit.

Mar. Lord with what Rhetorike you prepare your newes!

Bass. I need not; for the plaine contents they beare
Vttred in any words, deserue their welcome,

And yet I hope the words will ferue the turne.
Mar. What, in a letter?
Baſſ. Why not? *Mar.* Whence is it?
Baſſ. From one that will not ſhame it with his name.
And that is Lord *Vincentio.*
Mar. King of heauen!
Is the man madde?
Baſſ. Mad Madam, why?
Mar. O heauen, I muſe a man of your importance,
Will offer to bring me a letter thus?
Baſſ. Why, why good Miſtreſſe, are you hurt in that?
Your anſwer may be what you will your ſelfe.
Mar. I, but you ſhould not doe it: Gods my life,
You ſhall anſwer it.
Baſſ. Nay, you muſt anſwer it.
Mar. I anſwer it! are you the man I truſted?
And will betray me to a ſtranger thus?
Baſſ. Thats nothing, dame, all friends were ſtrangers firſt.
Mar. Now was there euer woman ouerſeene ſo,
In a wiſe mans diſcretion?
Baſſ. Your braine is ſhallow, come, receiue this letter.
Mar. How dare you ſay ſo? when you know ſo well
How much I am engaged to the duke?
Baſſ. The duke? a proper match: a graue olde gentman:
Haz beard at will; and would, in my conceyt,
Make a moſt excellent patterne, for a potter
To haue his picture ſtampt on a Iugge.
To keepe ale-knights in memorie of ſobrietie.
Heere gentle madam, take it.
Mar. Take it ſir?
Am I common taker of loue letters?
Baſſ. Common? why when receiu'd you one before?
Mar. Come, tis no matter; I had thought your care

Of my beftowing, would not tempt me thus
To one I know not; but it is becaufe
You know I dote fo much on your direction.

Baff. On my direction?

Mar. No fir, Not on yours.

Baff. Well miftris, if you will take my aduice
At any time, then take this letter now.

Mar. Tis ftrange, I woonder the coy gentleman,
That feeing mee fo oft, would neuer fpeake,
Is on the fodaine fo far wrapt to write.

Baff. It fhewd his iudgement that he would not fpeake
Knowing with what a ftrict and iealous eie
He fhould be noted; holde, if you loue your felfe;
Now will you take this letter? pray be rulde.

Mar. Come, you haue fuch another plaguie toung,
And yet yfayth I will not.

Baff. Lord of heauen,
What, did it burne your hands? holde, hold, I pray,
And let the words within it fire your heart

Mar. I woonder how the deuill, he found you out
To be his fpokefman,—O the duke would thanke you,
If he knew how you vrgde me for his fonne.

Baff. The duke? I haue fretted her,
Euen to the liuer, and had much adoe
To make her take it, but I knew t'was fure;
For he that cannot turne and winde a woman
Like filke about his finger, is no man,
Ile make her anfwer't too.

Mar. O here's good ftuffe.
Hold, pray take it for your paines to bring it.

Baff. Ladie, you erre in my reward a little,
Which muft be a kind anfwere to this letter.

Mar. Nay then yfaith, t'were beft you brought a Prieft;
And then your client; and then keepe the doore.
Gods me I neuer knew fo rude a man.

Baff. Well you fhall anfwer; Ile fetch pen and paper. *Exit.*

Mar. Poore Vsher, how wert thou wrought to this brake?
Men worke on one another for we women,
Nay each man on himselfe; and all in one
Say; No man is content that lies alone.
Here comes our gulled Squire.

Bass. Here Mistresse, write.

Mar. What should I write?

Bass. An answer to this letter.

Mar. Why sir, I see no cause of answer in it,
But if you needs will shew how much you rule me,
Sit downe; and answer it, as you please your selfe,
Here is your paper, lay it faire afore you.

Bass. Lady, content, Ile be your Secretorie.

Mar. I fit him in this taske; he thinkes his penne
The Shaft of *Cupid*, in an amorous letter

Bass. Is heere no great worth of your answer say you?
Beleeue it, tis exceedingly well writ.

Mar. So much the more vnfit for me to answere,
And therefore let your Stile and it contend.

Bassi. Well, you shall see I will not be farre short,
Although (indeede) I cannot write so well
When one is by, as when I am alone.

Mar. O, a good Scribe must write, though twenty talke,
and he talke to them too.

Bass. Well, you shall see.

Mar. A proper peece of Scribeship theres no doubt;
Some words, pickt out of Proclamations,
Or great mens Speeches; or well-selling Pamphlets:
See how he rubbes his temples: I beleeue
His Muse lies in the backe-part of his braine,
Which thicke and grosse, is hard to be brought forward,
What? is it loath to come?

Bass. No, not a whit:
Pray hold your peace a little.

Mar. He sweates, with bringing on his heauie stile,
Ile plie him still, till he sweate all his wit out,

What man, not yet?

Baff. Swoons, yowle not extort it from a man, How do you like the worde Endeare?

Mar. O fie vpon't.

Baff. Nay, then I see your iudgement: what say you to condole?

Mar. Worse and worse.

Baff. O braue! I should make a sweete answer, if I should vse no words but of your admittance.

Mar. Well sir, write what you please.

Baff. Is modell a good word with you?

Mar. Put them togither I pray.

Baff. So I will I warrant you.

Mar. See, see, see, now it comes powring downe.

Baff. I hope youle take no exceptions to beleeue it.

Mar. Out vpon 't, that phrase is so runne out of breath in trifles, that we shall haue no beleefe at all in earnest shortly. Beleeue it tis a prettie feather; beleeue it a daintie Rush; beleeue it an excellent Cockscombe.

Baff. So, so, so, your exceptions sort very collaterally.

Mar. Collaterally? theres a fine word now; wrest in that if you can by any meanes.

Baff. I thought she would like the very worst of them all, how thinke you? do not I write, and heare, and talke too now?

Mar. By my soule, if you can tell what you write now, you write verie readily.

Baff. That you shall see straight.

Mar. But do you not write that you speake now?

Baff. O yes, doe you not see how I write it? I can not write when any bodie is by me, I.

Mar. Gods my life, stay man; youle make it too long.

Baff. Nay, if I can not tell what belongs to the length of a Ladies deuice yfaith.

Mar. But I will not haue it so long.

Baff. If I cannot fit you?

Mar. O me; how it comes vpon him? prethee be short.

Baff. Wel, now I haue done, & now I wil reade it; your Lordships motiue accōmodating my thoughts, with the very model of my hearts mature consideration: it shall not be out of my Element to negotiate with you in this amorous duello; wherein I will condole with you, that our proiect cannot be so collaterally made, as our endeared hearts may verie well seeme to insinuate.

Mar. No more: no more; fie vpon this.

Baff. Fie vpon this? hees accurst that haz to doe with these vnsound women, of iudgement: if this be not good yfaith.

Mar. But tis so good, t'will not be thought to come from a womans braine.

Baff. Thats another matter.

Mar. Come, I will write my selfe.

Baff. A Gods name Lady: and yet I will not loose this I warrant you; I know for what Ladie this will serue as fit; now we shall haue a sweete peece of inditement.

Mar. How spell you foolish?

Baff. F, oo, l, i, sh; she will presume t' endite that cannot spel.

Mar. How spell you V*sher*?

Baff. Sblood, you put not in those words togither, do you?

Mar. No, not togither.

Baff. What is betwixt I pray?

Mar. Asse the.

Baf. Asse the? Betwixt foolish, and Vsher, Gods my life, foolish Asse the Vsher?

Mar. Nay then you are so iealous of your wit: now reade all I haue written I pray.

Baf. I am not so foolish as the Vsher would make

me: O ſo fooliſh as the Vſher would make me? Wherein would I make you fooliſh?

Mar. Why ſir, in willing me to beleeue he lou'd me ſo wel, being ſo meere a ſtranger.

Bass. O, is't ſo? you may ſay ſo indeed.

Mar. Cry mercie ſir, and I will write ſo too, & yet my hand is ſo vile, Pray thee ſit thee downe and write as I bid thee.

Baſſ. With all my heart Lady, what ſhall I write now?

Mar. You ſhall write this ſir, I am not ſo fooliſh to thinke you loue me, being ſo meere a ſtranger.

Baſſ. So meere a ſtranger!

Mar. And yet I know, loue works ſtrangely.

Baſſ. Loue workes ſtrangely.

Mar. And therefore take heed, by whom you ſpeake for loue.

Baſſ. Speake for loue.

Mar. For he may ſpeake for himſelfe.

Baſſ. May ſpeake for himſelfe.

Mar. Not that I deſire it,

Baſſ. Deſire it.

Mar. But if he do; you may ſpeede, I confeſſe.

Baſſ. Speede I confeſſe.

Mar. But let that paſſe, I do not loue to diſcourage any bodie—

Baſſ. Diſcourage any bodie.

Mar. Do you, or he, picke out what you can; & ſo farewell.

Baſſ. And ſo fare well. Is this all?

Mar. I, and he may thanke your Syrens tongue that it is ſo much.

Baſſ: A proper Letter if you mark e it.

Mar. Well ſir, though it be not ſo proper as the writer; yet tis as proper as the inditer; Euerie woman cannot be a gentleman Vſher; they that cannot go before, muſt come behind.

Bass. Well Ladie, this I will carrie inſtantly,

I commend me tee Ladie. *Exit.*

Mar. Pittifull Vsher, what a prettie sleight,
Goes to the working vp of euerie thing?
What sweet varietie serues a womans wit?
We make men sue to vs for that we wish.
Poore men; hold out awhile; and do not sue,
And spite of Custome we will sue to you.

Exit.

Finis Actus tertij.

ACTVS QVARTI, SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Pogio running in, and knocking at Cynanches doore.

Pog. O God, how wearie I am? Aunt, Madam, *Cynanche*, Aunt?

Cyn. How now?

Pog. O God, Aunt: O God Aunt: O God.

Cyn. What bad newes brings this man? where is my Lord?

Pog. O Aunt, my Vnkle, hees ſhot.

Cyn. Shot, ay me! How is he ſhot?

Pog. Why, with a forked ſhaft
As he was hunting, full in his left ſide.

Cyn. O me accurſt, where is hee? bring me, where?

Pog. Comming with Doctor *Beniuemus*,
Ile leaue you, and goe tell my Lord *Vincentio*.

Exit.

Enter Beniuemus with others, bringing in Strozza with an arrow in his ſide.

Cyn. See the ſad ſight, I dare not yeeld to griefe,
But force faind patience to recomfort him:
My Lord, what chance is this? how fares your lordſhip?

Stro. Wounded, and faint with anguiſh, let me reſt.

Beni. A chaire.

Cyn. O Doctor, iſt a deadly hurt?

Ben. I hope not Madam, though not free from danger.

Cyn. Why plucke you not the arrow from his ſide?

Ben. We cannot Lady, the forckt head ſo faſt
Stickes in the bottome of his ſollide ribbe.

Stro. No meane then Doctor refts there to educe it?
Ben. This onely, my good Lord, to giue your wound
A greater orifice, and in funder break
The pierced ribbe; which being fo neere the midriffe,
And opening to the region of the heart,
Will be exceeding dangerous to your life.
Stro. I will not fee my bofome mangled fo,
Nor fternely be anatomizde aliue,
Ile rather perifh with it fticking ftill.
Cyn. O no; fweete doctor thinke vpon fome help.
Ben. I tolde you all that can be thought in Arte,
Which fince your Lordfhip will not yeelde to vfe,
Our laft hope refts in Natures fecret aide,
Whofe power at length may happily expell it.
Stro. Muft we attend at deaths abhorred doore,
The torturing delaies of flauifh Nature?
My life is in mine owne powers to diffolue:
And why not then the paines that plague my life?
Rife furies, and this furie of my bane,
Affaile and conquer; what men madneffe call:
(That hath no eye to fenfe, but frees the foule,
Exempt of hope, and feare with inftant fate)
Is manlieft reafon, manlieft reafon then,
Refolue and rid me of this brutifh life,
Haften the cowardly protracted cure
Of all difeafes: King of Phifitians, death,
Ile dig thee from this Mine of miferie.
Cyn. O hold my Lord, this is no chriftian part,
Nor yet fkarce manly, when your mankinde foe,
Imperious death fhall make your grones his trumpets
To fummon refignation of lifes Fort,
To flie without refiftance; you muft force
A countermine of Fortitude, more deepe
Than this poore Mine of paines, to blow him vp,
And fpight of him liue victor, though fubdu'd:
Patience in torment, is a valure more
Than euer crownd *Th' Alcmenean* Conquerour.

Stro. Rage is the vent of torment, let me rise.
Cyn. Men doe but crie, that rage in miseries,
And scarcely beaten children, become cries:
Paines are like womens clamors, which the lesse
They find mens patience stirred, the more they cease.
Of this tis said, afflictions bring to God,
Because they make vs like him, drinking vp
Ioyes that deforme vs with the lusts of sense,
And turne our generall being into soule,
Whose actions simply formed and applied,
Draw all our bodies frailties from respect.
Stro. Away with this vnmedcinable balme
Of worded breath; forbeare friends, let me rest,
I sweare I will be bands vnto my selfe.
Ben. That will become your lordship best indeed.
Stro. Ile breake away, and leape into the Sea.
Or from some Turret cast me hedlong downe,
To shiuer this fraile carkasse into dust.
Cyn. O my deare Lord, what vnlike words are these,
To the late fruits of your religious Noblesse?
Stro. Leaue me fond woman.
Cyn. Ile be hewne from hence
Before I leaue you; helpe me gentle Doctor.
Ben. Haue patience good my Lord.
Stro. Then leade me in,
Cut off the timber of this cursed Shaft,
And let the fork'd pile canker to my heart.
Cyn. Deare Lord, resolue on humble sufferance.
Stro. I will not heare thee, woman, be content.
Cyn. O neuer shall my counsailes cease to knocke
At thy impatient eares, till they flie in
And salue with Christian patience, Pagan sinne.
Exeunt.

Enter Vincentio with a letter in his hand, Bassiolo.

Bass. This is her lettter sir, you now shall see
How seely a thing tis in respect of mine,
And what a simple woman she haz prou'd,

To refuſe mine for hers ; I pray looke heere.

Vin. Soft ſir, I know not, I being her ſworn ſeruant,
If I may put vp theſe diſgracefull words,
Giuen of my Miſtris, without touch of honour.

Baſſ. Diſgracefull words ; I proteſt I ſpeake not
To diſgrace her, but to grace my ſelfe.

Vin. Nay then ſir, if it be to grace your ſelfe,
I am content ; but otherwiſe you know,
I was to take exceptions to a King.

Baſſ. Nay, y'are ith right for that ; but reade I pray, if there be not more choice words in that letter, than in any three of *Gueuaras* golden epiſtles, I am a very aſſe. How thinke you *Vince*?

Vin. By heauen no leſſe ſir, it is the beſt thing ; *he rends it.*
Gods what a beaſt am I.

Baſſ. It is no matter, I can ſet it together againe.

Vin. Pardon me, ſir, I proteſt I was rauiſht : but was it poſſible ſhe ſhould preferre hers before this?

Baſſ. O ſir, ſhe cride fie vpon this.

Vin. Well, I muſt ſay nothing, loue is blind you know, and can finde no fault in his beloued.

Baſſ. Nay, thats moſt certaine.

Vin. Gee't me : Ile haue this letter.

Baſſ. No good *Vince*, tis not worth it.

Vin. Ile ha't ifaith, heeres enough in it to ſerue for my letters as long as I liue ; Ile keepe it to breede on as twere :
But I much wonder you could make her write.

Baſſ. Indeede there were ſome words belongd to that.

Vin. How ſtrong an influence works in well plac'd words,
Aud yet there muſt be a prepared loue,
To giue thoſe words ſo mighty a command,
Or twere impoſſible they ſhould moue ſo much
And will you tell me true?

Baſſ. In any thing.

Vin. Does not this Lady loue you?

Baſſ. Loue me? why yes; I thinke ſhe does not hate me.

Vin. Nay but ifaith, does ſhe not loue you dearely?

Baſſ. No I proteſt.

Vin. Nor haue you neuer kiſt her?

Baſſ. Kiſt her, thats nothing.

Vin. But you know my meaning:
Haue you not beene, as one would ſay, afore me?

Baſſ. Not I, I ſweare. *Vin.* O, y'are too true [to tell.

Baſſ. Nay be my troth, ſhe haz, I muſt confeſſe,
Vſde me with good reſpect, and nobly ſtill,
But for ſuch matters.

Vin. Verie little more,
Would make him take her maidenhead vpon him:
Well friend, I reſt yet in a little doubt,
This was not hers.

Baſſ. T'was by that light that ſhines,
And Ile goe fetch her to you to confirme it.

Vin. A paſſing friend.

Baſſ. But when ſhe comes, in any caſe be bold,
And come vpon her with ſome pleaſing thing,
To ſhew y'are pleaſde: howeuer ſhe behaues her,
As for example; if ſhe turne her backe,
Vſe you that action you would doe before,
And court her thus; Lady your backe part is as faire to me, as is your fore part.

Vin. T'will be moſt pleaſing.

Baſſ. I, for if you loue
One part aboue another, 'tis a ſigne
You like not all alike, and the worſt part
About your Miſtris, you muſt thinke as faire,
As ſweete, and daintie, as the very beſt,
So much, for ſo much, and conſidering too,
Each ſeuerall limbe and member in his kinde.

Vin. As a man ſhould.

Baſſ. True, will you thinke of this?

Vin. I hope I ſhall.

Baſſ. But if ſhe chance to laugh,
You muſt not loſe your countenance, but deuiſe
Some ſpeech to ſhew you pleaſde, euen being laugh'd at.
Vin. I, but what ſpeech ?
Baſſ. Gods pretious man ! do ſomething of your ſelfe ?
But Ile deuiſe a ſpeech. *he ſtudies.*
Vin. Inſpire him folly.
Baſſ. Or tis no matter, be but bold enough,
And laugh when ſhe laughs, and it is enough
Ile fetch her to you. *Exit.*
Vin. Now was there euer ſuch a demilance,
To beare a man ſo cleare through thicke and thinne ?
Enter Baſſiolo.
Baſſ. Or harke you ſir, if ſhe ſhould ſteale a laughter
Vnder her fanne, thus you may ſay, ſweete Lady,
If you will laugh and lie downe, I am pleaſde.
Vin. And ſo I were by heauen, how know you that ?
Baſſ. Slid man, Ile hit your very thoughts in theſe things.
Vin. Fetch her ſweete friend, Ile hit your words I warrant,
Baſſ. Be bold then *Vince*, and preſſe her to it hard,
A ſhamefac'd man is of all women barr'd. *Exit.*
Vin. How eaſly worthleſſe men take worth vpon them,
And being ouer credulous of their owne worths,
Doe vnderprize as much the worth of others.
The foole is rich, and abſurd riches thinks
All merit is rung out, where his purſe chinks.
Enter Baſſiolo and Margaret.
Baſſ. My Lord, with much intreaty heeres my Lady.
Nay, Madam, looke not backe : why *Vince* I ſay ?
Mar. *Vince* ? O monſtrous ieaſt !
Baſſ. To her for ſhame.
Vin. Lady, your backe part is as ſweete to me
As all your fore part.

Baſſ. He miſs'd alittle: he ſaid her back part was ſweet, when he ſhould haue ſaid faire; but ſee, ſhe laughs moſt fitly, to bring in the tother: *Vince*, to her againe, ſhe laughs.

Vin. Laugh you faire Dame?
If you will laugh and lie downe, I am pleaſde.

Mar. What villanous ſtuffe is heere?

Baſſ. Sweet Miſtris, of meere grace imbolden now
The kind young Prince heere, it is onely loue
Vpon my proteſtation, that thus daunts
His moſt Heroicke ſpirit: ſo a while
Ile leaue you cloſe together; *Vince*, I ſay —— *Exit.*

Mar. O horrible hearing, does he call you *Vince*!

Vin. O I, what elſe? and I made him imbrace me,
Knitting a moſt familiar league of friendſhip.

Mar. But wherefore did you court me ſo abſurdly?

Vin. Gods me, he taught me, I ſpake out of him.

Mar. O fie vpon't, could you for pitty make him
Such a poore creature? twas abuſe enough
To make him take on him ſuch ſawcie friendſhip,
And yet his place is great; for hees not onely
My fathers Vſher, but the worlds beſide,
Becauſe he goes before it all in folly.

Vin. Well, in theſe homely wiles, muſt our loues maske,
Since power denies him his apparant right.

Mar. But is there no meane to diſſolue that power,
And to preuent all further wrong to vs,
Which it may worke, by forcing Mariage rites,
Betwixt me and the Duke?

Vin. No meane but one,
And that is cloſely to be maried firſt,
Which I perceiue not how we can performe:
For at my fathers comming backe from hunting,
I feare your father and himſelfe reſolue,
To barre my intereſt with his preſent nuptialls.

Mar. That ſhall they neuer doe; may not we now
Our contract make, and marie before heauen?
Are not the lawes of God and Nature, more

Than formall lawes of men? are outward rites,
More vertuous then the very substance is
Of holy nuptialls solemnizde within?
Or shall lawes made to curbe the common world,
That would not be contain'd in forme without them,
Hurt them that are a law vnto themselues?
My princely loue, tis not a Priest shall let vs:
But since th' eternall acts of our pure soules,
Knit vs with God, the soule of all the world,
He shall be Priest to vs; and with such rites
As we can heere deuise, we will expresse,
And strongely ratifie our hearts true vowes,
Which no externall violence shall dissolue.

Vin. This is our onely meane t'enioy each other:
And, my deare life, I will deuise a forme
To execute the substance of our mindes,
In honor'd nuptialls. First then hide your face
With this your spotlesse white and virgin vaile:
Now this my skarfe Ile knit about your arme,
As you shall knit this other end on mine,
And as I knit it, heere I vow by Heaven,
By the most sweete imaginarie ioyes,
Of vntride nuptialls; by loues vshering fire,
Fore-melting beautie, and loues flame itselfe,
As this is soft and pliant to your arme
In a circumferent flexure, so will I
Be tender of your welfare and your will,
As of mine owne, as of my life and soule,
In all things, and for euer; onelie you
Shall haue this care in fulnesse, onely you
Of all dames shall be mine, and onely you
Ile court, commend and ioy in, till I die.

Mar. With like conceit on your arme this I tie,
And heere in sight of heauen, by it I sweare
By my loue to you, which commands my life,
By the deare price of such a constant husband,
As you haue vowed to be: and by the ioy
I shall imbrace by all meanes to requite you:
Ile be as apt to goueme as this silke,

As priuate as my face is to this vaile,
And as farre from offence, as this from blackneſſe.
I will be courted of no man but you,
In, and for you ſhall be my ioyes and woes :
If you be ſicke, I will be ſicke, though well :
If you be well, I will be well, though ſicke :
Your ſelfe alone my compleat world ſhall be,
Euen from this houre, to all eternity.
Vin. It is inough and binds as much as marriage.

Enter Baſſiolo.

Baſſ. Ile ſee in what plight my poore louer ſtands,
Gods me ! a beckons me to haue me gone,
It ſeemes hees entred into ſome good vaine :
Ile hence, loue cureth when he vents his paine. *Exit.*
Vin. Now my ſweet life, we both remember well
What we haue vow'd ſhall all be kept entire
Maugre our fathers wraths, danger and death :
And to confirme this, ſhall we ſpend our breath ?
Be well aduiſde, for yet your choice ſhall be
In all things as before, as large and free.
Mar. What I haue vow'd, Ile keepe euen paſt my death.
Vin. And I : and now in token I diſſolue
Your virgin ſtate, I take this ſnowie vaile,
From your much fairer face, and claime the dues
Of ſacred nuptialls : and now faireſt heauen,
As thou art infinitely raiſde from earth,
Different and oppoſite, ſo bleſſe this match,
As farre remou'd from Cuſtomes popular ſects,
And as vnſtaind with her abhorr'd reſpects.

Enter Baſſiolo.

Baſſ. Miſtris, away, *Pogio* runnes vp and downe,
Calling for Lord *Vincentio* ; come away,
For hitherward he bends his clamorous haſte.
Mar. Remember loue. *Exit Mar. and Baſſiolo.*
Vin. Or elſe forget me heauen.
Why am I ſought for by this *Pogio* ?

The Asse is great with child of some ill newes,
His mouth is neuer fill'd with other sound.

Enter Pogio.

Pog. Where is my Lord *Vincentio*? where is my Lord?

Vin. Here he is Asse what an exclaiming keep'st thou?

Pog. Slood, my Lord, I have followed you vp and downe like a *Tantalus* pig, till I haue worne out my hose here abouts, Ile be sworne, and yet you call me Asse still; But I can tell you passing ill newes my Lord.

Vin. I know that well sir, thou neuer bringst other; whats your newes now, I pray?

Pog. O Lord, my Lord vncle is shot in the side with an arrow.

Vin. Plagues take thy tongue, is he in any danger?

Pog. O danger; I, he haz lien speechlesse this two houres, and talkes so idlely.

Vin. Accursed newes, where is he, bring me to him.

Pog. Yes, do you lead, and Ile guide you to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Strozza; brought in a Chaire, Cynanche, Benenemus, with others.

Cyn. How fares it now with my deare Lord and husband?

Stro. Come neere me wife, I fare the better farre
For the sweete food of thy diuine aduice,.
Let no man value at a little price.
A vertuous womans counsaile, her wing'd spirit,
Is featherd oftentimes with heauenly words;
And (like her beautie) rauishing, and pure.
The weaker bodie, still the stronger soule,
When good endeuours do her powers applie,
Her loue drawes neerest mans felicitie,
O what a treasure is a vertuous wife,
Discreet and louing, Not one gift on earth,

Makes a mans life so highly bound to heauen;
She giues him double forces, to endure
And to enioy; by being one with him,
Feeling his Ioies and Griefes with equall sence;
And like the twins *Hypocrates* reports:
If he fetch sighes, she drawes her breath as short:
If he lament, she melts her selfe in teares:
If he be glad, she triumphs; if he stirre,
She moou's his way; in all things his sweete Ape:
And is in alterations passing strange.
Himselfe diuinely varied without change:
Gold is right pretious; but his price infects
With pride and auarice; *Aucthority* lifts
Hats from mens heades; and bowes the strongest knees,
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts;
Musicke delights but one sence; Nor choice meats
One quickly fades, the other stirre to sinne;
But a true wife, both sence and soule delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill;
Her vertues (ruling hearts) all powres command;
All Store without her, leaues a man but poore;
And with her, Pouertie is exceeding Store;
No time is tedious with her, her true woorth
Makes a true husband thinke, his armes enfold;
(With her alone) a compleate worlde of gold.

Cyn. I wish (deare loue) I coulde deserue as much,
As your most kind conceipt hath well exprest:
But when my best is done, I see you wounded;
And neither can recure nor ease your pains.

Stro. *Cynanche*, thy aduise hath made me well;
My free submission to the hand of heauen
Makes it redeeme me from the rage of paine.
For though I know the malice of my wound
Shootes still the same distemper through my vaines,
Yet the Iudiciall patience I embrace,
(In which my minde spreads her impassiue powres
Through all my suffring parts;) expels their frailetie;
And rendering vp their whole life to my soule,

Leaues me nought elſe but ſoule; and ſo like her,
Free from the paſſions of my fuming blood.
Cyn. Would God you were ſo; and that too much payne.
Were not the reaſon, you felt fence of none.
Stro. Thinkſt thou me mad *Cynanche*? for mad men,
By paynes vngouernd, haue no ſence of payne.
But I, I tell you am quite contrary,
Eaſde with well gouerning my ſubmitted payne.
Be cheerd then wife; and looke not for, in mee,
The manners of a common wounded man.
Humilitie hath raiſde me to the ſtarres;
In which (as in a ſort of Criſtall Globes)
I ſit and ſee things hidde from humane ſight.
I, euen the very accidents to come
Are preſent with my knowledge; the ſeuenth day
The arrow head will fall out of my ſide.
The ſeauenth day wife, the forked head will out.
Cyu. Would God it would my Lord, and leaue you well.
Stro. Yes, the ſeuenth day, I am aſſurd it will:
And I ſhall liue, I know it; I thanke heauen,
I knowe it well; and ile teach my phiſition,
To build his cares heereafter vpon heauen
More then on earthly medcines; for I knowe
Many things ſhowne me from the op'ned ſkies,
That paſſe all arts. Now my phiſition
Is comming to me, he makes friendly haſte;
And I will well requite his care of mee.
Cyn. How knowe you he is comming?
Stro. Paſsing well; and that my deare friend lord *Vincentio*
Will preſently come ſee me too; ile ſtay
(My good phiſition) till my true friend come.
Cyu. Ay me, his talke is idle; and I feare,
Foretells his reaſonable Soule now leaues him.
Stro. Bring my Phyſition in, hee's at the doore.
Cyn. Alas, theres no Phyſition.

Stro. But I know it;
See, he is come.

Enter Beneuemius.

Ben. How fares my worthy Lord?
Stro. Good Doctor, I endure no paine at all,
And the seauenth day, the arrowes head will out.
Ben. Why should it fall out the seuenth day my Lord?
Stro. I know it; the seuenth day it will not faile.
Ben. I wish it may, my Lord.
Stro. Yes, t'will be so,
You come with purpose to take present leaue,
But you shall stay a while; my Lord *Vincentio*
Would see you faine, and now is comming hither:
Ben. How knowes your Lordship? haue you sent for him?
Stro. No, but t'is very true; hee's now hard by,
And will not hinder your affaires a whit.
Ben. How want of rest distempers his light braine?
Brings my Lord any traine?
Stro. None but himselfe.
My nephew *Pogio* now hath left his Grace.
Good Doctor go, and bring him by his hand,
(Which he will giue you) to my longing eyes.
Ben. Tis strange, if this be true. *Exit.*
Cyn. The Prince I thinke,
Yet knowes not of your hurt.

Enter Vincentio holding the Doctors hand.

Stro. Yes wife, too well,
See he is come; welcome my princely friend:
I haue beene shot my Lord; but the seuenth day
The arrowes head will fall out of my side,
And I shall liue.
Vin. I doe not feare your life,
But, Doctor, is it your opinion,
That the seuenth day the arrow head will out?
Stro. No, t'is not his opinion, t'is my knowledge:

For I doe know it well; and I do wish.
Euen for your onely sake, my noble Lord,
This were the seuenth day; and I now were well,
That I might be some strength to your hard state,
For you haue many perils to endure:
Great is your danger; great; your vniust ill
Is passing foule and mortall; would to God
My wound were something well, I might be with you,
Nay do not whisper; I know what I say,
Too well for you, my Lord; I wonder heauen
Will let such violence threat an innocent life.

Vin. What ere it be, deare friend, so you be well,
I will endure it all; your wounded state
Is all the daunger I feare towards me.

Stro. Nay, mine is nothing; For the seuenth day
This arrow head will out, and I shall liue,
And so shall you, I thinke; but verie hardly.
It will be hardly, you will scape indeed.

Vin. Be as will be; pray heauen your prophecie
Be happily accomplished in your selfe,
And nothing then can come amisse to me.

Stro. What sayes my Doctor? thinks he I say true?

Ben. If your good Lordship could but rest a while,
I would hope well.

Stro. Yes, I shall rest I know,
If that will helpe your iudgment.

Ben. Yes, it will,
And good my Lord, lets helpe you in to trie.

Stro. You please me much, I shall sleepe instantly.

Exeunt.

Enter Alphonso, and Medice.

Alp. Why should the humorous boy forsake the chace?
As if he tooke aduantage of my absence,
To some act that my presence would offend.

Med. I warrant you my Lord, t'is to that end:
And I beleeue he wrongs you in your loue.

Children presuming on their parents kindnesse,
Care not what vnkind actions they commit
Against their quiet : And were I as you,
I would affright ny sonne from these bold parts,
And father him as I found his deserts.

Alp. I sweare I will : and can I proue he aymes
At any interruption in my loue,
Ile interrupt his life.

Med. We soone shall see,
For I haue made Madam *Corteza* search
With pick-locks, all the Ladies Cabynets
About Earle *Lassos* house ; and if there be
Traffique of loue, twixt any one of them,
And your suspected sonne ; t'will soon appeare,
In some signe of their amorous marchandise ;
See where she comes, loded with Iems & papers.

Enter. Cort.

Cor. See here, my Lord, I haue rob'd all their Caskets,
Know you this Ring? this Carquanet? this Chaine?
Will any of these letters serve your turne?

Alp. I know not these things ; but come: let me reade
some of these letters.

Lass. Madam, in this deed
You deserue highly of my Lord the Duke.

Cor. Nay my Lord *Medice*, I thinke I told you
I could do prettie well in these affaires :
O these yong Girles engrosse vp all the loue
From vs, (poore Beldams ;) but I hold my hand,
Ile ferret all the Cunni-holes of their kindnesse
Ere I haue done with them.

Alp. Passion of death !
See, see, Lord *Medice*, my trait'rous sonne,
Hath long ioyde in the favours of my loue :
Woe to the wombe that bore him : and my care
To bring him vp to this accursed houre,
In which all cares possesse my wretched life.

Med. What father, would beleeue he had a sonne
So full of trecherie to his innocent state?
And yet my Lord, this letter shewes no meeting,
But a desire to meete.

Cort. Yes, yes, my Lord,
I doe suspect they meete; and I beleeue
I know well where too; I beleeue I doe;
And therefore tell me; does no creature know,
That you haue left the chase thus suddenly?
And are come hither? haue you not beene seene
By any of these Louers?

Alp. Not by any.

Cor. Come then, come follow me; I am perswaded
I shall go neare to shew you their kind hands.
Their confidence, that you are still a hunting,
Will make your amorous sonne that stole from thence,
Bold in his loue-sports; Come, come, a fresh chace,
I hold this pickelocke, you shall hunt at view.
What, do they thinke to scape? An old wiues eye
Is a blew Cristall full of sorcerie.

Alp. If this be true, the traitrous boy shall die.

Exeunt.

Enter Lasso, Margaret, Bassiolo going before.

Lass. Tell me I pray you, what strange hopes they are
That feed your coy conceits against the Duke,
And are prefer'd before the assured greatnes
His highnesse graciously would make your fortunes?

Mar. I haue small hopes, my Lord; but a desire
To make my nuptiall choice of one I loue,
And as I would be loath t' impaire my state;
So I affect not honours that exceed it.

Lass. O you are verie temp'rate in your choice,
Pleading a iudgement past your sexe, and yeares.
But I beleeue some fancie will be found,
The forge of these gay Gloses: if it be,
I shall descipher what close traitor tis
That is your Agent in your secret plots.

Baff. Swoones.

Laff. And him for whom you plot; and on you all
I will reuenge thy difobedience,
With fuch feuere correction, as fhall fright
All fuch deluders from the like attempts:
But chiefly he fhall fmart that is your factor.

Baff. O me, accurft!

Laff. Meanetime Ile cut
Your poore craft fhort yfaith.

Mar. Poore craft indeede,
That I, or any others vfe, for me.

Laff. Well Dame, if it be nothing but the iarre
Of your vnfitted fancie, that procures
Your wilfull coyneffe to my Lord the Duke,
No doubt but Time, and Iudgement will conforme it
To fuch obedience, as fo great defert
Propofde to your acceptance doth require.
To which end doe you counfaile her *Baffiolo.*
And let me fee Maid gainft the Duks returne
Another tincture fet vpon your lookes
Then heretofore; For be affur'd at laft
Thou fhalt confent, or elfe incurre my curfe:
Aduife her, you *Baffiolo.*

Exit.

Baff. I, my good Lord;
Gods pittie, what an errant Affe was I,
To entertaine the Princes craftie friendfhip?
Slood, I halfe fufpect the villaine guld me;

Mar. Our Squire I thinke is ftartl'd.

Baff. Nay Ladie it is true,
And you muft frame your fancie to the Duke,
For I proteft I will not be corrupted,
For all the friends and fortunes in the world,
To gull my Lord that trufts me.

Mar. O fir, now,
Y' are true too late.

Baff. No Ladie, not a whit,
Slood, and you thinke to make an Affe of me,

May chance to rise betimes; I know't, I know.

Mar. Out seruile coward, shall a light suspect,
That hath no slendrest proofe of what we do,
Infringe the weightie faith that thou hast sworne,
To thy deare friend the Prince that dotes on thee;
And will in peeces cut thee for thy falshood?

Bass. I care not: Ile not hazard my estate,
For any Prince on earth: and Ile disclose
The complot to your father, if you yeeld not
To his obedience.

Mar. Doe if thou dar'st,
Euen for thy scrapt vp liuing, and thy life,
Ile tell my father then, how thou didst wooe me
To loue the yong Prince; and didst force me too,
To take his Letters; I was well enclin'd,
I will be sworne, before, to loue the Duke,
But thy vile railing at him, made me hate him.

Bass. I raile at him?

Mar. I marie did you sir,
And said he was a patterne for a Potter,
Fit t' haue his picture stampt on a stone Iugge,
To keepe *Ale-Knights* in memorie of Sobriety.

Bass. Sh'as a plaguie memory.

Mar. I could haue lou'd him else; nay, I did loue him,
Though I dissembled it, to bring him on,
And I by this time might haue beene a Dutche...,
And now I thinke on't better: for reuenge,
Ile haue the Duke, and he shall haue thy head,
For thy false wit within it, to his loue.
Now goe and tell my Father, pray be gone.

Bass. Why and I will goe.

Mar. Goe, for Gods sake goe, are you hee yet?

Bass. Well, now I am resolu'd.

Mar. Tis brauely done, farewell: but do you heare sir?
Take this with you besides; the young Prince keepes

A certaine letter you had writ for me,
(Endearing, and Condoling, and Mature)
And if you ſhould denie things, that I hope
Will ſtop your impudent mouth: but goe your waies,
If you can anſwer all this, why tis well.

Baſſ. Well Lady, if you will aſſure me heere,
You will refraine to meete with the young Prince,
I will ſay nothing.

Mar. Good ſir, ſay your worſt,
For I will meete him, and that preſently.

Baſſ. Then be content I pray, and leaue me out,
And meete hereafter as you can your ſelues.

Mar. No, no ſir, no, tis you muſt fetch him to me,
And you ſhal fetch him, or Ile do your arrand.

Baſ. Swounds what a ſpight is this, I will reſolue
T' endure the worſt; tis but my fooliſh feare,
The plot will be diſcouerd: O the gods!
Tis the beſt ſport to play with theſe young dames;
I haue diſſembl'd, Miſtris, all this while
Haue I not made you in a pretty taking?

Mar. O tis moſt good; thus you may play on me;
You cannot be content to make me loue
A man I hated till you ſpake for him,
With ſuch inchanting ſpeeches, as no friend
Could poſſibly reſiſt: but you muſt vſe
Your villanous wit, to driue me from my wits:
A plague of that bewitching tongue of yours;
Would I had neuer heard your ſcuruie words.

Ba. Pardon deare Dame, Ile make amends ifaith,
Thinke you that Ile play falſe with my deare *Vince*?
I ſwore that ſooner *Hybla* ſhould want bees,
And *Italy* bone robes, then I; faith

And ſo they ſhall.
Come, you ſhall meete, and double meete, in ſpight
Of all your foes, and Dukes that dare maintaine them,
A plague of all old doters, I diſdaine them:

Mar. Said like a friend; O let me combe the cokſcombe.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Lasso, Cortezza aboue.

Cor. Heere is the place will doe the deede ifaith;
This Duke will shew thee how youth puts downe age,
I, and perhaps how youth does put downe youth.

Alp. If I shall see my loue in any sort
Preuented, or abusde, th' abuser dies.

Lass. I hope there is no such intent my Liege,
For sad as death should I be to behold it.

Med. You must not be too confident my Lord,
Or in your daughter, or in them that guard her.
The Prince is politike, and enuies his Father:
And though not for himselfe, nor any good
Intended to your daughter, yet because
He knowes t'would kill his father, he would seeke her.

Cor. Whist, whist, they come.

Enter Bassiolo, Vincentio, and Margaret.

Bass. Come, meete me boldly, come,
And let them come from hunting when they dare.

Vin. Haz the best spirit.

Bass. Spirit? what a plague,
Shall a man feare Capriches? you forsooth
Must haue your loue come t'ee, and when he comes,
Then you grow shamefac'd, and he must not touch you:
But fie, my Father comes, and soe, my Aunt,
O t'is a wittie hearing, ist not thinke you?

Vin. Nay, pray thee doe not mocke her gentle friend.

Bass. Nay, you are euen as wise a wooer too,
She turne from you, you euen let her turne,

And ſay ; you doe not loue to force a Lady.
T'is too much rudeneſſe ; goſh hat, what's a Lady ?
Muſt ſhe not be touch'd ? what, is ſhe copper thinke you ?
And will not bide the touch-ſtone ? kiſſe her *Vince*,
And thou dooſt loue me, kiſſe her.

Vin. Lady, now
I were too ſimple if I ſhould not offer.

Mar. O God ſir, pray away, this man talks idlely.

Baſſ. How ſhay by that ; now by that candle there,
Were I as *Vince* is, I would handle you
In ruſtie tuſtie wiſe, in your right kinde.

Mar. O, you haue made him a ſweete beagle, ha' y not ?

Vin. T'is the moſt true beleeuer in himſelfe :
Of all that ſect of follie faith's his fault.

Baſſ. So, to her *Vince*, I giue thee leaue my lad,
Sweete were the words my miſtris ſpake, when teares fell from her eyes.

He lies down by them.

Thus, as the Lyon lies before his den,
Guarding his whelps, and ſtreakes his careleſſe limbs,
And when the Panther, Foxe, or Wolfe comes neere,
He neuer daines to riſe, to fright them hence,
But onely puts forth one of his ſterne pawes,
And keepes his deare whelps ſafe, as in a hutch,
So I preſent his perſon and keepe mine.
Foxes, goe by, I put my terror forth,

Cant.

Let all the world ſay what they can,
Her bargaine beſt ſhe makes,
That hath the wit to chooſe a man,
To pay for what he takes.

Belle Piu. &c. iterum cant.

Diſpatch ſweete whelps the bug, the Duke comes ſtrait :
O tis a grave old louer that ſame Duke,
And chooſes Minions rarely, if you marke him.

The noble *Medice*, that man, that Bobbadilla,
That foolish knaue, that hose and dublet stinckard.

Med. Swounds my Lord, rise, lets indure no more.

Alp. A little, pray my Lord, for I beleeue
We shall discouer very notable knauery.

Lass. Alas how I am greeu'd and sham'd in this.

Cor. Neuer care you Lord brother, theres no harme done.

Bass. But that sweet Creature, my good Lords sister,
Madam *Cortezza*, she, the noblest Dame
That euer any veine of honour bled;
There were a wife now, for my Lord the Duke
Had he the grace to choose her, but indeede,
To speake her true praise, I must vse some study.

Cor. Now truly brother, I did euer thinke
This man the honestest man that ere you kept.

Lass. So sister, so, because he praises you.

Cor. Nay sir, but you shall heare him further yet.

Bass. Were not her head sometimes a little light,
And so vnapt for matter of much weight,
She were the fittest, and the worthiest Dame
To leape a window, and to breake her necke,
That euer was.

Cor. Gods pitty, arrant knaue,
I euer thought him a dissembling varlot.

Bass. Well, now my hearts be warie, for by this,
I feare the Duke is comming; Ile go watch,
And giue you warning: I commend me t'ee.

Exit.

Vin. O fine phrase,

Mar. And very timely vsde.

Vin. What now sweete life, shall we resolue vpon?
We neuer shall inioy each other heere.

Mar. Direct you then my Lord, what we shall doe,
For I am at your will, and will indure
With you, the cruellst absence from the state
We both were borne too, that can be supposde.

Vin. That would extreamely greeue me, could my selfe
Onely endure the ill, our hardest fates,
May lay on both of vs ; I would not care,
But to behold thy sufferance, I should die.

Mar. How can your Lordship wrong my loue so much,
To thinke the more woe I sustaine for you,
Breedes not the more my comfort? I alas
Haue no meane else, to make my merit euen
In any measure, with eniment worth.

Enter Bassiolo.

Bass. Now must I exercise my timorous louers,
Like fresh arm'd souldiers, with some false alarms,
To make them yare and warie of their foe
The boistrous bearded Duke: Ile rush vpon them
With a most hideous cry, the Duke, the Duke, the Duke.
Ha, ha, ha, wo ho, come againe I say,
The Duke's not come ifaith.

Vin. Gods precious man,
What did you meane to put vs in this feare?

Bass. O sir, to make you looke about the more ;
Nay, we must teach you more of this I tell you :
What, can you be too safe sir? what I say,
Must you be pamperd in your vanities?
Ah, I doe domineere and rule the rost. *Exit.*

Mar. Was euer such an Ingle? would to God,
(If twere not for our selues) my father saw him.

Las. Minion, you haue your praier, and my curse,
For your good Huswiferie.

Med. What saies your Highnesse?
Can you indure these iniuries any more?

Alp. No more, no more, aduise me what is best,
To be the penance of my gracelesse sonne?

Med. My Lord, no meane but death or banishment,
Can be fit penance for him : if you meane
T' inioy the pleasure of your loue your selfe.

Cor. Giue him plaine death my Lord, and then y' are ſure.

Alp. Death or his baniſhment, he ſhall indure,
For wreake of that ioyes exile I ſuſtaine.
Come, call our Gard, and apprehend him ſtrait.
Exeunt.

Vin. I haue ſome Iewells then my deareſt life,
Which with what euer we can get beſide,
Shall be our meanes, and we will make eſcape.

Enter Baſſiolo running.

Baſ. Sblood, the Duke and all come now in earneſt;
The Duke, by heauen, the Duke.

Vin. Nay, then iſaith
Your ieaſt is too too ſtale.

Baſſ. Gods pretious,
By theſe ten bones, and by this hat and heart,
The Duke and all comes, ſee, we are caſt away.
Exeunt.

Enter Alphonſo, Medice, Laſſo, Cortezza, and Iulio.

Ma. Lay hands vpon them all, purſue, purſue.

Laſſ. Stay thou vngracious girle.

Alp. Lord *Medice,*
Leade your our Guard, and ſee you apprehend
The treacherous boy, nor let him ſcape with life,
Vnleſſe he yeelde to his externall exile.

Med. T'is princely ſaid my Lord——*Exit.*

Laſſ. And take my Vſher.

Mar. Let me goe into exile with my Lord,
I will not liue, if I be left behinde.

Laſſ. Impudent Damzell, wouldſt thou follow him?

Mar. He is my husband, whom elſe ſhould I follow?

Laſſ. Wretch, thou ſpeakeſt treaſon to my Lord the Duke.

Alp. Yet loue me Lady, and I pardon all.

Mar. I haue a husband, and muſt loue none elſe.

Alp. Difpightfull Dame, Ile dif-inherit him,
And thy good Father heere fhall caft off thee,
And both fhall feede on ayre, or ftarue, and die.

Mar. If this be iuftice, let it be our doomes:
If free and fpotleffe loue in equall yeares,
With honours vnimpaired deferue fuch ends,
Let vs approue what iuftice is in friends.

Laff. You fhall I fweare: fifter, take you her clofe
Into your chamber, locke her faft alone,
And let her ftirre nor fpeake with any one.

Cor. She fhall not brother: come Neece, come with me.

Mar. Heauen fave my loue, and I will fuffer gladly.
Exeunt Cor. Mar.

Alp. Hafte *Iulio*, follow thou my fons purfuit,
And will Lord *Medice* not to hurt nor touch him,
But either banifh him, or bring him backe:
Charge him to vfe no violence to his life.

Iulio I will my Lord. *Exit Iulio.*

Alp. O Nature! how alas
Art thou and Reafon thy true guide oppofde?
More bane thou tak'ft to guide Senfe, led amiffe,
Then being guided. Reafon giues thee bliffe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cynanche, Benevenius, Ancilla, Strozza hauing the Arrow head.

Stro. Now fee good Doctor, t'was no frantike fancie,
That made my tongue prefage this head fhould fall
Out of my wounded fide the feuenth day;
But an infpired rapture of my minde,
Submitted and conioynde in patience,
To my Creator, in whom I fore-faw
(Like to an Angell) this diuine euent.

Ben. So is it plaine, and happily approu'd,
In a right chriftian prefident, confirming
What a moft facred medcine Patience is,
That with the high thirft of our foules, cleare fire
Exhaufts corporeall humour; and all paine,
Cafting our flefh off, while we it retaine.

Cy. Make ſome religious vow then my deare Lord,
And keepe it in the proper memorie,
Of ſo Celeſtiall and free a grace.

Str. Sweete wife, thou refleſt my good Angell ſtill,
Suggeſting by all meanes, theſe ghoſtly counſailes.
Thou weārieſt not thy husbands patient eares,
With motions for new faſhions in attire,
For change of Iewells, paſtimes, and nice cates,
Nor ſtudieſt eminence, and the higher place
Amongſt thy conſorts, like all other Dames:
But knowing more worthy objects appertaine
To euery woman that deſires t' inioy
A bleſſed life in mariage: thou contemn'ſt
Thoſe common pleaſures, and purſu'ſt the rare,
Vſing thy husband in thoſe vertuous gifts:
For which, thou firſt didſt chooſe him, and thereby
Cloy'ſt not with him, but lou'ſt him endleſly.
In reuerence of thy motion then, and zeale
To that moſt soueraigne power, that was my cure,
I make a vow to goe on foote to *Rome*,
And offer humbly in S. *Peters* Temple,
This fatall Arrow head: which work, let none iudge
A ſuperſtitious Rite, but a right vſe,
Proper to thls peculiar inſtrument,
Which viſiblie reſignde to memorie,
Through euery eye that ſees, will ſtirre the ſoule
To Gratitude and Progreſſe, in the vſe
Of my tried patience, which in my powers ending,
Would ſhut th' example out of future liues.
No act is ſuperſtitious, that applies
All power to God, deuoting hearts, through eyes.

Ben. Spoke with the true tongue of a Nobleman:
But now are all theſe excitations toyes,
And Honor fats his braine with other ioyes.
I know your true friend, Prince *Vincentio*
Will triumph in this excellent effect
Of your late prophecie.

Stro. O, my deare friends name
Preſents my thoughts, with a moſt mortall danger,

To his right innocent life: a monſtrous fact
Is now effected on him.

Cyn. Where? or how?

Stro. I doe not well thoſe circumſtances know,
But am aſſur'd, the ſubſtance is too true.
Come reuerend Doctor, let vs harken out,
Where the young Prince remaines, and beare with you
Medcines t' allay his danger: if by wounds,
Beare pretious Balſome, or ſome foueraigne iuyce;
If by fell poiſon, some choice *Antidote*,
If by blacke witchcraft, our good ſpirits and prayers
Shall exorciſe the diueliſh wrath of hell,
Out of his princely boſome.

Enter Pogio running.

Pog. Where? where? where? where's my Lord vncle, my Lord my vncle?

Stro. Here's the ill tydings-bringer; what newes now,
with thy vnhappie preſence?

Po. O my Lord, my Lord *Vincentio*, is almoſt kild by my Lord *Medice.*

Stro. See Doctor, ſee, if my preſage be true.
And well I know if he haue hurt the Prince,
T'is trecherouſly done, or with much helpe.

Pog. Nay ſure he had no helpe, but all the Dukes Guard; and they ſet vpon him indeed; and after he had defended himſelfe, dee ſee? he drew, & hauing as good as wounded the Lord *Medice* almoſt, he ſtrake at him, and miſſd him, dee marke?

Stroz. What tale is here? where is this miſchiefe done?

Pog. At Monks-well, my Lord, Ile guide you to him preſently.

Stro. I doubt it not; fooles are beſt guides to ill,
And miſchiefes readie way lies open ſtill.
Lead ſir I pray. *Exeunt.*

Enter Corteza, and Margaret aboue.

Cort. Quiet your ſelfe, Nece: though your loue be ſlaine,

You haue another that's woorth two of him.

Mar. It is not possible; it cannot be
That heauen should suffer such impietie.

Cor. T'is true, I sweare neece.

Ma. O most vniust truth!
Ile cast my selfe downe headlong from this Tower,
And force an instant passage for my soule,
To seeke the wandring spirit of my Lord.

Cort. Will you do so Neece? That I hope you will not,
And yet there was a Maid in Saint *Marks* streete,
For such a matter did so; and her clothes
Flew vp about her so, as she had no harme:
And grace of God your clothes may flie vp too,
And saue you harmelesse; for your cause and hers
Are ene as like as can be.

Mar. I would not scape;
And certainly I thinke the death is easie.

Cort. O t'is the easiest death that euer was,
Looke Neece, it is so farre hence to the ground.
You shoulde bee quite dead, long before you felt it.
Yet do not leape Neece.

Mar. I will kill my selfe
With running on some sworde; or drinke strong poison;
Which death is easiest I would faine endure.

Cor. Sure *Cleopatra* was of the same minde,
And did so; she was honord euer since,
Yet do not you so Neece.

Mar. Wretch that I am; my heart is softe and faint;
And trembles at the verie thought of death,
Though thoughts ten-folde more greeuous do torment it;
Ile feele death by degrees; and first deforme
This my accursed face with vglie woundes,
That was the first cause of my deare loues death.

Cor. That were a cruel deed; yet *Adelasia*;
In *Pettis Pallace of Petit* pleasure,
For all the worlde, with such a knife as this

Cut off her cheeks, and nofe, and was commended
More then all Dames that kept their faces whole;
O do not cut it.

Mar. Fie on my faint heart,
It will not giue my hand the wifhed ftrength;
Beholde the iuft plague of a fenfuall life,
That to preferue it felfe in Reafons fpight,
And fhunne deaths horror, feels it ten times more.
Vnworthy women, why doe men adore
Our fading Beauties, when their worthieft liues,
Being loft for vs, we dare not die for them?
Hence haplefse Ornaments that adorn'd this head:
Diforder euer thefe entering carles
And leaue my beautie like a wilderneffe,
That neuer mans eie more may dare t' inuade.

Cor. Ile tell you Neece; and yet I will not tell you,
A thing that I defire to haue you doe.
But I will tell you onely what you might doe,
Caufe I would pleafure you in all I cud.
I haue an Ointment heere, which we Dames vfe,
To take off haire when it does growe too lowe
Vpon our foreheads, and that for a neede,
If you fhould rub it hard vpon your face,
Would blifter it, and make it looke moft vildely.

Mar. O Giue me that Aunt.

Cor. Giue it you virgin? that were well indeede:
Shall I be thought to tempt you to fuch matters?

Mar. None (of my faith) fhall know it: gentle Aunt,
Beftow it on me, and Ile euer loue you.

Cor. Gods pitty, but you fhall not fpoile your face.

Mar. I will not then indeede.

Cor. Why then Neece take it:
But you fhall fweare you will not.

Mar. No, I fweare.

Cor. What, doe you force it from me? Gods my deare,

Will you mis-vse your face so? what, all ouer?
Nay, if you be so desp'rate, Ile be gone——— *Exit.*

Mar. Fade haplesse beautie, turne the vgliest face
The euer *Æthiop*, or affrightfull fiend
Shew'd in th' amaz'd eye of prophan'd light:
See pretious Loue, if thou be it in ayre,
And canst breake darknesse, and the strongest Towres,
With thy dissolued intellectuall powres,
See a worse torment suffered for thy death,
Then if it had extended his blacke force,
In seuen-fold horror to my hated life.
Smart pretious ointment, smart, and to my braine
Sweate thy enuenom'd furie, make my eyes
Burne with thy sulphre, like the lakes of hell,
That feare of me may shiuer him to dust,
That eate his owne childe with the jawes of lust—
Exeunt.

Enter Alphonso, Lasso, *and others.*

Alp. I wonder how farre they pursu'd my Sonne,
That no returne of him or them appears,
I feare some haplesse accident is chanc'd,
That makes the newes so loath to pierce mine eares.

Lass. High heauen vouchsafe no such effect succeede
Those wretched causes that from my house flow,
But that in harmelesse loue all acts may end.

Enter Cortezza.

Cort. What shall I do? Alas I cannot rule
My desparate Neece, all her sweete face is spoylde,
And I dare keepe her prisoner no more:
See, see, she comes frantike and all vndrest.

Enter Marg.

Mar. Tyrant! behold how thou hast vsde thy loue,
See, theefe to Nature, thou hast kil'd and rob'd,

Kil'd what my selfe kill'd, rob'd what makes thee
poore.
Beautie (a Louers treasure) thou hast lost
Where none can find it; all a poore Maides dowre:
Thou hast forc'd from me: all my ioy and hope.
No man will loue me more; all Dames excell me,
This ougly thing is now no more a face,
Nor any vile forme in all Earth resembled,
But thy fowle tyrannie; for which all the paines
Two faithfull Louers feele, that thus are parted,
All ioyes they might haue felt, turne all to paines;
All a yong virgin thinks she does endure,
To loose her loue and beautie; on thy heart
Be heapt and prest downe till thy soule depart.

Enter Iulio.

Iul. Haste Liege, your sonne is daungerously hurt.
Lord *Medice* contemning your commaund,
By me deliuered, as your Highnesse will'd,
Set on him with your Guard; who strooke him
downe;
And then the coward Lord, with mortall wounds,
And slauish insolencie, plow'd vp his soft breast;
Which barbarous fact, in part is laid on you,
For first enioyning it, and fowle exclaimes
In pittie of your sonne, your subiects breathe
Gainst your vnnaturall furie; amongst whom
The good Lord *Strozza* desp'rately raues,
And vengeance for his friends iniustice craues.
See where he comes burning in zeale of friendship.

Enter Strozza, Vincentio, *brought in a chaire,* Beneuenius, Pogio, Cynanche, *with a guard,* Strozza *before &* Medice.

Stro. Where is the tyrant? let me strike his eyes
Into his braine, with horror of an obiect.
See Pagan *Nero*; see how thou hast ript
Thy better bosome; rooted vp that flowre,
From whence thy now spent life should spring anew,

And in him kild (that would haue bred thee freſh)
Thy mother and thy father.

Vin. Good friend ceaſe.

Stro. What hag with child of Monſter, would haue nurſt
Such a prodigous longing? But a father
Would rather eate the brawne out of his armes
Then glut the mad worme of his wild deſires
With his deare iſſues entrailes.

Vin. Honourd friend;
He is my father, and he is my Prince,
In both whoſe rights he may commaund my life.

Stro. What is a father? turne his entrailes gulfs
To ſwallow children, when they haue begot them?
And whats a Prince? Had all beene vertuous men,
There neuer had beene Prince vpon the earth,
And ſo no ſubiect; all men had beene Princes:
A vertuous man is ſubiect to no Prince,
But to his ſoule and honour; which are lawes,
That carrie Fire and Sword within themſelues
Neuer corrupted, neuer out of rule;
What is there in a Prince? That his leaſt luſts
Are valued at the liues of other men,
When common faults in him ſhould prodigies be,
And his groſſe dotage rather loath'd than ſooth'd.

Alp. How thicke and heauily my plagues deſcend!
Not giuing my mazde powres a time to ſpeake:
Poure more rebuke vpon me worthie Lord,
For I haue guilt and patience for them all:
Yet know, deare ſonne, I did forbid thy harme:
This Gentleman can witnes, whom I ſent
With all command of haſte to interdict
This forward man in miſchiefe; not to touch thee:
Did I not *Iulio*? vtter nought but truth.

Iul. All your guard heard, my Lord, I gaue your charge,
With lowd and violent itterations.
After all which, Lord *Medice* cowardly hurt him.

The Guard. He did my Princely Lord.

Alp. Beleeue then sonne,
And know me pierst as deeply with thy wounds:
And pardon vertuous Ladie that haue lost
The dearest treasure proper to your sexe.
Ay me, it seemes by my vnhappie meanes!
O would to God, I could with present cure
Of these vnnaturall wounds; and moning right
Of this abused beautie, ioyne you both,
(As last I left you) in eternall nuptials.

Vin. My Lord, I know the malice of this man,
Not your vnkinde consent hath vsde vs thus.
And since I make no doubt I shall suruiue
These fatall dangers; and your grace is pleasde,
To giue free course to my vnwounded loue;
T'is not this outward beauties ruthfull losse,
Can any thought discourage my desires:
And therefore, deare life, doe not wrong me so,
To thinke my loue the shadow of your beautie,
I wooe your vertues, which as I am sure
No accident can alter or empaire;
So, be you certaine nought can change my loue.

Mar. I know your honourable minde my Lord,
And will not do it that vnworthie wrong,
To let it spend her forces in contending
(Spite of your sence) to loue me thus deformed:
Loue must haue outward obiects to delight him,
Else his content will be too graue and sowre.
It is inough for me my Lord, you loue,
And that my beauties sacrifice redeemde
My sad feare of your slaughter. You first lou'd me
Closely for beautie; which being with'red thus,
Your loue must fade; when the most needfull rights
Of Fate, and Nature, haue dissolu'd your life,
And that your loue must needs be all in soule,
Then will we meete againe: and then (deare Loue)
Loue me againe; for then will beautie be
Of no respect with loues eternitie.

Vin. Nor is it now; I wooed your beautie first
But as a louer: now as a deare husband,

That title and your vertues binde me euer.
Mar. Alas, that title is of little force
To ſtirre vp mens affections: when wiues want
Outward excitements, husbands loues grow skant.
Ben. Aſſiſt me Heaven, and Art, giue me your Maske,
Open thou little ſtore-houſe of great Nature,
Vſe an Elixar drawne through ſeuen yeares fire,
That like *Medeas* Cauldron, can repaire
The vglieſt loſſe of liuing temp'rature:
And for this princely paire of vertuous Turtles,
Be lauiſh of thy pretious influence
Lady, t' attone your honourable ſtrife,
And take all let from your loues tender eyes.
Let me for euer hide this ſtaine of Beauty,
With this recureful Maske; heere be it fix'd
With paineleſſe operation; of it ſelfe,
(Your beauty hauing brook'd three daies eclips)
Like a diſſolued clowd it ſhall fall off,
And your faire lookes regaine their freſheſt raies:
So ſhall your Princely friend, (if heauen conſent)
In twice your ſufferd date renue recure,
Let me then haue the honor to conioyne
Your hands, conformed to your conſtant hearts.
Alp. Graue *Beneuenius*, honorable Doctor,
On whoſe moſt ſoueraigne *Æſculapian* hand,
Fame with her richeſt miracles attends,
Be fortunate, as euer heeretofore,
That we may quite thee both with gold and honour,
And by thy happy meanes, haue powre to make
My Sonne, and his much iniur'd love amends,
Whoſe well proportion'd choice we now applaud,
And bleſſe all thoſe that euer further'd it.
Where is your diſcreete Vſher my good Lord,
The ſpeciall furtherer of this equall match?
Iulio. Brought after by a couple of your Guard.
Alp. Let him be fetch'd, that we may doe him grace.
Po. Ile fetch him my Lord: away, you muſt not

go: O here He comes; O maſter Vſher, I am ſorie for you, you muſt preſently be chopt in peeces.

Baſſ. Wo to that wicked Prince that ere I ſaw him.

Pog. Come, come, I gull you maſter Vſher, you are like to be the Dukes Minion man; dee thinke I would haue beene ſeene in your companie, and you had beene out of fauour? Here's my friend maiſter Vſher, my Lord.

Alp. Give me your hand friend, pardon vs I pray, We much haue wrong'd your worth, as one that knew the fitneſſe of this match aboue our ſelues.

Baſſ. Sir, I did all things for the beſt, I ſweare,
And you muſt thinke I would not haue beene gul'd,
I know what's fit ſir, as I hope you know now:
Sweete *Vince*, how far'ſt thou, be of honourd cheere.

Laſſ. *Vince* does he call him? O Foole, doſt thou call
The Prince *Vince*, like his equall?

Baſſ. O my Lord, Ahlas
You know not what haz paſt twixt vs two;
Here in thy boſome I will lie ſweete *Vince*,
And die if thou die; I proteſt by heauen.

Laſſ. I know not what this meanes.

Alp. Nor I my Lord:
But ſure he ſaw the fitnes of the match,
With freer and more noble eies then we.

Pog. Why I ſaw that as well as he my Lord; I knew t'was a fooliſh match betwixt you two; did not you thinke ſo my Lord *Vincentio*? Lord vncle, did not I ſay at firſt of the Duke; will his Antiquitie neuer leaue his Iniquitie?

Stro. Go to, too much of this; but aske this Lord,
If he did like it.

Pog. Who, my Lord *Medice*?

Stro. Lord *Stinkard Man*, his name is; aske him
Lord *Stinkard*, did you like the match? ſay.

Pog. My Lord *Stinkard*, did you like the match betwixt the Duke, and my Ladie *Margaret*?

Med. Presumptuous Sicophant, I will haue thy life.

Alp. Vnworthie Lord, put vp: thirst'st thou more blood?
Thy life is fitt'st to be call'd in question,
For thy most murthrous cowardice on my sonne;
Thy forwardnesse to euery cruelty
Calls thy pretended Noblesse in suspect.

Stro. Noblesse my Lord? set by your princely fauour,
That gaue the lustre to his painted state,
Who euer view'd him but with deepe contempt,
As reading vilenesse in his very lookes?
And if he proue not sonne of some base drudge,
Trim'd vp by Fortune, being dispos'd to ieast
And dally with your state, then that good Angell,
That by diuine relation spake in me,
Fore-telling these foule dangers to your sonne,
And without notice brought this reuerend man
To rescue him from death: now failes my tongue,
And Ile confesse, I doe him open wrong.

Med. And so thou doost; and I returne all note
Of infamy or basenesse on thy throte:
Damne me me my Lord, if I be not a Lord.

Stro. My Liege, with all desert, euen now you said
His life was duely forfet, for the death
Which in these barbarous wounds he sought your sonne;
Vouchsafe me then his life, in my friends right,
For many waies I know he merits death;
Which, (if you grant) will instantly appeare,
And that I feele with some rare miracle.

Alp. His life is thine Lord *Strozza*, Giue him death.

Med. What my Lord,
Will your grace cast away an innocent life?

Stro. Villaine thou liest, thou guiltie art of death

A hundred waies, which now Ile execute.
Med. Recall your word my Lord.
Alp. Not for the world.
Stro. O my deare Liege, but that my ſpirit prophetike
Hath inward feeling of ſuch ſinnes in him,
As aske the forfaite of his life and ſoule,
I would, before I tooke his life, giue leaue
To his confeſſion, and his penitence:
O, he would tell you moſt notorious wonders,
Of his moſt impious state; but life and ſoule
Muſt ſuffer for it in him, and my hand
Forbidden is from heauen, to let him liue,
Till by confeſſion he may haue forgiueneſſe.
Die therefore monſter.
Vin. O be not ſo vncharitable ſweete friend,
Let him confeſſe his ſinnes, and aske heauen pardon.
Stro. He muſt not Princely friend, it is heauens iuſtice
To plague his life and ſoule, and heer's heauens iuſtice.
Me. O ſaue my life my Lord.
Laſſ. Hold good Lord *Strozza.*
Let him confeſſe the ſinnes that heauen hath told you,
And aske forgiueneſſe.
Med. Let me good my Lord,
And Ile confeſſe what you accuſe me of;
Wonders indeede, and full of damn'd deſerts.
Stro. I know it, and I muſt not let thee liue
To aske forgiueneſſe.
Alp. But you ſhall my Lord,
Or I will take his life out of your hand.
Stro. A little then I am content my Liege:
Is thy name *Medice?*
Med. No my Noble Lord,
My true name is *Mendice.*
Stro. Mendice? ſee,
At firſt a Mighty ſcandall done to Honour.
Of what countrie art thou?
Med. Of no Country I,

But borne vpon the Seas, my mother paſſing
Twixt *Zant and Venice.*

Stro. Where wert thou chriſtned?

Med. I was neuer chriſtned
But being brought vp with beggars, call'd *Mendice.*

Alp. Strange and vnſpeakeable.

Stro. How cam'ſt thou then
To beare that port thou didſt, entring this Court?

Med. My lord when I was young, being able limb'd,
A Captaine of the Gipſies entertain'd me,
And many yeares I liu'd a looſe life with them:
At laſt I was ſo favor'd, that they made me
The King of Gipſies; and being told my fortune
By an old Sorcereſſe, that I ſhould be great
In ſome great Princes loue, I tooke the treaſure
Which all our company of Gipſies had
In many yeares, by ſeuerall ſtealths collected,
And leauing them in warres, I liu'd abroad,
With no leſſe ſhew then now: and my laſt wrong
I did to Nobleſſe, was in this high Court.

Alp. Neuer was heard ſo ſtrange a counterfet.

Stro. Didſt thou not cauſe me to be ſhot in hunting?

Med. I did my Lord, for which, for heauens loue pardon.

Stro. Now let him liue my Lord, his bloods leaſt drop
Would ſtaine your Court, more then the Sea could clenſe:
His ſoule's too fowle to expiate with death.

Alp. Hence then, be euer baniſh'd from my rule,
And liue a monſter, loath'd of all the world.

Pog. Ile get boyes and baite him out a' th Court my Lord.

Alp. Doe ſo I pray thee, rid me of his ſight.

Pog. Come on my Lord *Stinckerd* Ile play Fo, Fox, come out of thy hole with you iſaith.

Med. Ile runne and hide me from the ſight of heauen.

Pog. Fox, Fox, goe out of thy hole; a two leg'd Fox,
A two leg'd Fox.

Exit with Pages beating Medice.

Bene. Neuer was ſuch an accident diſcloſde.

Alp. Let vs forget it honourable friends,
And ſatisfie all wrongs with my ſonnes right,
In ſolemn mariage of his loue and him.

Vin. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe honor'd Doctor,
The Balſome you infuſde into my wounds,
Hath eaſde me much, and giuen me ſodaine ſtrength
Enough t' aſſure all danger is exempt,
That any way may let the generall ioy,
My Princely Father ſpeakes of in our nuptialls.

Alp. Which my deere Sonne ſhall with thy full recure
Be celebrate in greater Maieſty,
Than euen grac'd our greateſt Anceſtrie.
Then take thy loue, which heauen with all ioyes bleſſe,
And make yee both mirrors of happineſſe.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE I.

The Blind Begger of Alexandria.

Produced on February 12, 1595—6.

In this earlieſt dramatic attempt of Chapman, clumſy and even abſurd as it is in plot and conſtruction, we find in the hero of the play, whether as Irus the beggar, Leon the uſurer, Count Hermes, or Duke Cleanthes—the firſt rude draught of the one male character which the poet ever ſucceeded in forcibly depicting—a character fiery, paſſionate, uncontrollable by the ordinary rules of prudence, ſtrangely compounded of ſelfiſhneſs and generoſity, proceeding to its end with a ſcorn of difficulties, and all the while maintaining a dignity of converſation and demeanour.

"Which not the weeds of *Irus* can diſguiſe,
And ſoon detected whereſoe'er it lies."

PAGE 51.

There can hardly be a doubt that the author wrote this opening ſoliloquy of Count Labervele in verſe.

PAGE 109.

Al Fooles.

The comedy of All Fools is taken in a great meaſure from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, as thoſe who will compare the characters of the two fathers, Goſtanzo and Marco Antonio, with Chremes and Menedemus, and their ſons Valerio, Fortunio, and Rinaldo, with Clinia, Antipho, and Sorus, may eaſily perceive.

PAGE 111.

To my long-lou'd and Honourable friend Sir Thomas Walsingham Knight.

This Dedicatory Sonnet is not found in ordinary copies of the play. It ſeems probable that it was inſerted in a few impreſſions in 1605, and afterwards cancelled, becauſe, in the dedication of his Byron's Conſpiracy and Tragedy three years later to the ſame diſtinguiſhed perſon, Chapman apologizes for previous

neglect, and apparent ingratitude to his patron "in dispensing with his right in his other impressions."

Although there were clearly not two editions of *All Fools* in 1605, yet there are some curious variations in the impressions of that year. For instance, in Act IV. (p. 163), two speeches by Valerio and Gostanzo are confounded in one copy and separated in another. Valerio exclaims :—

"Father, say not so."

and Gostanzo replies ironically :—

"Nay shees thy owne, here, rise foole, take her to thee."

This is as it should stand, and as it is now printed, but the whole in one copy is assigned to Valerio, which confuses the sense of the scene.

Again, in the very last line of the Epilogue, in one copy is a parenthesis left blank, on which Steevens has truly observed, that it was probably intended to be supplied by the word *fools* to rhyme with "stools" in the preceding line. In other copies, however, this blank is omitted.

PAGE 113.

Eupolis and Cratinus.

Two Athenian Comic Poets, who flourished about 430 years before Christ.

PAGE 137.

In any Rime, Masculine, Feminine,
Or Sdruciolla——

The poet clearly means the rhyme called Sdrucciolo, or *slippery* by the Italians, which is thus described by Alberti : *Versi sdruccioli, quelli che dopo l'ultimo accento hanno piu sillabe brevi.* They are used by all the Italian poets for the sake of variety.

PAGE 140.

As mine owne wife I assure you Sir,

This line is doubtless the Notary's answer to Valerio.

PAGE 186.

EPILOGUE TO ALL FOOLES.

We can but bring you meate, and set you stooles
And to our best cheere say, you all are (   ) welcome.

Steevens suggests that by the parenthetical marks printed be-

tween the laſt two words, the author deſigned the reader to ſupply a rhyme which he did not dare to ſet down. The judgment of a Lord Mayor's *fool* in all matters relative to good eating, was proverbial.

PAGE 187.

Monſieur D'Olive.

The ſcene of this play was evidently intended to be in one of the independent Dutchies, formerly bordering on France: but it is not anywhere ſpecified. "The introductory ſketch of Monſieur D'Olive," ſays Hazlitt, "is the undoubted prototype of that light, flippant, gay, and infinitely delightful claſs of character of the profeſſed men of wit and pleaſure about town, which we have in ſuch perfection in Wycherley and Congreve, both in the ſentiments and in the ſtyle of writing."—*Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.*

PAGE 189.

And be the oncly King our powers ſhould beate.

Beat ſeems here to be uſed in the language of ſportſmen, who are ſaid to *beat* the ground in queſt of game.

PAGE 202.

me Cardicue of her bountie

i. e. Quart d'ecu.

PAGE 212.

That liue in the Burdello, now in Satten
To morrow next in Stammell.

Stammel ſeems to have been a coarſe and cheap kind of ſtuff of a pale red colour. So in the *Woman-Hater* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Iſ't not a miſery to ſee a handſome, young, fair enough, and well-mounted wench, humble herſelf in an old *ſtammel* petticoat?"

PAGE 213.

D'OL. *What was the matter pray*

This queſtion properly belongs to the Duke, to whom D'Olive replies in the next line.

PAGE 217.

"*Johannes de sauo.*"

There was a Johannes Savonarola, a Paduan, who publiſhed in 1498 a work entitled *Practica canonicade febribus, de pulſi bus, de urinis, &c., &c.* This work ſeems to have paſſed through ſeveral Editions. A later iſſue bears the date of 1563. The contraction "*Cano. Sauo*" appears at the ſoot of each folio of the book. It muſt be to this author that Chapman alludes.

PAGE 220.

Quod ſucceſsore nouo vincitur omnis Amor.

This verſe will be found in the *Remedia Amoris* of Ovid, l. 462.

PAGE 228.

I can go in no corner, but I meete with ſome of my Wifflers in their accoutraments.

Whifflers, (French *viffleur*) were fifers who preceded armies or proceſſions, or walked before perſons of high ſtation on occaſions of ceremony. The term is borrowed from *whiffle*, another name for a fife or ſmall flute. In process of time the term *whiffler* came to ſignify any perſon who went before in a proceſſion.

PAGE 232.

the Goade, the Fulham, and the Stop-Kater-tre.

Theſe were different ſorts of falſe dice made uſe of by the ſharpers and gameſters of the time. The *goads*, or gourds, are conjectured by Malone to have been dice in which a ſecret cavity had been made; and the *fulhams* are ſaid by Douce to derive their names from Fulham, where they were chiefly made. One of the articles in Flowerdale's fictitious will in *The London Prodigal* is, "To my son, Mat. Flowerdale, I bequeath two bale of falſe dice—*videlicet*, high men, and low men, *fullomes*, *ſtop-cater trayes*, and other bones of function."

PAGE 233.

the famous Schoole of England called Wincheſter, famous (I meane) for the Gooſe.

The ſwelling in the groin, a particular ſymptom in the *lues venerea* was called a "Wincheſter gooſe." This cant term aroſe from the fact that the houſes of ill fame in Southwark were under the juriſdiction of the Biſhop of Wincheſter. It occurs twice in

Shakespeare (Troilus and Cress., Act v., sc. 11; K. Hen. vi., pt. 1, Act i., sc. 8.) Cotgrave in his French and English Dictionary explains the word *Poulain* as "a botch in the groine, a *Winchester Goose*."

PAGE 233.

He's both a Setter and a Verser.

Common cant names at that time for notorious cheats. The "Setter" was one who watched and pointed out to his comrades the persons to be plundered.

PAGE 236.

Dido is dead, and wrapt in lead, &c.

An allusion to the eleventh Eclogue of Spenser:

"Dido, my dear, alas! is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.
O heavy hearse!
Let streaming tears be poured out in store;
O careful verse!"

PAGE 240.

*if she and her sad meany
Be toward sleepe or sleeping, I will wake them
With orderly alarmes.*

Meany, i.e., Household, people, or domestic servants, from *Mesnie* (Fr.) a family. So in "King Lear," Act ii., sc. 4.

"They summon'd up their *meiny*, straight took horse."

PAGE 243.

I never knew any good ath haire.

Of the hair, i.e., of the same kind or complexion: the word hair is used in this sense by Shakespeare (Hen. IV. pt. 1, act iv. sc. 1.) and by Fletcher (in *The Nice Valour*, act i. sc. 1).

PAGE 262.

The Gentleman Usher.

Date viam mihi, &c.

These are the opening lines of Act 2, scene 3, of the *Curculio* of Plautus. The correct reading is as follows:—

"Date viam mihi, noti atque ignoti, dum ego hic officium meum
Facio: fugite omnes, abite, et de via secedite:

Ne quem in ciriu capite, aut cubito, aut pectore offendam, aut genu."

PAGE 264.

I neede not erubescere, to take
So much upon me

Sarpego feems to have Hudibras's habit of interlarding his fpeeches with fcraps of Latin.

"English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fuftian heretofore on fatin."

PAGE 288.

or Italian dames
Be called the Bonerobes of the world.

i.e., *Buonarobbas.* Florio, in his *World of Wordes* (1598), appends the following meaning to this word: "as we fay, good ftuffe, a good wholefome plum-cheeked wench."

PAGE 302.

Guevara's golden epiftles.

A very popular Spanifh collection that went through numerous editions in the fixteenth and in the earlier part of the feventeenth century; and was tranflated into various languages. An Englifh verfion "by G. Fenton," appeared in 1575.

PAGE 320.

gosh hat, what's a Lady

Rather a Hebrew-founding exclamation.

Ib.

How fhay by that.

Jewifh again!

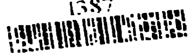
PAGE 327.

Adelafia.

In Pettis Pallace of Petit pleafure,
For all the worlde, with fuch a Knife as this
Cut off her cheeks, and nofe and was commended
More then all Dames that kept their faces whole.

A Petite Pallace of Pettie his pleafure (Lond. 1576, 1608) is the work referred to. In William Painter's Palace of Pleafure (Lond. 1566, fol. 201) there is a ftory of "Alerane and Adelafia."

END OF FIRST VOLUME.


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